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The Australian
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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE 9d

COVER H CONTEST

Make Princess Caroline's Playsuit –

Patterns, pages 8, 9.

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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OCTOBER 26, 1960 — Vol. 28, No.

CONTENTS

Special Features

Princess Grace's Kindergarten Glamor in Patterns . . . 8, 9
Dolls' Clothes To Make and Knit 17 to 20
Do-It-Yourself Painting Guide 39 to 44

Fiction

Long Live The Princess, *Dorothy Eden* . . . 27
The Incredible Charlie Carewe (serial, part 4), *Mary Astor* . . 29
The Magic of Marriage, *Barney Sabath* . . . 31
The Snowflake and The Starfish, *Robert Nathan* . . . 32, 33

Regular Features

Worth Reporting . . . 21
Letter Box . . . 28
Ross Campbell . . . 28
Social . . . 72, 73
Your Bookshelf . . . 79
Stars . . . 80
Crossword . . . 82

Home and Family

The Only Child . . . 38
The Snack Trap . . . 47
Home Plans . . . 49
Home Dressmaking . . . 51
Prize Recipes . . . 54
Cookery—One Main Dish . . 55, 56
Dangers A Child Must Face, *Sister Mary Jacob* . . . 57
Transfers . . . 63

Fashion

Gay Summer Casuals . . . 22, 23
Dress Sense, *Betty Keep* . . . 24
Fashion Frocks . . . 78
Fashion Patterns . . . 83

Entertainment

TV Color — Tanya and Corinne 68, 69
Television Parade . . . 70
Films . . . 75
Film Color—"Let's Make Love" . 77

THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Designing and making dolls' clothes and dolls is the favorite spare-time occupation of Mrs. Edna Trigg, who dressed the bridesmaid doll shown in color on page 17.

THREE years ago Mrs. Trigg founded the Platypus International Doll Club.

Its membership has now grown to include about 200 overseas doll enthusiasts, who have sent Mrs. Trigg dolls representative of countries all over the world.

"I've got more than 350 in my collection," said Mrs. Trigg, who keeps the dolls in showcases at her home at Darlinghurst, Sydney.

Some of the dolls are hand-made in crepe paper.

All of them are dressed with a lot of attention to detail.

For instance, they all wear nylon stockings.

"The nylons aren't hard to make," Mrs. Trigg said.

"Twice a week I hold classes for girls under 12. I teach them how to dress dolls, from stockings to hairstyles."

Mrs. Trigg's dress patterns and how-to-make instructions for the bridesmaid doll are on page 18.

They are included in a special four-page section on dolls' clothes.

★ ★ ★

DOROTHY EDEN, who wrote the charming story "Long Live The Princess" (page 27), is back in London after visiting her homeland, New Zealand.

Returning to London she spent a few days in Sydney, where she told our fiction department what a wonderful reception she and her latest novel, "Sleep In The Woods," had had in New Zealand.

One of her most cherished memories is of the official welcome and luncheon given her by the people of Marton (population 1000).

She was also given the freedom of the city.

When she asked the Mayor exactly what this entailed, he said, "You can park your car over a fire hydrant and not be fined."

Miss Eden said she found Sydney an exciting city and thought it might well be the setting for her next mystery.

★ ★ ★

LAST year when we published Robert Nathan's "So Love Returns" as a serial, many readers wrote to say how much they enjoyed it.

For "So Love Returns" Robert Nathan created a character named Lenny, who was writing a children's story about a sea-witch.

Now Robert Nathan has written his first story for children, "The Snowflake And The Starfish" (beginning on pages 32, 33), including in it the sea-witch Lenny wrote about.

Our artist Boothroyd, who has done the magnificently romantic illustration for the story, spent long hours at the Sydney Museum studying the various fish which, in the story, are the sea-witch's companions and servants.

★ ★ ★

TANYA HALESWORTH, the first Sydney TV personality to have televiewers eating out of her hand, gave Nan Musgrove two TV fashion tips when interviewed for the story on page 68.

Tanya likes pearl earrings, because, she says, they give a soft look to the skin on TV.

Also, just before going on camera she rubs a tiny smear of petroleum jelly over her lipstick. It makes her lips shine.

Our cover

● Delightful junior casuals Princess Grace of Monaco ordered for her children — Caroline and Albert — on Capri. Patterns for these and other children's fashions the Princess bought are available (pages 8 and 9). The clothes are modelled by two Capri children the same size as the Rainiers. The cover is the eighth in our £3000 Cover Contest (details, page 10). Picture by Maurice Wilmott.

Next Week: A six-page hostess cookbook giving alternate summer and winter menus for a gourmet dinner, dinner party for 10, dinner for two, bridge luncheon, and TV supper. As well, directions for making pressed flower cards and pictures for delightful Christmas gifts.

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Princess Alex in Nigeria

• *Alexandra arriving in a Land-Rover at Lagos racecourse to officiate at the formal ceremony of thanksgiving for Nigeria's Independence. The Princess' 19-day Nigerian tour is proving a tremendous boost for Britain and the British Royal family.*

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THE HOUSE

By WINIFRED MUNDAY, staff reporter

● When "Hurricane" Howard, Methodist Minister of Wingham, suggested the township build a house for a refugee family, his idea met with misgivings from other members of Wingham World Refugee Year Committee.

WINGHAM, population 2770, is on the central north coast of New South Wales.

For its size, the door-to-door collection of £575 sent to the N.S.W. headquarters of the World Refugee Appeal looked like a pretty good effort.

And that was the opinion of solicitor and Mayor of the town Mr. F. H. Summerville, Jim Foxon, the Town Clerk, the Rev. Father T. Sylvester, of the Catholic Church, and the Rev. Robert Burls, of the Church of England.

Said Alderman Tex Emery: "The people are always having to put their hands in their pockets for something. They've made their contribution to the appeal; they won't give any more."

Now Alderman Emery is only too happy to admit how wrong he was.

He admitted it with a beaming smile as we stood on the verandah of the two-bedroomed weatherboard house on Bungay Road, watching local builder George Davey dipping a paint brush into a pot of spice-green paint and skilfully applying it to the outside walls.

The Rev. Barrie Howard, known as "Hurricane" because he used to be a racing driver, determined to give his idea a trial.

Against their judgment, the other members of the committee organised yet another house-to-house appeal for money and a systematic call on local businessmen for materials and labor for the scheme.

"We collected promises of more than £1000 worth of materials on the first day," said Jim Foxon, "and the cash collection amounted to £551."

The cash was to go towards buying some of the items which had not been donated, the promises towards labor costs.

"We decided that volunteer labor wouldn't work," said Jim, "and our local builder offered to supply this at cut rates. Even so, hundreds of hours of voluntary work have gone into the building."

They gave again . . .

Rotary members put up the fence surrounding the property, Apex put on the undercoats of paint, the local C.W.A. and the V.A.D. have helped with the organising of dances and mannequin parades to raise funds, and the local Scout and Guide groups are detailed to do the final cleaning up when the place is complete.

The "big" local men contributed weatherboard exteriors, flooring, roofing, bricks, stove, bath, tubs, and basin, plumbing pipes, and so on.

The smaller businessmen have been generous in supplying things like door handles, light fittings, fence posts.

All sorts of anonymous donors, usually visitors to the town, have heard about the great effort and have been fired with enthusiasm. Tex Emery was given two donations of £1 and 4/- by "fares" he picked up. Someone else gave a rug, which raised £15 in a competition, and local people have now started to give items to furnish the house.

"I've got a lounge suite and mattress you can have," said Mrs. Connie Wedmore.

"I've got a couple of single beds," said a neighboring doctor.

"I've a dining-room table I don't need any more," said Mr. Arthur Colman, manager of the local bank.

Others have contributed linen.

Ever since the foundations were begun on July 27, a constant stream of townsfolk have wandered past the attractive site to see how "their" house was getting on.

● Helpful neighbors, from left, Mrs. Irene Foxon, Mrs. Elizabeth Beal, and Mrs. Connie Wedmore, who helped while the house was being built, and will go on helping when the Reczniarek family come to live in it.

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THAT WINGHAM BUILT

● *The house that the people of Wingham have proudly watched grow from a big-hearted thought. Even youngsters park their bicycles against its green walls, peer through the windows to see how "their" house is getting on. Built on modern, functional lines, it has a backdrop of gum trees, lots of yard space. It's to have a garden and vegetable patch, too.*

● ***The people who are going to live in it.***

Janina Reczniarek

Marcin Reczniarek

Jerzy Reczniarek

Marian Reczniarek

● ***And two of the people who helped to build it.***

● *Plumber Len Pereira came in from the "rival" township of Taree to offer his services free on the house that Wingham built.*

● *Town Clerk Jim Foxon, who's been a tower of strength on the house project, with the file on the Reczniarek family.*

"What people like," said George Davey, as he paused in his painting, "is that they can see exactly what is happening to their contribution, whether it was a few shillings or many pounds."

But what is exciting the townspeople most of all as the time draws near is the arrival of the new occupants of the pretty green house in Bungay Road. The Reczniarek family will sail in the Castel Felice on November 24 from Bremerhaven, Germany.

There is 40-year-old Marcin, his wife, 34-year-old Janina, and their two boys—Jerzy, 13, and Marian, 10.

Reczniarek was a sergeant in the Polish Army, and when the Germans overran Poland he was taken prisoner and sent to a slave-labor camp. Through his privations in the camp he contracted T.B. and was put into a displaced persons' camp in Lubeck, Germany, where he met and married his wife.

For 15 years the Reczniarek family have lived in the camp. Twice—in 1951 and 1956—the family tried to emigrate, but were turned down because of Mr. Reczniarek's health.

They have been living in the camp without hope . . . until the generous gesture of the good-hearted people of Wingham gave them new hope, new freedom.

Said Jim Foxon: "When we were deciding on who should have the house, we wanted a family who would not, in the normal way, have had a chance of emigrating. We asked the Immigration Department for a list of people and voted on the Reczniareks as the most deserving case.

"The father's T.B. has now been arrested, and one of our local sawmillers, Pat Clarke, will give him a job when he arrives until the family get on their feet a bit."

The family is due to arrive on December 29. They will be given one of the warmest welcomes ever to greet a new resident in the area.

But it hasn't been all plain sailing.

The family were due to sail in September, but at the last minute Mrs. Reczniarek implored the immigration authorities to postpone the sailing.

She sat down and wrote a heart-rending letter to Mrs. Ruth Vee, a local resident of Wingham, formerly a German migrant.

Into the letter she poured all her fears . . . of loneliness, of the language barrier (she and her family speak only Polish and German), of the complete irrevocability of leaving the only home her children have ever known . . . drab and captive as their young lives had been.

"Please," she begged, "write and give me some assurance

. . . And yet again

that everything will be all right. You have already been through it all."

Immediately a flood of reassuring letters were despatched to the D.P. camp at Lubeck from Mrs. Vee, from German - speaking Irene Foxon, wife of the Town Clerk, from Tex Emery, and from Beth Howard, the minister's wife.

Marcin, Jerzy, and Marian never had any doubts about their move, and at last Mrs. Reczniarek has been convinced that she need never feel lost or lonely among the good people of Wingham.

Mrs. Vee and Mrs. Foxon have already volunteered to give the family language lessons and to talk to Mrs. Reczniarek during the day when her husband is at work and the children at school.

As she looks from the window of her shining new kitchen, Mrs. Reczniarek will see a spacious landscape of gum trees and the landscaped garden and vegetable patch which volunteers from the Methodist congregation will get started before the family arrive.

The site of the house is Crown land, the Council are permanent trustees, and the house will not be given to the family.

"The committee decided the family would not want charity, so they will be charged a rent to cover rates and maintenance, probably between 30/- and £2 a week," said Mr. Foxon.

"Probably Mr. Reczniarek will be given a chance to buy the house after two years, or if he has plans to build his own we may have another deserving family who can live in it until they get on their feet."

It is certain that if Mr. Reczniarek decides to buy the house there will be plenty for the town to do with the sale money. It has already raised £15,000 towards a new hospital, and the town wants a swimming-pool, too.

Meanwhile, the kindly Wingham residents, in giving new hope and a chance of making a completely new and free life in Australia to a refugee family, have made more than their fair contribution to World Refugee Year.

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Peter Stuyvesant

Peter Stuyvesant, the man who founded New York, 1653.

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HE CARVED HIS TICKET TO AMERICA

—via Dadswell and Henry Moore

from CHARLES SRIBER, in London

● When Sydney sculptor Maurice Lowe reports to the University of Oregon this month he'll be the first Australian to take a postgraduate appointment in sculpture at a U.S.A. university.

SCULPTOR Maurice Lowe at work on one of Henry Moore's giant-sized sculptures.

COMING after two years' brilliant work as assistant to Britain's No. 1 sculptor, Henry Moore, this appointment doesn't exactly surprise his friends.

But it's a long jump from the days when Maurice played with a bunch of kids around the wharves and timber yards of Sydney's Glebe Point.

The appointment will give him a year at one of the major American colleges and probably bring him into the fast-flowing stream of the American art world.

Years of hard work have gone into carving his career in stone and wood.

This rather handsome, sturdy, 5ft. 9in. Sydneyite with an unruly shock of black hair and an almost disconcertingly direct gaze is not what one expects an artist to be.

There's a good reason for this.

Maurice Lowe was born 33 years ago in the suburb of Fivedock and, so far as anyone can trace, there's been no hint of anything artistic in his family on either side.

His father, who died last year, worked for 46 years for the Colonial Sugar Company at its Pyrmont refinery.

But it was his mother who encouraged Maurice from the days when, as a schoolboy, he entertained the other youngsters with drawings of cowboys and pirates.

"I think my Mum will be the happiest one about all this," Maurice said. He added with a grin, "Like all mothers she likes to think her son's a genius."

Gifted

When he finished working with Henry Moore (himself the son of a miner), Moore wrote him a recommendation: "He is a gifted sculptor in his own right. He has a direct and workmanlike approach to sculptural problems and his work shows sensitivity and imagination."

The emphasis on the "workmanlike" is no accident.

Although he did his first carving as a boy when he took a chisel and hammer to a block of sandstone in his aunt's garden, and produced a reasonable head, Maurice's father gave him no encouragement towards an art career.

"A man needs a trade if he's to get on," were the sentiments of Mr. Lowe. His mother agreed, while keeping reservations about Maurice practising art on the side.

So young Maurice was indentured at the Mascot works of an earth-moving equipment firm. Before that, he'd worked on the land, in a mercer's shop, and as a cleaner for the Bathurst Bus Company.

He also joined the local band and took a keen interest in brass instruments. And he was beginning to think of life as a musician.

While serving his apprenticeship, Maurice Lowe enrolled in a trade course at the Ultimo Technical College.

But something prompted him to draw. From idle sketching, drawing became serious, commanding more and more of his spare time.

In 1953 he knew he had to do something about it and enrolled at the Hurstville Art School. His interest grew and it wasn't long before he decided that this was the be-all and end-all for him.

He submitted some paintings to the East Sydney Technical College, was told that the standard of his work was high enough to qualify for the first-year diploma course.

He gave up his work as a fitter and turner and worked as a painter and decorator.

When this fizzled out he got a job as a "bar-useful" in a King's Cross pub.

His living problems were partly solved when he was offered a job as caretaker at the Technical College and was also granted a mature-age scholarship.

Lowe still had his sights set on painting. But under the influence of sculptor Lyndon Dadswell he developed an interest in modelling. Mainly, he says, because of his interest in anatomy.

Same cafe

"I worked every night and all the weekends," he said. "I ate each evening at the same Chinese cafe."

Then Maurice Lowe decided to go to London and slowly saved £500. Like many an Aussie before him, he found no open doors to unknowns in the teeming and competitive city.

He tried to enrol at the famous Slade art school, but they told him his work was too mature for them.

Finally he managed to get in at Reading University under Australian Professor Kellaway, who made Maurice come to terms with his work.

"All this time I had never thought the thing through properly," he said, "I didn't know why I wanted to be a sculptor. I began to realise my problems and grope with them."

But the young Australian's problems were by no means all artistic.

He had to keep himself and journey to Reading for a year on what remained of his capital. He began making dolls' heads. While this was only a moderate success, it did bring him one interesting commission, the making of TV puppets.

In London he met Miss Margaret McCloud, of the British Council, who asked him if he would like to meet Henry Moore. Maurice went up to Much Hadham, the country home of the sculptor. The two got on well immediately.

"How'd you like to come and work for me?" Moore asked him.

Maurice was speechless. Would he? Sure he would. "I hope I won't let you down," he stammered.

Moore grinned and said, "Don't worry, I usually pick them all right."

Without the noted sculptor even seeing a piece of his work, Maurice Lowe was taken on and worked happily on many of the giant and impressive pieces that have brought Henry Moore world acclaim.

In America he will have a grant of about £1000 for the 10 months' school year. But he hopes to sell some of his work, too.

Like most things along the way of his career, getting away from England wasn't easy, either. Shipping strikes and the normal rush of the tourist season made sea travel out of the question. So he has had to leave his family of statues in the keeping of a friend, and take a plane.

His baggage is minimal and he has a pocketful of chisels.

But, as he cheerfully says, "There's plenty of wood in Oregon. I'll carve 'em a piece when I get there."

Our Flower Show winners

● Pinks and mauves spanning pastels to deep tones were the color themes favored by the majority of the 11 horticultural societies which competed for The Australian Women's Weekly decorative floral competition.

The competition, which was held in conjunction with the Waratah Festival, took place in the Lower Town Hall, Sydney, on October 7.

The societies—all affiliated with the Royal Horticultural Society of N.S.W. — competed for six decorative units from nine classes of arrangements, as well as an individual best decorative piece.

Winner of first prize of a gold plaque and 50 guineas was Concord Horticulture and Home Garden Society.

Favoring the pink-and-mauve tonings, Concord had a double victory by taking the prize of 20 guineas for the best individual decorative piece — a dining-table arrangement.

Second prize of a silver plaque and 25 guineas went to Kuring-gai Horticultural Society for a yellow-brown color scheme.

Hurlstone Park Floral Art Society, also choosing yellow-golds, won third prize, a bronze plaque and 12 guineas.

Fourth prize of a gun-metal plaque and 10 guineas was awarded to West Ryde and District Garden Club and Oatley Home Gardeners' Club. They tied with pink and mauve displays.

Fifth to tenth place-getters were, in order: Strathfield Garden Club, Hunter's Hill Congregational Horticultural Society, St. George District Horticultural Society, Bexley District Horticultural Society, Richmond and District Horticultural Society, and Newcastle Horticultural Society.

Newcastle selected for its entry an "historical event" arrangement, depicting the sailing ship Hunter leaving Newcastle's foreshores with the first overseas shipment of coal in 1799.

"Something Light"

Our serial beginning next week is the latest novel

by Margery Sharp

(famous author of "Cluny Brown," "The Eye of Love," "Britannia Mews," "The Foolish Gentlewoman.")

"Something Light" is a delicious light-hearted story of a not-so-very-young woman who decided that marriage was a girl's most rewarding career and set out to find a suitable husband. But she soon discovered it wasn't so easy to track down Mr. Right.

● Don't miss the long opening instalment next week

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Princess Grace's KINDERGARTEN GLAMOR

5957.—CAPRI JUMPER SUIT FOR THE JUNIOR MISS: It has a ribbon-trimmed jumper-top and all-round pleated skirt. Sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 1 to 1½yds. 36in. material for skirt and ¾ to 1¼yds. 36in. material for jumper-top, plus 1½ to 2yds. 1in. ribbon in red and navy. Price 3/6. See how to order opposite.

5956.—NEW "OLD-FASHIONED" LOOK FOR LITTLE GIRLS —a sunfrock worn over matching pantaloons. The frock has a fitted bodice and gathered skirt with attractive pockets. The transfer for the embroidered trim is not available. Sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 2 to 3yds. 36in. material. Price 3/6.

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IN PATTERNS

Mothers, grannies, aunts, all wanted to buy Rainier clothes

By CYNTHIA STRACHAN

● Princess Caroline and Prince Albert of Monaco have become world-wide leaders in resort fashions since their mother recently went shopping for them on the Isle of Capri.

FROM the day Princess Grace visited Nina's children's boutique to buy outfits for the two children, there's been a non-stop international parade of fond mothers, grannies, and aunties heading up the cobbled street to the shop.

Whether they're from Oklahoma or Amsterdam, their request has been the same: they want to buy outfits "just like the ones Grace Kelly bought."

In Nina's, where the manager, smiling, dark-haired Lina, speaks little English, all this sudden fame is bewildering.

But Lina also finds it bewitching. And when the demands roll in for "Grace Kelly clothes" she laughs and with a "Si, si," produces box after box of the clothes in a wide variety of colors.

That's her one great problem at present. None of the mothers, grannies, and aunts wants anything but the royal choice in colors — not even when "the brown would suit Johnny's eyes better than the green Prince Albert suit."

The four garments which Princess Grace and Prince Rainier bought at Nina's were two cotton short-and-shirt outfits for Caroline—one in blue, and one in orange with giant white spots—and two knitted trouser-suits for Albert.

One of these suits in pale green had long, plain trousers and a green-and-white striped top trimmed with a white goatskin yoke and half-belt. The other featured royal-blue pants with a double-breasted jacket in red and blue vertical stripes. It also had a half-belt and gold buttons.

Like the rest of the fashions in Nina's, they're delightfully different. Their "grown-up" styling makes them most appealing.

Where Lina is striking difficulty, however, is finding exactly what size are the children.

Some, who knew Capri was famed for its children's wear even before they heard of Grace Kelly's shopping expedition, have come armed with measurements.

But the inches have to be translated to centimetres—an alarming procedure.

The most usual approach was to say something like: "Well, now, honey, I guess young Jake's about the size of the Prince—but maybe he's just a bit fatter. And Annabelle, why, she'd be smaller than the Princess, but quite a lot taller than the Prince."

At this, Lina's few words of English—and her smile—would falter. But she'd produce two of the royal-type outfits.

"Why, they're just darling . . . they're just the right size," the shopper would burble enthusiastically.

The clothes are not cheap.

For example, the green and white outfit bought for the Prince costs 11,000 lire (about £A8/10/-), and this is indicative of all the prices.

As one rather ruffled American grandfather said when his wife looked like buying out the full Nina stock for her eleven grandchildren: "It might be all right when you have money like the Rainiers. But these clothes won't even fit the kids by Christmas-time—IF they fit them now."

SEASHORE SUITS FOR BROTHER AND SISTER.

5958.—Girl's suit in sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 2 to 3yds. 36in. material, and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/6.

5959.—Boy's suit in sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires ¾ to 1yd. 36in. material for pants, and 1¼yds. to 1¾yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast for jacket. Price 3/6.

Pictures by Maurice Wilmott

HOW TO ORDER

Paper patterns are available for these junior-size Capri casuals.

The patterns are all obtainable in sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Address orders to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please print name in block letters and state size required. (No C.O.D. orders accepted.)

COVER PICTURE: JUNIOR YACHTING SUITS, left: These two suits were among the fashion purchases made by Princess Grace for her children, Princess Caroline and Prince Albert. 5961.—Girl's shorts and shirt in sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Require 2 to 2¼yds. 36in. material. Price 3/6. 5960.—Slacks only available. Sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years, require 1¼ to 2yds. 36in. material. Price 2/6.

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What makes workers ill

● Unless a worker likes his job or feels that the job needs him he'll escape from it into genuine illness.

THIS was one of the points made by Sydney research chemist Dr. Max Wohlwill in one of the lectures in a series about mental health in industry. The talks were sponsored by the N.S.W. Association for Mental Health for World Mental Health Year.

In his lecture, Dr. Wohlwill quoted from the book "What Man Needs," by Dr. Helmut Sopp, German psychiatrist and industrial consultant.

"It is vitally important that every working man, employer, or employee feel useful and necessary in his occupation," Dr. Wohlwill said.

"If they don't find satisfaction in their jobs they frequently escape into genuine illness.

"Dr. Sopp contends that germs are greatly assisted in their work by a man's reluctance to go to work.

"His reluctance may spring from boredom, from tensions caused by an unpleasant boss or by psychological shock, such as the fear of losing his job."

DR. WOHLWILL

Dr. Wohlwill said it had been demonstrated in Continental factories and offices that the employee illness rate was directly related to the importance put on the job.

"In factories you will find the highest illness rate among unskilled workers," Dr. Wohlwill said.

"Men who consider themselves 'indispensable' virtually never stay away from work."

For instance, Dr. Sopp cited the postman.

"His illness rate is lowest at Christmas-time—when he considers his work of the greatest importance to the community."

In America, as well as Europe, said Dr. Wohlwill, management had been reluctant to believe that employees who stayed away were genuinely sick.

The manager of a German steel mill had said: "Perhaps women employees might be sick, but certainly not our robust steel workers."

"So with the approval of top management," said Dr. Wohlwill, "an experiment was carried out in the mill. A rumor was started that the work week would be shortened and that several hundred workers would be dismissed.

"Sure enough, the illness rate increased from 3.4 to 9.4 per cent. per worker over the next few weeks.

"Management, still not convinced, called in an outside doctor, who examined the workers and confirmed that they were indeed genuinely sick.

"The following week the rumor was cleared, and the illness rate returned to normal."

Dr. Wohlwill said that tension was another major cause of illness in industry. He instanced a dress factory where all the sewing-machine operators suffered from violent headaches.

"It was found," he said, "that when the foremen came round to inspect the work every day they approached each operator from the rear.

"This made the girls feel uneasy, and gradually built up tension in their neck muscles—producing the headaches.

"It was suggested that the foremen approach the operators from the front, and they were also told to speak before they reached the point where their presence would be sensed.

"It wasn't long before the girls' headaches stopped. They began singing at their work and the reject rate dropped sharply."

Dr. Wohlwill made the point that success or failure at work depended on good relationship with others, which, in turn, depended on emotional health.

"One of these days," he said, "factories may have a visiting phychiatrist—someone interested in the workers as individuals and not intimately concerned with production figures — to help employers and employees with their problems.

"Until then it is up to industry to give the worker daily proof that he is of value to the community."

Will it be a son for the Shah?

● A favorite game in the Persian Court at the moment is choosing names for the Shah and Queen Farah's baby — and only boy names are being considered.

QUEEN FARAH of Persia presenting a diploma to a newly qualified nurse at the Women's Hospital and Midwifery School in Teheran. Her baby, the Court physician says, is due between October 20 and 25.

THE name-choosing ceremony is peculiarly Persian.

Ten names are selected and written on slips of paper, which are slipped haphazardly into the Koran. A week or so after the birth—Queen Farah's baby is due between October 20 and 25 — the father runs his fingers through the Koran. The first slip to touch his fingers has the baby's name on it.

Queen Farah is spending every possible moment she can with the Shah.

Persians believe a woman's child will look like the person she constantly looks at before its birth—and Queen Farah has told her relatives that she thinks the Shah is the most handsome man in the world.

Meantime, all over Persia, people are waiting with bated breath for the birth of the baby. For if it is a boy it will one day mount Persia's peacock throne.

Every mother and father have their own wishes—a boy or a girl. But the sex of Queen Farah's child is even more important.

For only a prince can ensure the future of the reigning Pahlavi dynasty. There are other male members of the Persian royal household, but in Persia only the Shah's direct male descendants may succeed to the throne.

Meanwhile, Queen Farah, the little-known art student who was to become a queen, is waiting quietly.

The Shah has said that it will make no difference to him whether the baby is a boy or a girl, but Queen Farah knows that deep in her husband's heart is an earnest longing for a son to follow him as ruler of one of the most ancient empires in the world.

The Court physician has already said that the baby will most probably be a boy.

The Shah has been married twice before, but there has been no prince. His first wife, Princess Fawzia, of Egypt, gave him a daughter, and he divorced his second

From a correspondent in Teheran.

wife, Queen Soraya, two and a half years ago after a happy but childless marriage.

So the whole nation waits—and hopes.

But the baby — boy or girl — will have everything a child could wish for.

There has been a big upheaval in the Shah's private palace in preparation for the happy event.

The royal nursery will be like many another. Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck cardboard figurines have been pasted up on it.

The nursery is next door to Queen Farah's own room.

In the corner of the room stands a cot specially ordered from England. A wooden rack for holding milk bottles was designed by Queen Farah herself.

Queen Farah has already made many changes in the royal palace. Just before her Paris student days came to an end in autumn of last year, shortly after her engagement was announced, she said, "All those rooms are so formal. Not like home at all."

The Shah fell in love with this 21-year-old art student on a visit to Paris.

She was presented to him, together with a number of other students, at the Persian Embassy. That meeting had a fairy-tale ending. The Shah liked her, and she was invited to stay at the royal palace by the Queen Mother. The Queen Mother also liked her. Then the Shah met her again in Teheran.

That second meeting marked an end of her Paris studies.

Although Farah was only a poor student living in one room at the University Centre, she is of royal blood on her mother's side.

Farah's titled mother, Farideh, who is now 46, is a descendant of the Ghotbi family, scions of the famous royal Safavid dynasty of Persia. The Safavids still retain the right of succession to the peacock throne. Farah's father, who died more than ten years ago, was a ministry official.

From a single room in Paris to the royal palace . . . This young girl of simple tastes became a queen in a fabulous Hall of Mirrors in Teheran in December last year.

For the wedding she exchanged her student's dress of sweater and skirt for a pearly grey gown by Dior.

Her trousseau arrived from Paris by special plane in 148 suitcases.

And so a student became a queen, and the first part of her fairy-tale story had become fact.

Now it only wants for her child to be a prince to write the final happy ending.

The child will have a French nurse and governess—tall, brunette, 25-year-old Jeane Guyon, who was flown from Paris a few weeks ago. She had been hand-picked by the Persian Embassy in Paris after careful inquiries at the Nurses' Training School, where until recently she was a teacher.

Next year, the twenty-fifth centenary of the Persian Empire, will also mark the coronation of the Shah which has been put off since 1941. It will have a special significance if the Shah has an heir.

Our £3000 Cover Contest

● The cover of this issue — the Monaco royal children's Capri casuals — with its identifying letter "H" is the eighth for you to keep in our £3000 Cover Contest.

IF you have missed one of the covers, you can obtain a copy of the issue at our offices in capital cities — the addresses are listed at the top of page 2.

You save our covers for 16 weeks and list the 16 covers in the order of your preference.

Each cover has an identifying letter on a little square—from "A" to "P"—for the 16 weeks. An entry coupon, on which to list your preferences, will be published at the end of the contest.

You will not need to describe the covers — they will be identified on the coupon by their letters. The coupon will also include a space for a cover suggestion of your own.

The last cover of the contest will appear on our December 21 issue. The entry coupon will be in that issue with instructions and conditions.

The contest will be judged by a panel including, among others, an artist, a housewife, a businessgirl. Members of the panel will not be chosen until the contest closes.

The £3000 prize will go to the reader whose entry places the 16 covers in the same order as the judges or is nearest to the judges' choice.

In the case of a tie, the £3000 prize will go to the tying entry in which the suggestion for a cover is judged best. If the cover suggestions are judged equal in value, the prize will be equally divided. Ten additional awards of £10 will be made for the best ten suggestions for covers.

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CHILDREN'S: Lace-trimmed cross-over yoke, nylon flounce trim. Elastic waist pants, self fabric, gathered elasticised leg bands. Pink, sky. Sizes 3 to 9, **14/-**; 11 to 13, **15/-**.

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WHY IS

● *Happy young mother Brigitte—as she nursed her infant son, Nicholas Charrier, born on January 11 this year in Paris.*

● When France's highest-paid actress, Brigitte Bardot, the mother of a nine-month-old son and a world celebrity at 26, cut her wrists and took an overdose of sleeping-tablets, millions of people must have asked "Why?"

WHAT could have made Brigitte so unhappy that she took this desperate step—if, indeed, it was a serious attempt to end her life?

Attempted suicides are not uncommon among film and theatre folk, nor among the artistic-intellectual circles into which Brigitte has been drawn through professional associations.

But what drove Bardot to it?

Does she feel that at 26 she is growing too old for the wanton, gamin roles that made her famous, that she now has no future?

Yet last November, Raoul Levy, who has produced all her successful pictures, said that he would no longer work with Brigitte, because she refused to play more artistic and serious roles.

Was she really, as she claimed, suffering a claustrophobic reaction to the hounding and constant staring she had been complaining of?

But all movie stars are used to this — and Brigitte has always accepted it with a minimum of protest.

Death could have been preying on the mind of France's unhappy "sex kitten."

In July, Brigitte's stand-in, Claudette Brigillon, famed as a parachute-jumper, leapt from a plane and was killed because her parachute didn't open.

She was clasping the glove of her fiance, who was killed in similar circumstances just a year ago.

Claudette's friends said she was determined to meet her death the same way.

Again, perhaps B.B. is not the maternal type, and the responsibilities of her comparatively recent motherhood are filling her with a feeling of inadequacy, even of resentment.

● *Brigitte, with Jacques Charrier—who was to become husband Number 2—at a film premiere of "Drageurs," in which Charrier starred, a day after she broke off her engagement to guitarist Sacha Distel.*

Drama-ridden

Brigitte's personal relations have always been confused and ridden with drama, and are probably no more so now than they ever have been.

Perhaps her suicide attempt was caused by the accumulation of all these stresses, plus the prolonged antipathy shown her by the Press and the public of France.

Many French women admire Brigitte's ability to make money; they try to walk like her and assume her mannerisms, but Bardot has never

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BRIGITTE BARDOT SO UNHAPPY?

been well liked in her own country. Not in the way, say, that Marilyn Monroe is in America.

Men ogle Brigitte and pin up her pictures. Girls copy her clothes and hairstyles. But the French people have never really LIKED her.

Understandably, she affronts middle-class morality. But other French actresses, notably Martine Carol, have disrobed almost as frequently on the screen without incurring the same public disapproval.

Honesty

No, it goes deeper than that.

And of all people, it was Simone de Beauvoir, wife of playwright and existentialist philosopher Jean-Paul Sartre and one of France's best-known women intellectuals, who has recently discussed in print the unhappy relationship between Bardot and the French public.

She does this in "Brigitte Bardot," published by Andre Deutsch, Weidenfeld, and Nicolson.

Simone de Beauvoir reasons that Brigitte does exactly as she likes and never pretends. She says that one of Brigitte's effects on men is to force on them her own honesty and lack of hypocrisy.

And they don't like it.

The old-fashioned screen vamps were something quite different. Nobody minded them.

They were so artificial and unreal that no woman in her right senses could regard them as serious rivals to herself, the writer claims.

But Brigitte is another matter — a splendidly assembled, healthy, and uninhibited piece of young womanhood, too indifferent to cultivate an air of mystery.

Simone de Beauvoir says that Brigitte, outspoken, independent, never coy or clinging, is far from the average Frenchman's ideal.

No siren

Her attitude to life is too like their own, too unfeminine.

They can cope with a siren's studied wiles — but not with Brigitte's frankness.

"There is nothing of the bad woman about B.B.," says Simone de Beauvoir. "Frankness and kindness can be read on her face . . . There is nothing coarse about her. She has a kind of spontaneous dignity, something of the gravity of childhood."

Brilliant, middle-aged Henri Clouzot, who directed Brigitte's latest film, "The Truth," seemed to think her choice of husbands is the root of Brigitte's troubles.

He said, after the suicide attempt, "Why does she always marry these young boys? She needs an older man."

He was apparently envisaging a sort of Marilyn Monroe-Arthur Miller relationship, perhaps with himself in the Miller role.

All the same, there does seem something to be said for the benefit Brigitte would gain from marriage with a mature and masterful man.

While Vera Clouzot, the director's actress wife, was telling the Press that she didn't regard Bardot as a rival, "The Truth" set became the scene of further dramatics when Brigitte's first husband, and discoverer, Roger Vadim, appeared one day as a visitor.

Unstable life

Vadim, a clever, intuitive director, who "discovered" Brigitte when she was 14 and married her in 1952, when she was 18, said recently: "She needs tenderness and understanding, passion, and cleverness. She is very nice, but she has a very bad temper."

As long ago as last July there were reports that Brigitte might divorce her present husband, actor Jacques Charrier, 23, and remarry director Vadim.

This, it was pointed out, would be after Vadim had secured a divorce from Annette Stroyberg, the Danish model he had tried to make into another screen Brigitte.

The record of the babyish and hysterical Charrier — two suicide attempts, and nervous collapse when called up for national service — would indicate that he is more in need of a mother than a wife.

Certainly, there seems little promise of a stable life for Brigitte with Charrier, whose jealous tantrums during the making of "The Truth" were so tiresome that Clouzot barred him from the set.

His latest antic has been a street assault on Sasha Frey, his wife's new leading man.

Charrier and Brigitte were married last year. Even more than her life with Vadim, their marriage has been what has been described as "a Punch and Judy show," full of fights and partings.

It seems that the final parting may not be far off.

Next time, perhaps, B.B. will follow Clouzot's advice and fall in love with an older man.

● ***Brigitte Bardot . . . a kind of spontaneous dignity, something of the gravity of childhood, outspoken, independent, says writer Simone de Beauvoir.***

● ***Bardot and Roger Vadim, husband Number 1, the man who "discovered" her — taken on a film set while they were in the middle of divorce proceedings. "Very nice, but with a very bad temper," says Vadim of Bardot.***

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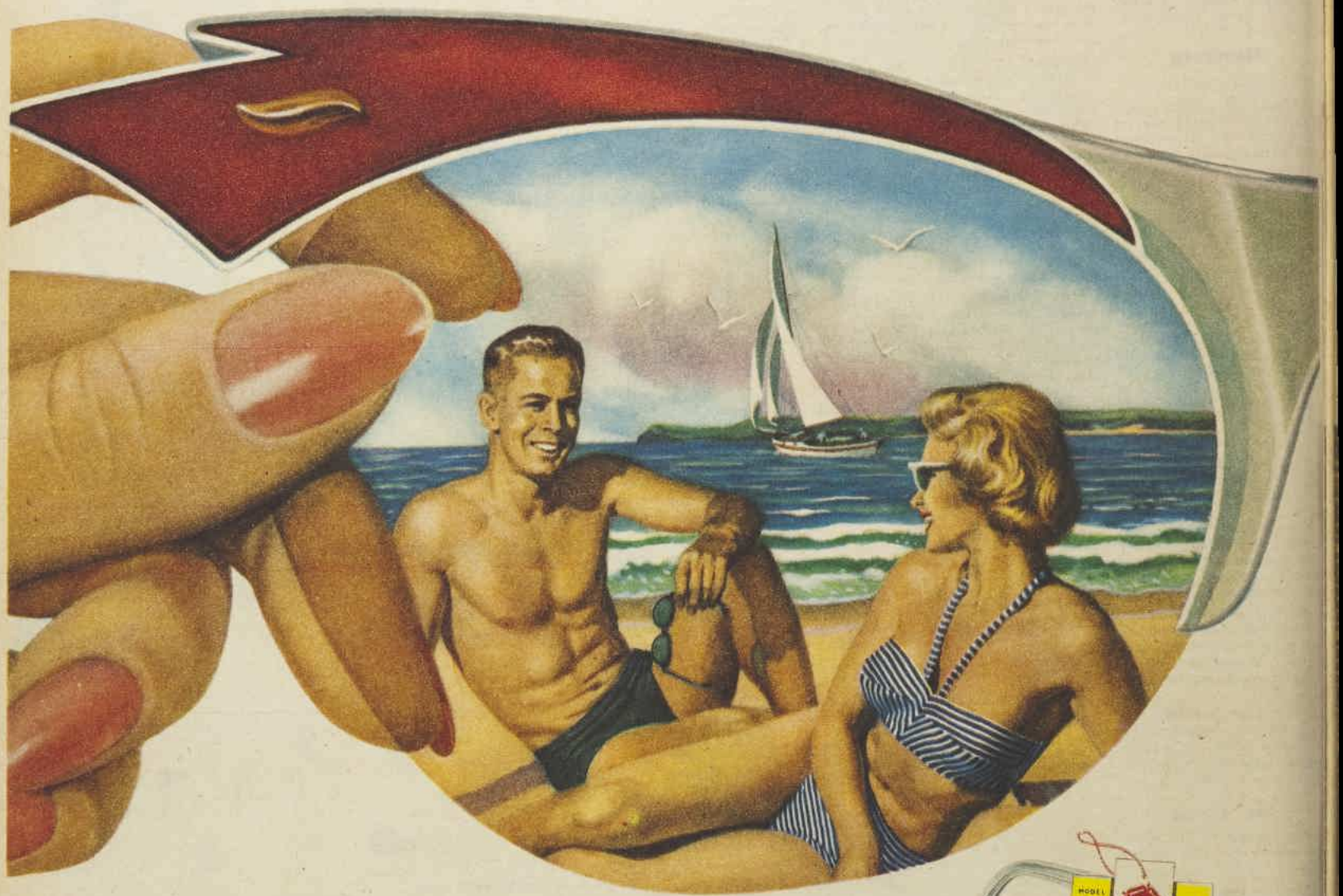

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STOCK EXCHANGE

. . . where a seat costs £16,000 and there's standing room only

by DAWN JAMES, staff reporter

THERE we all were, standing on the Trading Floor of Sydney's new Stock Exchange, the crowd of stockbrokers (selling and buying) and me (just looking, thank you).

All the men were shouting about shares.

I was thinking about chairs. Because there weren't any.

This is tradition.

"It's an extraordinary thing about the Stock Exchange," said the operations manager, Mr. Fred Mitchell.

"You pay £16,000" (my pencil dropped from a nerveless hand) "for a 'seat' —but you don't have anywhere to sit."

Since early this month, however, Sydney's stockbrokers have had the consolation of **standing** in one of the city's latest landmarks: the £3,000,000 Royal Exchange Assurance Building in O'Connell and Bligh Streets, where the Stock Exchange occupies five floors.

It is very glassy and modern, with pared-down elegance.

Walk through the black-grey-and-white marble-faced lobby, down a flight of stairs, and you'll arrive at the public gallery on the lower ground floor.

In Australia, one adult in every 20 holds shares.

In the gallery, for the first time in Sydney, the public is able to watch the rise (and fall) of those shares.

"Watch" is the operative word. The gallery overlooks the Trading Floor. But it is glassed-in, so the babel of the brokers' bids is toned down **to a muted roar.**

And, as each day wears on, the glass acquires a pattern—of noseprints, left by fascinated speculators who wanted a closer look.

From the gallery level, the brokers walk down a flight of steps (carpeted in royal purple) to the Trading Floor, where they become part of the outwardly chaotic method of business on the Stock Exchange.

They stand round in front of the post trading boards.

Someone yells, "Blank and Company sell at ninepence." Some brokers don't pay any attention. Some look disdainful.

But on the other side of the floor a broker's attention is caught. He looks interested. "Yes!" he bellows.

They walk towards each other. They go into a two-man huddle. They scribble on pieces of paper. And then they part, looking pleased, or indifferent.

The post clerks, standing on a raised platform near the posts, chalk up the day's prices.

Above the boards, numbered lights go on and off. They signal that a broker's phone is "ringing" — which, to help eliminate noise, doesn't ring.

TV circuit

Perched high in one corner of the room, a TV camera focuses on the rush and hustle.

But the brokers and their operators are TV "stars" only on a closed-circuit system.

A picture is transmitted to a receiver in the Stock Exchange window.

This brings the business of making and losing money very close to the man (and woman) in the street.

In fact, it's even closer than that.

"For an investor, the Stock Exchange is just two phone calls away," said Mr. Mitchell.

"He rings his broker. And the broker's office has a direct line to the Trading Floor. If the price is right, he'll buy the stock. The whole transaction takes only a few minutes."

Gazing down on the floor from the gallery, Mr. Mitchell asked, "Do you understand what's going on down there?"

"No," I said.

Mr. Mitchell began at the beginning:

"A stock exchange is a place where securities of all descriptions are bought and sold . . ."

In Sydney, this is carried out under the "post" system of trading.

The Sydney Stock Exchange is the first in Australia to use this system. It was introduced in the old Pitt Street Exchange last year.

Under the discarded "call room" method, stock was traded only twice a day. With the "post" system, trading is continuous.

In the early days when post trading was first brought in overseas, the trading was actually conducted round a post. All the information about stocks and shares was stuck round its four sides.

There are still posts (olive-green) in Sydney's trading room, but they are only decorative.

The important "post" is a series of movable slats lining the room. Behind the slats, black hessian mounted on fibreglass is designed to reduce noise.

(This is probably effective, but it is rather hard to tell.)

Each company with stocks to be bought and sold on the Exchange has its own slat.

"It lists the stock name, the buying broker's number, the buyer's price, the seller's price, and the seller's number," said Mr. Mitchell.

"The seller contacts the buyer — they haggle (each has to get the best price for his client). When they agree, the seller makes out a sales slip in triplicate.

"The buyer initials it. Then the buyer takes a copy, the seller takes a copy, and the other goes to the recording clerk.

"That copy is the basis of our Press releases. The recording clerk enters it, and checks that the prices are shown on the post."

The "Floor of Babel" roared on. And it all became much more interesting when Mr. David Butcher, secretary of the Stock Exchange, told me that the present market value, of ordinary shares alone, is £2,751,000,000.

Wall locks

When I'd recovered we went on a brief tour of the Stock Exchange's new home.

Striped flooring, streamlined modern furniture, carpets in purple and crimson and mustard, chairs in burnt orange and navy and black (in the offices, NOT on the Trading Floor, which just has some stools near the brokers' phones at the back).

The elegant boardroom is characteristic of the Stock Exchange decor. The dining-room is at one end.

"I'll just show you this gadget," said Mr. Butcher, heaving the wall that divides the boardroom from the dining-room into place. Once it is in place, the wall (made of Queensland maple) locks magnetically, isolating the boardroom.

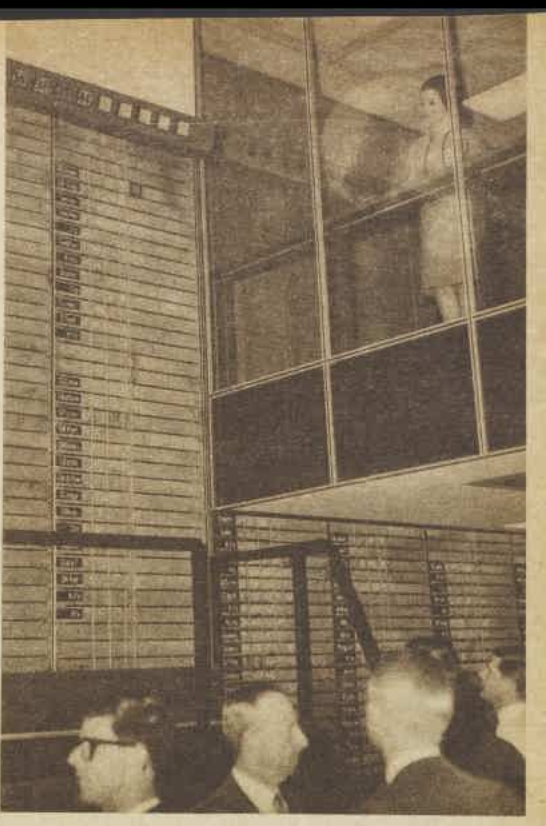
The room is carpeted in beige. Through a medley of wooden slats, the centre lights filter down on to a long, polished table. The table is surrounded by black leather chairs.

But one chair is different.

This chair dominates a profession you mightn't think was chair-conscious, and it stands at the head of the table.

It belongs to the Chairman. It is a high-backed, straight-up-and-down design.

And it is covered with cream-colored lambswool



***SCREENED BY GLASS,** visitors can watch proceedings on the Trading Floor of the new Stock Exchange in Sydney.*

***THE FLOOR** of the Sydney Stock Exchange.*

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DOLLS' CLOTHES TO MAKE . . .

ISN'T SHE A BEAUTIFUL BRIDE-DOLL

. . . and wasn't it a lovely wedding? That would certainly be true if the bride and her maid were dolls like these. Their well-dressed look is easy to copy, too. Patterns and how-to-make instructions are on pages 18, 20. And on page 19, some knitted clothes for the baby dolls.

THE BRIDE—in traditional white satin and tulle—is a doll to delight any romantically minded little girl's heart.

BRIDESMAID wears a frothy confection of lace and taffeta. Dresses for both dolls can be made from scraps of material.

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FOR A DOLL'S WEDDING DAY

● Here are the patterns and how-to-make instructions for the bride and bridesmaid doll dresses on page 17.

THE bridesmaid's dress was designed and made by Mrs. Edna Trigg, of Darlinghurst, N.S.W.

The pattern Mrs. Trigg drafted for the bridesmaid's dress is also used for the wedding gown.

The dresses are designed to fit 7½in. dolls. The dolls cost about 2/- each, and are available at chain stores throughout Australia.

The dresses can be easily sewn by hand. There is no big seam allowance on the patterns, because all seams are sewn by closely overcasting the raw edges together.

The patterns are ready to use. Just cut them out from this page. (Or, if you want to keep the dolls' pictures on page 17, simply trace the patterns from the outlines given here.)

THE BRIDE

Materials required: 1-3rd yd. 54in. net, 1-3rd yd. 36in. satin, 1½yds. narrow lace edging, 4yds. narrow satin ribbon, 1 sprig of lily-of-the-valley (for veil), thread elastic.

Panties: With the pattern on the bias of the material, cut two pieces from the satin. Fold each piece in half (see pattern) and join the leg seams.

Join down the centre front and back.

Hem the edge of each leg. Sew on lace edging. Gather with two rows of thread elastic.

Hem the waistline. Gather with two rows of thread elastic.

Petticoat: Using bodice pattern, cut one piece from satin. Cut a skirt piece measuring 30in. by 6in.

Sew shoulder seams together. Make a tiny rolled hem round neckline and armholes.

Sew together the 6in. seam on the skirt (this is the centre back seam). Leave 1½in. open at one end for the placket.

Hem the end opposite the placket.

Run a double gathering thread along the waistline edge, and pull gathering thread till the size of the skirt's waist matches the bodice.

Sew skirt to bodice.

Hem back opening of petticoat. Fasten the sides together with tiny hooks and eyes.

Dress: Cut a skirt piece from the net measuring 41in. x 6in. (This leaves 13in. of net at one end of the fabric. Cut the net so you have a 13in. square, and put it aside for the veil.)

From the remainder of the net, cut two bodice pieces and four sleeves — and use them DOUBLE so the dress will be stronger.

NOTE: The bride's sleeves are shorter than the bridesmaid's. The length is indicated by a broken line on the sleeve pattern.

Join the shoulder seams. Join seams of sleeves. Set sleeves into bodice, gathering them to fit into the armhole.

Make a rolled hem on the cuff-edge of the sleeve, gathering it a little on the way. Finish the sleeve with a bow of the narrow satin ribbon (see illustration).

Make a rolled hem at the neckline (or the neckline can be finished with lace edging).

Sew together the 6in. back seam of the skirt, leaving the 1½in. placket gap at one end.

As directed for the petticoat, gather the net skirt, join it to the bodice, and hem the back opening. Overcast the waistline seam.

Fasten the back opening with tiny pearl buttons and button-loops.

Sew lace edging round the hemline of the net skirt. Border the skirt with tiny bows of the narrow satin ribbon (see illustration).

Veil: Cut a circle from the 13in. square of net. Cut an inner circle (see pattern for bridesmaid's hat).

Run a gathering thread round the inner circle and pull the thread tight. Sew the veil to the bride-doll's hair and finish it with a lily-of-the-valley sprig.

THE BRIDESMAID

Materials required: 1-3rd yd. 36in. taffeta, 1-3rd yd. 36in. lace, 1-6th yd. 36in. stiffening (for skirt), ½yd. 1in. satin ribbon, 1 yd. narrow lace edging, a few small artificial flowers, scraps of net (for headdress), thread elastic.

Make panties (out of taffeta) as directed for the bride.

Dress: Cut skirt pieces — measuring 5½in. x 23in.—from taffeta, lace, and stiffening. Cut one bodice and two sleeves from lace and from taffeta.

On the bodice, treat the lace and taffeta as one piece of fabric.

Join the shoulder seams. Join seams of sleeves. Set sleeves into bodice, gathering them to fit into the armhole.

Hem the cuff-edges of the sleeves. Gather with two rows of thread elastic.

Hem round neckline.

Taking each skirt piece separately, sew together the 5½in. seam (which goes at the back). At one end leave 1½in. open for the back placket.

Then put the three pieces on top of one another—first the stiffening, then lace, then taffeta — with the placket openings at the same end.

Pin the three together along the 23in. edge opposite the placket. This is the hemline. Stitch firmly.

Turn inside out so the lace is on the outside and the stiffening is on the inside.

Run a double gathering thread along the waistline edge and pull gathering thread till the size of the skirt's waist matches the bodice.

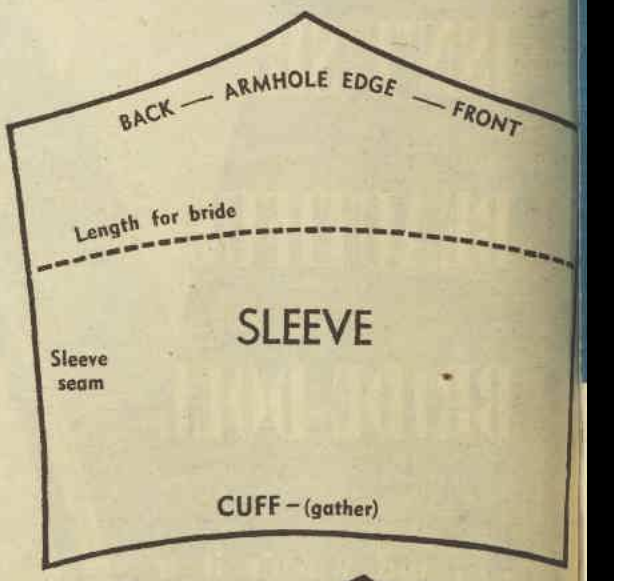
Sew skirt to bodice.

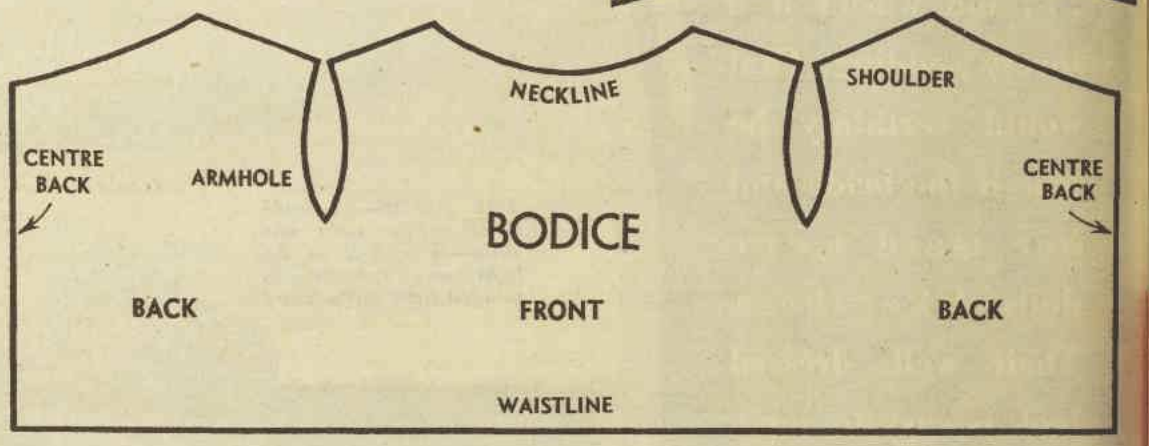
Hem back opening of dress. Fasten the sides together with small hooks and eyes or with miniature pearl buttons and button-loops.

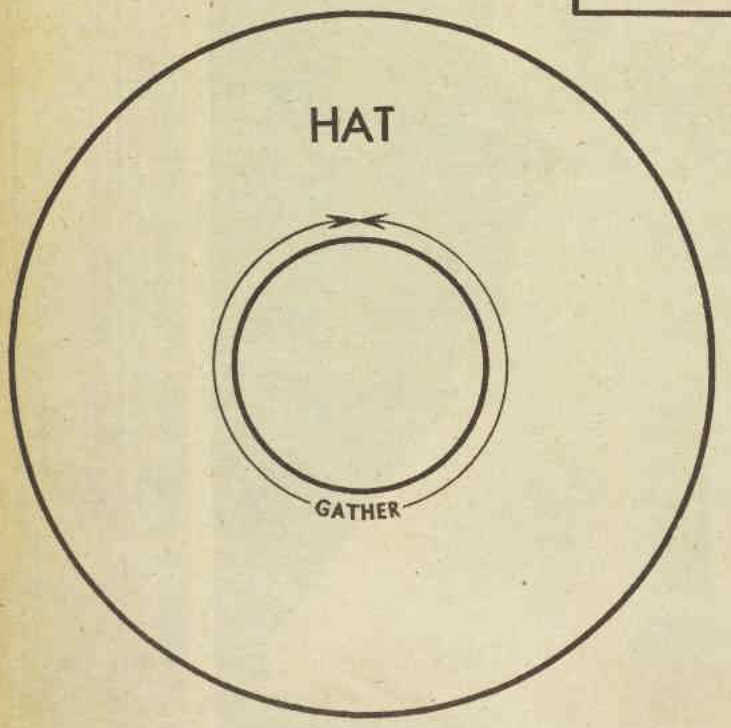
Sew on lace edging to cover hemline seam.

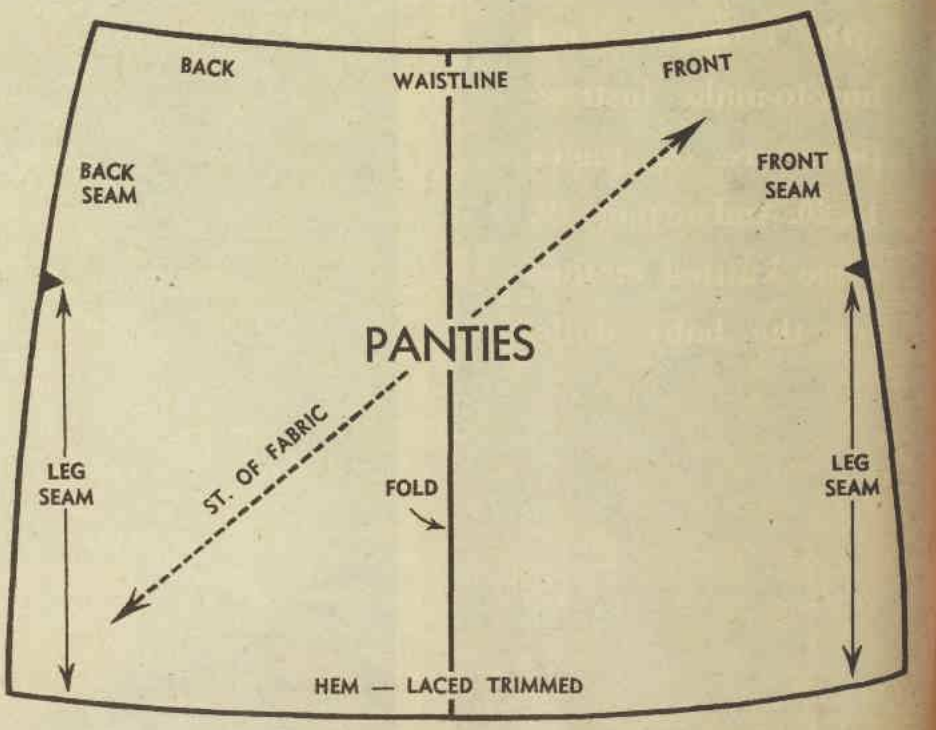
The dress is finished with the satin ribbon — it is the sash, and ties in a big bow at the back.

Hat: Using the pattern, cut a circle of net. Fold it in half and sew the small semi-circle on to the doll's hair (see illustration). Add a few tiny artificial flowers — sew them on both in front of and behind the net.









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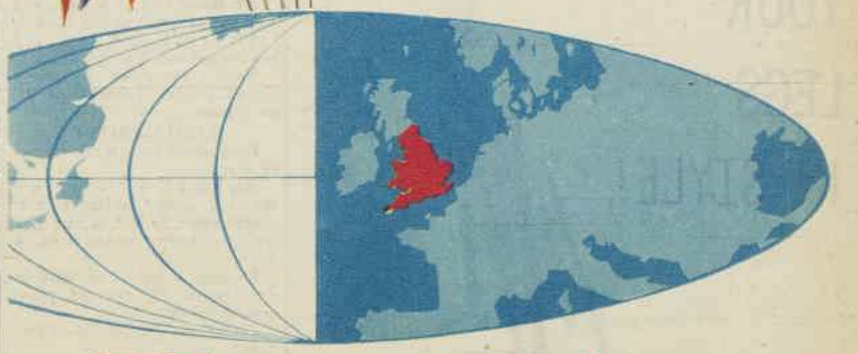
DOLLS' CLOTHES TO MAKE

BABY DOLL KNITTEDS

● These charming, knitted dolls' clothes will thrill the heart of any "little mother." The girl's set is complete with modesties, dress, jacket, bonnet, and bootees. The boy's includes leggings, jacket, and cap. Instructions for making are on page 20.

Throughout the world leading interior decorators agree...



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MISS DIANA POLLOCK,
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Ideal Home Magazine, London, says—
Open planned rooms with large picture windows like this call for the decorative and practical Venetian blind which controls light at the flick of a cord and adds space and colour to the room. Venetian blinds look attractive between rooms like this and make wonderful space-saving room dividers. They are the perfect complement to 20th century living.

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SUPPORT YOUR LEGS IN STYLE!

Smart women banish leg-fatigue with

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Supp-hose

The sheer support stocking

that eases tired legs!

Only **you** can tell the difference . . . and **what** a difference! Sheer, glamorous SUPP-HOSE support your legs in a way that no ordinary stocking can! Ideal for women of all ages who are on their feet a lot! Proportioned sizes — fashion colours and economical too! **42/-**

✳ *Guaranteed to give 9 times the wear of ordinary nylon stockings!*

WONDERFUL HILTON NYLONS

Continuing Dolls' Clothes (from page 19)

"BABY" KNITWEAR

GIRL DOLL

Materials: 2 balls Patons Beehive Baby Wool, "Patonised"; 2 balls Patons Beehive Fingering 4-ply, "Patonised" or Patons Patonyle 4-ply, "Patonised"; 1 pr. each Nos. 10 and 9 knitting needles; 7 small buttons; 1½yds. narrow ribbon.

Measurements: To fit 11in. doll.

Tension: 8 sts. to 1in. on No. 10 needles.

JACKET — BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 46 sts.

Work 4 rows in g-st.

5th Row: K 1, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to last st., k 1.

6th Row: K 1, * w.r.n., p 2 tog., rep. from * to last st., k 1.

Work 24 rows in plain smooth fabric. Leave these sts. on holder.

RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 23 sts. Work 4 rows in g-st.

5th Row: K 4, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to last st., k 1.

6th Row: K 1, * w.r.n., p 2 tog., rep. from * to last 4 sts., k 4.

Keeping a border of 4 sts. in g-st., work 17 rows in plain smooth fabric.

24th Row: Purl to last 4 sts., turn.

25th and Alt. Rows: Knit.

26th Row: Purl to last 8 sts., turn.

Cont. to purl 4 sts. less every alt. row until last 7 sts. only are worked.

In Next Row: Purl to last 4 sts., k 4.

Leave these sts. on a holder.

LEFT FRONT

Cast on 23 sts.

Work 4 rows in g-st.

5th Row: K 1, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to last 4 sts., k 4.

6th Row: K 4, * w.r.n, p 2 tog., rep. from * to last st., k 1.

Keeping a border of 4 sts. in g-st., work 16 rows in plain smooth fabric.

23rd Row: Knit to last 4 sts., turn.

24th and Alt. Rows: Purl.

Cont. working 4 sts. less each knit row until 7 sts. only are being worked. Leave these sts. on a st.-holder.

SLEEVES

Cast on 22 sts.

Knit 4 rows in g-st., then 5th and 6th rows as given for back once.

In Next Row: * k 2, inc. once in next st., rep. from * to last st., k 1 (29 sts).

Work 23 rows in plain smooth fabric, commencing with a purl row.

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Leave these sts. on st.-holder.

YOKE

Knit across sts. of right front as follows: k 5, (k 2, k 2 tog.) 4 times, k 2, work across first sleeve, (k 2 tog., k 2) 4 times, k 1, work across back, k 1, (k 2 tog., k 2) 11 times, k 1, work across second sleeve, k 1, (k 2 tog., k 2) 4 times, work across left front, (k 2 tog., k 2) 5 times, k 3 (98 sts.).

Next 4 rows, knit.

5th Row: K 4, * k 1, k 2 tog., rep. from * to last 4 sts., k 4 (68 sts.).

6th Row: K 4, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to last 4 sts., k 4.

7th Row: K 4, * w.r.n., p 2 tog., rep. from * to last 4 sts., k 4.

8th Row: Knit.

9th Row: K 4, * (k 2 tog.) twice, k 1, rep. from * to last 4 sts., k 4 (44 sts.).

Knit 3 rows.

13th Row: K 4, * k 2 tog., k 4, rep. from * to last 4 sts., k 4 (38 sts). Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly.

Join sleeve and side seams. Sew two buttons at neck and fasten with loop.

DRESS

Cast on 80 sts.

Work 6 rows in g-st., then the 5th and 6th patt. rows as given for back of jacket 3 times.

Cont. in plain smooth fabric until work measures 5in.

Proceed as follows:

1st Row: * k 2 tog., rep. from * to end of row (40 sts.).

2nd Row: Knit.

3rd Row: * k 1, w.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to last st., k 1.

4th Row: Knit.

Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Now work the 5th and 6th patt. rows as given for back of jacket twice.

Work 8 rows without shaping in plain smooth fabric.

In Next Row: K 12, cast off 10 sts., k 12.

Cont. on last 12 sts., dec. 1 st. at neck edge every row until 8 sts. rem. Work 3 rows without shaping. Cast off.

Join in wool at centre and work on rem. sts. to correspond.

BACK

Work as given for front until underarm shapings are commenced (36 sts.).

Work 4 rows in plain smooth fabric.

In Next Row: K 18, turn, k 4, purl to end of row.

Cont. working on these 18 sts., keeping a border of 4 sts. in g-st. and making a buttonhole in the 5th and foll. 8th rows twice (3 buttonholes).

To Make a Buttonhole: Knit to last 4 sts., k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 2.

Work 1 row. Cast off.

Join in wool at centre, cast on 4 sts. for underlap and work on these sts. to correspond with other side, omitting buttonholes.

SLEEVES

Cast on 24 sts.

1st Row: Purl.

2nd Row: Knit.

3rd Row: Purl.

4th Row: * p 1, purl into front and back of next st., rep. from * to end of row (36 sts.).

Now work 5th and 6th patt. rows as given for back of jacket once.

Work 4 rows in plain smooth fabric.

Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows.

In Next Row: K 2 tog. all along row. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly.

Join shoulder seams. With right side of work facing, pick up 52 sts. round neck.

1st Round: Knit.

2nd Round: Purl.

Cast off. Sew in sleeves, sew side and sleeve seams. Sew underlap in position. Sew on buttons and thread ribbon through holes at underarm.

BONNET

Cast on 50 sts.

Work 6 rows in rib of k 2, p 2, then work 5th and 6th patt. rows as given for back of jacket once. Proceed as follows:

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: Knit.

Rep. these 3 rows until 5th purl stripe has been worked.

In Next Row: Cast off 15 sts., k 20, turn.

Work in patt. on these 20 sts. until 5th purl stripe has been worked (29 rows). Cast off.

Join in wool at centre and cast off rem. 15 sts.

TO MAKE UP

Join cast-off edges to sides of centre extension. With right side of work facing, pick up 50 sts. along lower edge.

1st Row: * K 2, p 2, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

2nd Row: * K 2 tog., w.fwd., rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

3rd Row: As 1st row.

Work 3 rows in rib. Cast off in rib. Thread ribbon through holes at lower edge.

MODESTIES

Cast on 68 sts., work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 4 rows.

5th Row: * K 2, w.r.n., p 2 tog., rep. from * to end of row. Work 5 rows in rib of k 2, p 2.

Proceed in g-st. as follows:

1st Row: K 2, k 2 tog., k to last 4 sts., k 2 tog., k 2.

2nd Row: Knit.

Cont. dec. in this manner every alt. row until 6 sts. rem.

Next Row: K 1, (k 2 tog.) twice, k 1.

Next Row: (K 2 tog.) twice. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Join ribbing at centre front. Fold modesties so that point meets ribbing. Sew first 6 ridges on point to correspond 6 ridges, leaving rem. ridges free for leg openings. Using 2 strands of wool, crochet a chain 18in. long. Run through beading at top and attach tassels at ends.

BOOTEES

Cast on 26 sts.

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: Knit.

Rep. these 3 rows 4 times.

16th Row (holes for ribbon): K 1, * k 1, w.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to last st., k 1.

17th Row: Purl.

18th Row: K 17, turn, k 8, turn.

Work 8 rows in patt. on these 8 sts. Break off wool. Join in wool and pick up 6 sts. along right instep, k 8 across instep, pick up 6 sts. along left instep, k to end of row.

Next Row: Knit (38 sts.).

Work 6 rows in g-st.

Proceed as follows:

1st Row: K 17, (k 2 tog.) twice, k 17.

2nd Row: Knit.

3rd Row: K 2 tog., k 14, (k 2 tog.) twice, k 14, k 2 tog.

4th Row: Knit. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Join seam. Thread ribbon through holes at ankle.

BOY DOLL

Materials: Two balls Patons Beehive Baby Wool, "Patonised"; 4 small buttons; length of elastic; 1½yd. narrow ribbon; 1 pr. No. 10 knitting needles.

Measurements: To fit a 14in. doll.

Tension: 8 sts. to 1in. in width.

MATINEE JACKET

Back: Cast on 42 sts.

Work 6 rows in g-st., then 28 rows in plain smooth fabric. Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of every row until 30 sts. rem.

Work 14 rows straight.

Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off rem. sts.

LEFT FRONT

Cast on 28 sts. Knit 6 rows in g-st.

7th Row: Knit.

8th Row: K 5, purl to end of row.

Rep. 7th and 8th rows 13 times.

Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next row.

Dec. once at armhole edge every row until 22 sts. rem.

Work 8 rows straight.

Cast off 9 sts. at neck edge in next row, then dec. once at neck edge every row until 8 sts. rem. Work 1 row without shaping. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, making border and shapings at opposite end of needle and making a buttonhole in the 17th and every foll. 10th row 3 times (4 buttonholes).

To Make a Buttonhole: K 2, w.fwd., k 2 tog., knit to end.

SLEEVES

Cast on 30 sts. Work 6 rows in g-st.

Cont. in plain smooth fabric until work measures 3in.

Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Dec. once at each end of every row until 14 sts. rem. Cast off.

COLLAR

Cast on 28 sts. Work in g-st., casting on 5 sts. at end of first 4 rows.

Work 8 rows without shaping. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press pieces. Join shoulder seams. Sew in sleeves, then sew side and sleeve seam. Sew on collar, commencing and ending 2 sts. from front edges. Press seams and sew on buttons.

LEGGINGS

Cast on 44 sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 4 rows.

5th Row (elastic for waist): K 1, * k 1, w.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to last st., k 1.

Work 3 rows in rib.

Work 20 rows in plain smooth fabric.

Dec. once at each end of next and every foll. 6th row until 32 sts. rem.

Cont. without shaping until work measures 7in. from commencement, ending with a purl row.

In Next Row: K 1, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to last st., k 1.

Work 3 rows straight.

In Next Row: K 20, turn, k 8, turn.

Work 10 rows in g-st. on these 8 sts., break off wool, pick up 6 sts. along right instep, knit across 8 sts. at top of instep, pick up 6 sts. along left side of instep, knit to end.

Next Row: Knit (44 sts.).

Work 4 rows in g-st.

Proceed as follows:

1st Row: K 20, (k 2 tog) twice, k 20.

2nd and Alt. Rows: Knit.

3rd Row: K 19, (k 2 tog) twice, k 19.

5th Row: K 2 tog., k 16, (k 2 tog) twice, k 16, k 2 tog.

7th Row: K 2 tog., k 14, (k 2 tog) twice, k 14, k 2 tog. Cast off.

Work another leg the same.

TO MAKE UP

Press pieces. Join centre back and front seams, then inner leg seams. Thread elastic through holes at waist and ribbon through holes at ankle.

BONNET

Cast on 100 sts.

Work 10 rows in g-st.

11th Row: * K 2 tog., rep. from * to end of row (50 sts.).

Work 23 rows in plain smooth fabric, beg. with a purl row.

Cast off 13 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then cont. on rem. sts., dec. once at each end of 1st and every foll. 4th row until 12 sts. rem. Work 1 row without shaping. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

With a damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Join cast-off edges to sides of centre extension. With right side of work facing, pick up 58 sts. along lower edge. Knit 2 rows. Cast off. Attach a small bow to each side. Sew on strings.

BERET

Cast on 76 sts.

Work 4 rows in rib of k 1, p 1.

5th Row: Knit, inc. once at end of row.

6th and Alt. Rows: Purl.

7th Row: (K 6, inc. once in next st.) 11 times.

9th Row: (K 7, inc. once in next st.) 11 times.

11th Row: (K 8, inc. once in next st.) 11 times.

13th Row: (K 9, inc. once in next st.) 11 times.

Work 3 rows in plain smooth fabric.

Shape crown as follows:

1st Row: (K 9, k 2 tog.) 11 times.

Work 3 rows without shaping, also after 5th and 9th rows.

5th Row: (K 8, k 2 tog.) 11 times.

9th Row (K 7, k 2 tog.) 11 times.

13th Row: (K 6, k 2 tog.) 11 times.

14th and Alt. Rows: Purl.

15th Row: (K 5, k 2 tog.) 11 times.

Cont. dec. in this manner every alt. row, with 1 st. less between dec. until 22 sts. rem.

Next Row: P 2 tog. all along row.

Break off wool, run end through rem. sts., draw up and fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

With a damp cloth and warm iron, press. Sew up seam.

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WORTH REPORTING

JULIA BALZAR climbed up on to the platform of a TV boom and focused the studio set in the lens of her camera.

"It's taken me 10 years to get up here," she remarked.

Not just on to the platform, that is.

Julia's climb has been to the top of the photography tree in Sydney. Now she has branched out as the "stills" photographer for Avondale Film Studios, which produces TV commercials.

It is a rare job for a woman, especially if she begins *below* scratch, as Julia did.

A Czech migrant with no English, and determined to be a photographer, she was refused jobs at 30 Sydney photographic studios.

Without proof of her skill (her collection of work from Prague was stolen while she was in a refugee camp waiting to migrate), Julie told us no one would believe she had once been a leading light in Czech photographic portraiture. That was before the Communists took over.

When she arrived in Sydney she eventually got a job as a retoucher. Then she set to work building up another portrait collection.

This took five years. But it was worth the effort.

"I've been fighting for my career," Julia said. "If you work hard enough, you can succeed."

JULIA BALZAR . . . her success meant hard work.

All mod. cons. in the igloo

THE modern igloo is a many-splendored thing, apparently.

Susan Hunt, 19-year-old daughter of Everest conqueror Sir John Hunt, went on an expedition to Greenland a while back.

And, talking about the Eskimos, she said, "Their homes are wonderful; they have polished floors, and we even saw stainless-steel sinks!"

National rose contest

WHEN the Sydney Daily Telegraph 1959 Rose Show closed after two days last year, more than 35,000 people had flocked to see the biggest display of roses ever shown in Australia.

This year the show will be even more attractive, and, to help make it a national as well as a State event, The Australian Women's Weekly has offered a trophy for which The National Rose Society of each State has been invited to compete.

T.A.A. has offered to fly an exhibit and a representative from each society to Sydney, where the show will be held at the Empress Ballroom, Mark Foys.

The Australian Women's Weekly Trophy, a large silver rose bowl, will be awarded to the society which, in the opinion of the judges, stages the best display of roses in an area 6 feet by 3 feet.

The Air-Cargo service of T.A.A. has arranged to fly the roses to Sydney on Sunday, October 23, when the Interstate Competition will be judged at 3 p.m.

There are more than 100 classes for open competition at The Daily Telegraph Rose Show, and nearly £2000 is offered in prize-money.

The show will be open from 2 p.m. to 10 p.m. on Saturday, October 22, from 12 noon to 10 p.m. on Sunday, October 23, and from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. on Monday, October 24.

The show is presented by the Daily Telegraph with the assistance of The Royal Horticultural Society of N.S.W. and The National Rose Society of N.S.W.

The judges who will award The Australian Women's Weekly Trophy will be Mr. Reg Edwards, Gardening Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly, and two judges from the horticultural section of the Royal Agricultural Society.

Proceeds from the sale of a special souvenir programme and from a flower-stall at the show will be donated to Torchbearers for Legacy.

A diploma for Winnie

TRINIDAD-BORN pianist Winifred Atwell — who is currently touring Australasia —is very proud of a piece of pale blue paper.

It's a diploma.

And it says, in silver lettering: "This is to certify that little Winnie Atwell can swim 15 yards on her back and should be encouraged to train for the 1964 Olympics."

Winnie got the diploma from Sydney swimming coach Pat Norton, who says: "She was the most determined pupil I've ever had."

But Winnie told us she isn't going to float on her 15yd. laurels. After her tour she'll take a holiday and Practise Swimming Farther.

JULIE YANG . . . the picture told of an old legend.

1960 paintings of 960 life

WE looked at Julie Yang's painting. And decided that life for women was different—1000 years ago.

The painting shows a woman of China's Sung Dynasty (A.D. 960 - 1280) standing patiently under a willow-tree and "waiting for her man to come home from the wars," Julie told us. It is the illustration of a legend from the north of China, where Julie was born.

But this is 1960. And Julie —with the adventurous spirit of modern times — has travelled thousands of miles from home.

She is a nurse and is studying midwifery at the Royal Women's Hospital in Melbourne.

The antiseptic atmosphere of a modern hospital mightn't have much connection with the delicate art of Chinese painting, but Julie combines both worlds successfully.

She spends all her spare time locked in her room at the Nurses' Home, painting.

"In the four years I have been in Australia I have never stopped," she said. "I have 80 paintings now, apart from those I have given away to friends."

When Julie finishes her midwifery course, she may spend another year training in the theatre of a big public hospital in Melbourne.

"Then I am afraid I will have to go home," she said. "I would like to stay in Australia, but I miss my family in Hongkong.

"It is so much more peaceful here—at home there are so many people, everything is so crowded, and there is so much poverty. Life is very pleasant in Australia."

★ ★ ★

SOME people find city walls and pavements absolutely ideal for Writing Things On —like "Ban the Bomb" and other succinct advice.

Our current favorite is a rather plaintive call-to-arms: "DON'T PAY INCOME TAX."

Nothing STOPS perspiration odour so pleasantly as ARRID

Roll-on soothing ARRID to keep under-arms fresh and fragrant 24 hours.

ROLLS ON

No messy dripping . . . no leaking . . . rolls on just the right amount.

Gentle ARRID Roll-on Lotion contains soothing Lanolin. Rolls protection into all the pores. Rolls away perspiration odours. Protects the delicate fabrics of your clothes.

ARRID Roll-on, 7/6 at all cosmetic counters.

Also available:
ARRID Cream in handy jars. Medium, 3/9, Large, 5/10.
ARRID Super Spray . . . 6/11 in the unbreakable blue squeeze bottle.

Be sure of your freshness . . . be sure of yourself . . . with gentle ARRID protection.

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GAY

TUNIC BLOUSE

• *There's already been lots of talk about tunics. This one looks fresh and newsy worn over the shortest of short shorts. The tailored shirt comes in pure white silk, the shorts in vivid butcher-blue silk linen. Pretty ankles and legs are fairly essential here.*

TROUSER SUIT

• *The matched trouser ensemble is new again in fashion. This year's version comes in dashing colors, as, at left, in orange, black, and white. Blouse, in printed cotton, has the added chic of a hood. For the girl with slender hips, trouser fashions come through loud and clear on the fashion-radar.*

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SUMMER CASUALS

SLENDER PANTS

• *At the moment in fashion-time, pants have an easy slender fit and a new, unmistakable shapeliness. The skinny-legged trouser is right out. At left, the color—claret-red—and the tunic-top in grey-and-red print adds new chic.*

SUNDRESS

• *On the fashion rise is a sundress made in any pale pastel. The one at right, in striped lilac-and-white cotton, has uncovered shoulders. Its waistline is firmly belted in pretty lilac leather.*

• *Pants, comfortable and well-fitted as a glove, sundresses in pale pastels, and tunic-tops in every length are the hit fashions in summer casuals. Take note of color, it can turn a simple classic into the very height of fashion.* – BETTY KEEP.

SLEEVELESS

• *The bare-armed look is one of the newest, coolest fashions on record. This fashion is interpreted, left, in a short-cut, easy-fit over-blouse. Note new color combination—lilac, white, and lime—and the head bandeau in matched print.*

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KAYSER

Debutante Bra

The first bra designed especially to lift you gently, firmly and comfortably out of your teens!

There's a touch of magic and a multitude of know-how in the Debutante Bra. Skilfully it lifts and supports a young figure . . . perfectly, without the slightest strain. In snow-white, drip-dry cotton, Kayser Debutante Bra features magic elastic inset under cups that gives with your every movement. Adjustable, elasticised back-fastening ensures perfect fit.

See the Kayser Debutante Bra soon. With all the features of much more expensive bras, it's wonderful value at . . 19/11

Sizes 32-36, A and B cup.
Size 38, B cup.

Price varies slightly in some States

LONDON · NEW YORK · PARIS · ROME · MELBOURNE · CAPETOWN
and all other countries

KAYSER

DRESS SENSE

DS426. — One-piece dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4¾yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

By Betty Keep

● The one-piece dress illustrated above was chosen for a reader who wishes to make a simple design suitable for informal social evenings.

HERE is the reader's letter and my reply:

"I have some patterned cotton voile to make into a simple style, for which I will need a paper pattern. The frock is for hot-weather wear, for occasions when we go on informal visits to friends and relatives. My husband likes me to wear waisted styles, with some fullness in the skirt."

The design I have chosen — illustrated above — incorporates the style details you requested.

The skirt spreads prettily from a fitted waistline. The bodice top is collarless and simple.

A paper pattern for the design is available. Beside the illustration are further details and how to order.

"PLEASE suggest some fashionable shades to suit a person with dark hair and eyes and a creamy complexion."

Apricot, orange, light and dark pink, espresso-brown, and white are all currently fashionable colors that should be extremely flattering to a brunette.

"MAYBE I am rather old-fashioned in my ideas, but I like to wear a beach-wrap and would like to know what type to choose. I am size S.S.W. and in my early thirties."

A beach-shirt, a tunic, or a short-cut tailored coat would all be suitable designs for a beach "cover-up."

Towelling in a pretty color is my material suggestion.

"WOULD it be overdone to wear colored shoes with a printed frock?"

No, it would be perfectly correct. The colored shoe is new again in summer fashion.

Even newer is a shoe made in the same fabric as the dress with which it is worn.

"I HAVE a linen sheath from last summer, and as it is in good repair I thought I would wear it again this season with a new hat. What shape and material would be best for the hat?"

The smartest hat to offset a sheath dress is a high-crowned cloche made in rough straw.

"MY new between-seasons suit has a short collarless jacket, and I feel this neckline is rather unflattering. Would you suggest some means of softening the line?"

Wear the suit with an over-blouse made in a soft, pretty material.

Have the blouse finished with a turtle-collared neckline.

The collar will rise above the neckline of the jacket, making a flattering frame for your face.

"IS it correct to wear a short or full-length evening dress? Also, should I wear gloves?"

Your dress can be short-skirted (day-length), ankle, or floor-length. All are correct.

Wear gloves and carry an evening bag.

Satin evening shoes in a shade to match the color of the dress are currently popular.

"DO you consider a fine white embroidered cotton suitable for a late-day frock?"

Yes, I do. All-white is high fashion for summer. The fabric, too, is in fashion. Cotton is worn for every hour of the day.

"WHAT colors other than pastel pink and blue could I use for my trousseau lingerie?"

Palest beige, lilac, apricot and flower-sprigged material look new for all types of lingerie.

"I AM a very unsuccessful shopper. As I intend buying a summer coat to last several seasons, would you tell me what to look for in the shops?"

The thing to look for when buying any garment that is going to have a long fashion life is tailored simplicity and quality.

Avoid fussy, elaborate details and buy the best quality garment your budget allows.

Have the coat ½in. longer than the length you wear your skirt.

The currently popular coat design is unwaisted and unbelted, and finished with a small collar and below-elbow sleeves.

"AS I am being married for the second time, I wondered if it would be correct to wear a short-length, semi-formal wedding dress and a short veil?"

For a second marriage, whether you are widowed or divorced, it is not correct to wear a wedding dress, informal or formal, nor is it correct to wear a veil.

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BREEZE through SUMMER with a

CRAIG & SEELEY

CONVAIR COOLER

Make your home COOL beautifully cool....on the hottest days and nights

Wherever there's an open window and a power point CONVAIR provides a constant stream of fresh, cool filtered air . . . forcing out exhausting heat and eliminating germs, dust and pollens with the amazing Chemtex triple action filter. You can really *live* on the hottest days, sleep peacefully when temperatures soar . . . with CONVAIR. Why suffer summer heat when comfort costs so little? Contact your friendly retailer NOW!

CONVAIR PORTABLE MODEL 1400

Will cool approximately 400 sq. ft. replacing hot, dusty air with cool, fresh air every 1½ minutes. Aluminium cabinet and fan, plastic parts and directional grilles, sealed-for-life motor.
89 GNS. Trolley 10 gns.

CONVAIR PERSONAL MODEL 700

Ideal for bedroom or small office; the perfect "second" unit. Aluminium and plastic construction; sealed motor and electrics.
59 GNS. Stand free.

CONVAIR PERMANENT MODEL 2200

For whole home, shop, office use. Fully automatic with 6 comfort combinations. Has 8 operational grilles.
149 GNS. Plus installation.

PRICED FROM ONLY

59 GNS.

OR A FEW SHILLINGS WEEKLY

✱ DOUBLY GUARANTEED —FOR 2 SEASONS

✱ 90 DAYS' FREE SERVICE

LOOK FOR THE GOLD STAR OF APPROVAL . . . YOUR ASSURANCE OF THESE ESSENTIAL FEATURES . . .

- ✱ Chemtex Triple-action Filter.
- ✱ Everlasting Aluminium Cabinet
- ✱ Sealed-for-life Motor.
- ✱ Humidity Control.

Don't put up with exhausting heat for another day! Arrange a free demonstration . . . or post coupon to your nearest Distributor . . . NOW!

Distributors.

S.A. Craig & Seeley Ltd., Largs Terrace, Largs Bay.
Clarkson Ltd., 156 Grenfell Street, Adelaide.

N.S.W. Buzacott (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., 11 Market Street, Sydney.
British Ensign Products Pty. Ltd., 386 Canterbury Rd, Hurlstone Pk.

Vic. Craig & Seeley (Vic.) Ltd., 8 French Street, Coburg.
R. Werner & Co. Pty. Ltd., 54 Burnley Street, Richmond.

W.A. Craig & Seeley Ltd., G.P.O. Box J755, Perth.
James Balfour & Co. Pty. Ltd., 297 Wellington Street, Perth.
Noyes Bros. Pty. Ltd., 657 Murray Street, Perth.

Q'LD. Howards Ltd., 317 Adelaide Street, Brisbane.
Ferrier Sales Co. Pty. Ltd., 455 Adelaide Street, Brisbane.
Architects & Builders Supplies Pty. Ltd., Cnr. Adelaide & Boundary Streets, Brisbane

Please send me full details and colour brochure of Craig & Seeley Convair Coolers.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

WW1

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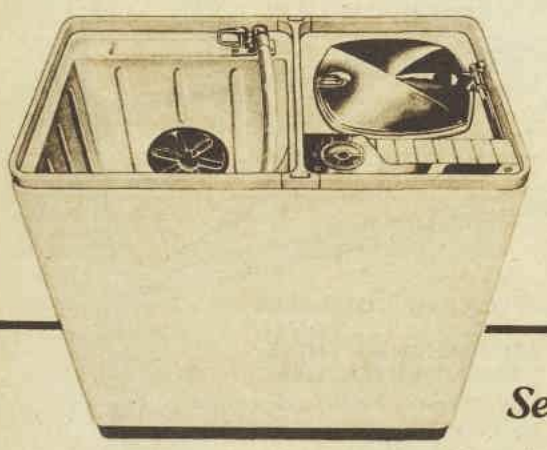
ONLY HOOVERMATIC WASHER

does both jobs at once, and fastest too!



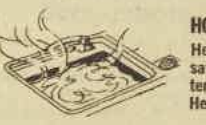
Swirls! Hoovermatic's unique pulsator *swirls* swift currents of sudsy water through and through the clothes with its gentle "boiling action". Even the most stubborn dirt is eased out in only 4 minutes. Test laundries have proved Hoovermatic *swirls* clothes cleaner, faster than any other washing method.

Whirls! In the Hoovermatic's spin tub every load is rinsed twice with fresh water leaving clothes absolutely clean and free of suds. Then every drop of water is *whirled* out faster and more thoroughly than any other spin-dry unit or wringer you could own. Some fabrics are whirled almost dry enough to iron!

See all the wonderful twin-tub Hoovermatic features

TWIN TUBS FOR TWICE THE SPEED
While one load is rinsed and spin-dried, the next is being washed. Sudsy water from the spinner is automatically returned to the washing compartment.

12-LB. WASH IN MACHINE AT ONCE
While 6 lb. of clothes are being washed, another 6 lb. are being rinsed and spin-dried. Whites are washed sparkling clean in just 4 minutes. Woollens need only 1 minute!



HOOVERMATIC WITH HEATER
Heater model has a concealed high-efficiency safety element. Quickly heats water to the temperature you want, even to boiling! Heater model only 7 guineas extra.

AUTOMATIC TIMER
Set Hoovermatic's automatic timer and, whatever the load, the washing period is perfectly controlled. Timer switches off at just the right moment.

SAFETY LID FOR SPIN TUB
Close the safety lid and the spinner starts. Open the lid—it stops in less than 3 seconds. So convenient—so safe for curious little fingers, too!

NO INSTALLATION: SUPERB FINISH
Hoovermatic is superbly finished, from the stainless steel tub to the non-chafe flex. There's no bolting down, no plumbing—it glides on castors into the smallest bathroom or laundry.

PRICE 126 guineas · Heater model 7 guineas extra · Easy terms, of course

HW.66.WWFPE

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Long Live the Princess

Miss Isabella ruled the household with a gentle hand and all paid homage to her charm . . . an appealing short story

BY DOROTHY EDEN

IT happened to be on Miss Isabella's seventy-first birthday that the lodger in the back basement room, a rather surly gentleman who had not been a success, left. But within an hour of putting a notice in the window, the room was let again. Miss Isabella chose her lodgers mainly by instinct, the way they smiled, or their youth, or a look of pathos or sincerity.

This one, a girl in her early twenties, she knew at once would be all right. She had an air of pride and breeding that pleased Miss Isabella, for it was a quality she was not unfamiliar with. It was fortunate that the first applicant was suitable, for Miss Isabella hated to turn anyone away from her door.

The question, however, was—would the girl like the room? For it was very unpretentious, and Miss Isabella really preferred men in the basement, in case of burglars. Still, there was Andrew Barton, the bank clerk—a nice, quiet reliable young man—next door, so all should be well.

"It's really a very cosy room when the gas fire is lit," Miss Isabella said in her friendly, optimistic voice. "The meter is behind this curtain. There's plenty of cupboard space, as you can see. The bathroom is at the top of the stairs. Breakfast will be served on a tray in your room. I'm afraid I can't do other meals, but there'd always be a cup of tea if Jacqueline or I am home."

In spite of the palpable bribe of cups of tea, the room seemed to diminish beneath the girl's clear, assessing gaze. It was scrupulously clean, as was all the house, but the carpet looked threadbare, the wallpaper shabby, the bed covering washed out, and the chairs inadequate.

Miss Isabella stood anxiously watching. She hoped the girl would decide to stay. She had taken a fancy to her for her aloof self-possession that seemed to cover a less confident feeling, perhaps of loneliness or unhappiness.

Besides, she liked her tenants to stay a long time so that they became friends.

Like Mr. Alexander, who had been there since 1918, just after the Russian revolution, and Mr. and Mrs. Schaffer, who had come from Vienna before Hitler took possession, and Miss Carstairs, the tall, strange, poetic woman on the top floor who had worn the same Chinese robe to all the parties for fifteen years.

The bank clerks, the young accountants, and the fledgling solicitors, of course, came and went. They got married and then brought their wives and later their children to visit Mamma and Miss Isabella.

Mamma had touched the babies' soft cheeks and smiled her beautiful embracing smile on them all, and promised to remember them in her prayers. It was perhaps as well she had died, for her prayer list, which caused her to spend longer and longer each night on her knees, had grown to quite unmanageable length.

Indeed, it was kneeling by her bed with clasped hands and little dedicated figure, that might have been a child's had it not been for the fluff of snowy hair and carved ivory face, that Miss Isabella had found her at the end. She had slipped across the borderland, still whispering gently to her Maker.

To page 67

"You look unhappy, Susan. Can I do anything to help you?" Miss Isabella asked.

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

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SEPPELTS

THE VERSATILE

WHITE WINE VINEGAR!

SEPPELTS WHITE WINE VINEGAR

REAL VINEGAR IS MADE FROM GRAPES

LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Postie v. goanna

ONE occasionally reads of a postman collecting a bite from some hostile dog, but the outback mailman can claim more hazards than this. Most mailboxes are either 20- or 40-gallon oil-drums on a stand with the top cut free and hinged to allow easy access. The lids generally are not a tight fit, and spiders, lizards, and even snakes are liable to be encountered when boxes are used only twice weekly. My latest encounter was with four feet of angry goanna, which I had to prod out with a stick before I could make the delivery.

£1/1/- to Mr. W. J. Baker, Ungarie, N.S.W.

Her tearful reception

WHEN I became engaged recently, my fiance and I went to see his mother to show her my shiny new ring. I had just stepped inside the door when she burst into tears. As we had been getting along quite well and she had heard the news the previous day, can anyone understand it?

£1/1/- to "Stymied" (name supplied), Mt. Yokine, W.A.

WEDDING TEARS

LIKE "Can't Understand It" (N.S.W.), I've often voiced the opinion that weddings are happy occasions and not a time for tears. But when one of my granddaughters walked down the aisle looking so sweet and young and vulnerable, a lump came to my throat and I sniffled in my hanky. My mind relived the snags and trials which beset us, forgetting the joy of troubles shared, with children to love.

£1/1/- to Mrs. N. Perry, Victoria Park, S.A.

★ ★ ★

TEARS at weddings are not because of sadness. I must admit I'm one of the weeping ones. I remember my own wedding and think of the wonderful happiness ahead for the young couple—it's so beautiful, it touches my heart every time.

£1/1/- to Mrs. T. W. Storer, Cremorne Point, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

I CAN'T help but cry at a wedding. I'm not ashamed of my emotion and feel sorry for anyone who can't enjoy a "happy cry."

£1/1/- to Mrs. T. A. Woods, Picnic Point, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

GREAT men such as Sir Winston Churchill aren't ashamed of their tears when they're moved. Besides, it's good for the blood-pressure.

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. S. Kirschke, Burns, S.A.

Why not colored nappies?

IN this world of changing fashion, I wonder why the only baby's nappies sold are white! We have colored sheets, pillowslips, blankets, etc., so why not nappies in pastel shades or with gay spots and stripes?

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Wolton, Maitland, N.S.W.

Short-measured on bulbs

I RECENTLY bought several packets of bulbs for the garden and on opening one, clearly stating that it contained 24 bulbs, I counted only nine. I'm wondering now if we're being robbed on other products we buy in good faith.

£1/1/- to "Sandy" (name supplied), Mt. Lawley, W.A.

When a man nurses baby

WOMEN inwardly smile at the male who draws back in horror when handed a baby, but who soon wears that delighted is-it-really-smiling-at-me expression while holding the wriggling bundle. Does this "horror" arise from genuine embarrassment or is it just a frantic flying of the all-male flag?

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. Robertson, Brisbane.

Quicker to dial 111

I WELCOME the announcement that a uniform emergency telephone number is to be introduced, but I think that 111 is a better number than 000. It takes longer to dial 000, and in a real emergency this could be important. To dial 111 requires only three short, straight strokes, which would be both quicker and easier for what might well be a hand shaking with fear or panic.

£1/1/- to Miss M. Amour, Bona Vista, Vic.

He was saving up for Mum

HE was about nine years old and selling papers. When I asked him how much he earned, he told me: "Eighteen shillings a week. I'm saving up to buy Mum a pair of shoes!"

£1/1/- to Miss R. Adams, Glen Iris, Vic.

Luxury-priced holiday shacks

NOW that the holiday season is close upon us, couldn't something be done to protect the holiday-maker from exploitation by the unscrupulous landlords of holiday shacks? The glowing advertisements seldom turn out as stated, and it's not always convenient to view before. Would it be possible to force weekender landlords to register in the same way as boarding-houses?

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Henry, Wynnum, Qld.

Ross Campbell writes...

MORNING GLORY

I WAS on the station waiting for the morning train. The usual white-collar crowd was standing on the platform. There were men with carefully shined shoes and girls with carefully unshined noses.

It was a scene very familiar to me, when suddenly I saw it in a new light.

I thought: imagine what these people were like a short time ago when they woke up.

They must have been sleepy-eyed, rumple-haired, shabby-faced. I could only judge them from the one I knew best — myself — and I had looked terrible.

But since then they had brought about a great transformation, and by their own efforts.

I thought of all the showering, tooth-cleaning, hair-brushing, nail-doing.

The girls had put their faces on and the men had taken their faces off. For that is roughly what you do when you shave.

I find shaving the most tiresome part of the preparations for each day.

You grow this stuff on your face, take it off, grow it again, take it off again. Like a futile farmer who throws away all his crops.

Once I tried to give the job some variety by using a blade razor. I thought I was clever because I could shave without a mirror while smoking a cigarette.

But it was too much trouble keeping the blade sharp. In fact, I never did keep it sharp. Now I'm back where I started.

After the shave the shower, and mopping up the bathroom floor. I put on a shirt, find that blood from a cut on my chin has got on the collar. Put on another shirt.

"Mummy says will you come to breakfast, it's getting cold." "All *right*, I'm coming as fast as I can."

Female office workers do not cut their chins, but they have other, more subtle tasks. Painting of eyebrows and fingernails, making fish faces in the mirror while they apply lipstick.

It is all a desperate rush. But how neat and perfect are the finished jobs when they appear on the station platform.

Looking round at them that morning I realised: these are not just people, *they are works of art.*

Since then I have watched them every day with new interest.

When someone makes an extra effort, with a new hat or pair of shoes, I want to offer congratulations.

Today, a young lady turned up with a new hairstyle. It was rolled somehow at the back with a green plastic arrow through it.

Though I did not know her, I had an impulse to say: "Nice work! You're doing a first-rate job, and believe me, it's appreciated."

Would she have turned away in annoyance? Perhaps. But I prefer to think she would have said: "Oh, thank you! I really do try hard. I'm glad *somebody* on the platform notices."

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THE INCREDIBLE CHARLIE CAREWE

Final instalment of our serial

BY MARY ASTOR

ONE morning Virginia put her head into John's room to see if he would like to go to town. The room was empty—and more disorderly than usual. It looked as though he had gone through his closet, changing clothes several times; the discarded garments were left on the bed and the floor.

On the second floor, as she stopped by her room to get a jacket, she heard John and Charlie laughing in Charlie's room. Knocking, she called, "Anybody want anything in town?"

The two of them were sitting in the window-seat looking at snapshots Charlie had taken in Mexico. John had managed to dress as nearly like his father as possible. Virginia made no comment, although she understood the boy's adoring identification, and felt a tide of hatred rising within her. Charlie was having no trouble casting his spell.

"Look, Aunt Virginia, color transparencies, aren't they keen?"

She held one or two up to the light. Mexico was in the background as a frond from a palm tree or a blue jar on a stone wall indicated, but the foreground subjects were a pair of luscious bikini-clad dark-skinned girls with their arms draped around the equally briefly clad form of Charlie.

She dropped them on to the seat and looked directly at Charlie. "I believe the scenery in Mexico is beautiful—"

"It sure is," laughed Charlie, indicating the pictures, and John joined him, laughing at the big joke.

Virginia turned on her heel and left the room.

"What's the matter with her?" she heard John say, and hurriedly she went down the stairs to the hall where Gregg was waiting.

The day was bright, although the wind was gusty and chilly, and Virginia shivered a little as they walked down the driveway under the arch of the elms. Turning to look over her shoulder, she waved to Beatrice, sitting at her bedroom window, and blew her a kiss.

"I should have looked in on her," she said to Gregg. "I guess I was just too—irritated."

"Let's cut through the woods."

"And walk it off, you mean? Oh, Gregg, I'm all right. It was just a silly thing. Charlie was showing John some pictures that—well, you don't just show to a boy of that age. He may have seen pictures of girls in bikinis—who hasn't? But it seems to me that John is a little young to get a laugh out of his father's—conquests."

"I know—just a silly thing—not worth talking about. Just bad taste. Let's be sure to be careful of what we say, or each of us will think that maybe the other is jealous of Charlie," Gregg said.

They kept up a fast pace for a while, but then Virginia leaned against a tree. "Let's stop a minute. I'm winded, but I feel better."

"A fast walk is the best thing in the world to get rid of emotional tension. And now we can be properly cerebral again!"

"But you don't want to be 'cerebral,' I take it?" she asked.

"Virginia — I'm sick, I'm fed up. I've watched this man operate for nearly twenty years now. I've said I thought Charlie was going to endanger the lives of people around him. And what have I done about it? Watched it happen over and over, kept silent because I felt it was not my business to 'interfere.'

"I've watched Walter's eyes grow deep and dark with bitterness and disappointment. I see the waste of a dear woman like Beatrice, bravely patched up like a delicate piece of Dresden, smiling as though the cracks didn't show. During the war I thought, 'I'll never go back, never get involved again. It's none of my business.' But, of course—I had to come back." He hesitated. "I had to come back because I had to live in your world—be where you sometimes would be. I think you know. I love you, Virginia."

He went right on, without looking at her. "I hoped to be a protector and a friend. I was happy in your happiness, and you seemed so safe. And I stood around and watched things pile up. And what do I do? Smile sheepishly and say, 'Oops, sorry!' "

"There was never anything you could have done, Gregg." Virginia's voice was low, distressed at his emotion.

"What am I going to do, Virginia? What

To page 34

The crowd roared as Charlie, playing the role of a bullfighter, waved his coat at the passing cars.

From: THE INCREDIBLE CHARLIE CAREWE.

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BOND'S

Australia's Greatest Name in Cotton

Dri-Glo

TOWELS

Jumbo Stripes

NUMBER THREE FROM OUR DAZZLING NEWLY DESIGNED SERIES.

See big, beautiful 'Jumbo' stripes in shop-windows all over Australia this week!

Dri-Glo's **vibrate** with colour! **'Jumbo'** is only one of **71** magnificent new patterns and stripes. Jumbo-size bands of colour flash across white and our dashing 'Jumbo's' are finished with thick, white fringe. Use them in the bathroom as well as on the beach! Dri-Glo towels are deeply-soft, luxuriously thick. At every stage of their making, Dri-Glo towels are double checked for perfect finish. Dri-Glo's are stronger—last longer. The luxurious pile is twofold yarn for longer wear, greater absorbency. Dri-Glo towels are far and away the best-value towels in Australia! **Also black or charcoal stripes on white.**

PHOTOGRAPHED HERE; BOND'S DRI-GLO BEAUTY FOR 1960 —KAIA STANFORD.

Watch Page 22 of this Magazine for the next Spectacular 'Dri-Glo' pattern!

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4821058

Towel talk

WRITE A CATCHY BOND'S 'DRI-GLO' JINGLE AND WIN YOURSELF £100!

Put on your thinking-caps and dream up a bright *4-line* jingle—all about 'Dri-Glo' towels! Listed below are 10 selling points to help you, and all you have to do is weave as many as you can into the span of 4 lines. Here are a few examples to guide you:—

Dri-Glo towels
Are bright and gay,
Thick and thirsty,
And their colours stay!

Dri-Glo towels
Are woven double,
Wear for years;
Never give trouble!

Best 4-line jingle in Australia wins 100 beautiful pounds in cash. Next 25 runners-up get a pair of glorious 'Dri-Glo' glamour towels for free! Post your entries to 'DRI-GLO' JINGLE CONTEST, 100 Mallett Street, Camperdown, and have them in by November 9, 1960. That's the closing date. *Good luck to all!* Entries remain property of Bond's.

Dri-Glo Selling Points.

- **Dri-Glo towels vibrate with colour!**
- **Dri-Glo towels are famous for perfect finish.**
- **Dri-Glo towels are thick and thirsty.**
- **Dri-Glo towels are Australia's best value.**
- **Dri-Glo towels come in 71 dazzling new designs.**
- **Dri-Glo towels make a welcome gift for everyone.**
- **Dri-Glo towels are stronger—last longer.**
- **The luxurious Dri-Glo pile is twofold yarn for longer wear.**
- **Dri-Glo towels give greater absorbency.**
- **Dri-Glo towels are super-soft.**

Entries will be judged on originality, aptitude and neatness, and winners announced in the 'Australian Women's Weekly'. Look for the results in the issue *dated December 14th.*

Note: Judge's decision is final, no correspondence will be entered into.

NO KIDDING!

There's NO doubt about it! Bond's crazy new 'Gimmick' towels will certainly stop traffic on the beach! They're MAD, MAD, MAD, but delightful—especially this wacky NO NOTHIN' model hot from Dri-Glo's inspired designing-board! Lots of other cool designs to choose from—all gay and novel and destined to make YOU the centre of attraction wherever you go! *Go get one!*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Pussycat talk over the teacups

. . . "Oh, I liked her new bathroom tiles, but my dear, did you SEE her awful, tatty old towels . . ." Could they be talking about *YOUR* towel collection? It's amazing how easy it is to overlook the need for replacements for tired old towels . . . And nothing gives a bathroom such a sad, hang-dog air as faded, limp, raggedy old towels! They spoil the whole effect of the smartest colour scheme! *What a difference* if Mrs. Brown had vivid new Dri-Glo 'Jumbo Stripes' to offset her plain blue tiles! Before *your* next tea-party treat yourself to a gorgeous pair of Dri-Glo towels. The new designs and colours are really breath-taking! They'll light up your bathroom *and* your life!

BOND'S Australia's Greatest Name in Cotton **DRI-GLO TOWELS**

B501

THE MAGIC OF MARRIAGE

These flowers meant summer to her . . . a short short story

BY BARNEY SABATH

REACHING one hand outside the blanket, Paula Sadler groped towards the bedside table and switched off the alarm clock before it rang. Then she opened her eyes to verify the time. Sure enough, just before seven o'clock. After a dozen years of marriage a woman doesn't need an alarm clock or a recipe book; she just knows certain things.

Paula glanced over at Nick. He was dead to the world, but smiling a little. It was a carefree, young smile, but it didn't fool Paula. She knew better.

Last night, as they ate sandwiches of left-over picnic ham, he'd grinned and said, "Well, the holidays are over. Tomorrow—back to reality."

Jimmy, ten, had echoed his father, adding a tone of bleakness. "Yes, Dad, life is earnest, life is real. School tomorrow." And he groaned.

Lyn, six, dividing her attention between food and Philomena, her smiling, curly-haired doll, looked up, baffled. "Life is real what?" she demanded. But Paula, concentrating on Nick's grave expression, let the question go unanswered.

At the door, saying goodbye to Nick, it seemed to Paula that he held her a little longer, a little tighter than usual.

Poor man, she thought, he's the one who works hard to make everything possible for Jimmy, Lyn, and me.

After the children left for school, she put a gigantic batch of laundry to soak, then stuffed a dozen soiled shirts—Nick's and Jimmy's—into a bag to take to the laundrette. She put on her old coat, tied a scarf over her head, and went out.

The October sun was dazzling and the sky was postcard-blue, and Paula looked up, thinking: What a blessed life I lead. She felt a touch of guilt, knowing that Nick was coping with large life-and-livelihood matters. No sunny walks for him.

She reached the laundrette, deposited the shirts, then continued to the self-service store.

Its aisles were empty of the holiday traffic, and the few women pushing grocery carts wore weary faces. Paula selected sugar and tea from the shelves.

Once she reached out for a large, expensive tin of crab meat, resisted, and felt momentarily righteous. Instead she hastened to the meat section for a pound of stewing steak.

Reaching the fresh-fruit section she looked longingly at the tempting array of ripe peaches. How the very sight of them conjured up the warmth of summer. But the prices! Outrageous. Bravely she resisted.

She bought oranges and apples and, looking neither to the left nor right, she headed for the cashier's counter.

On the way home she passed the florist's window and paused. Inside, a colorful riot of flowers seemed to implore, "Buy me, buy me." But Paula felt her mouth grow grim.

"Sorry, little flowers," she murmured, "this is back-to-the-budget month."

By the time she reached home the post had arrived—eight bills for holiday purchases, three brochures calling her attention to store sales.

She mixed ingredients into a casserole for the evening meal, then went to finish the laundry. A few of the sheets and pillowcases verged on the threadbare. Well, why not replace them now? The birthday cheque from Aunt Jane would cover them.

On the bus into town she was conscious of the subdued atmosphere, the faces of reality. Like herself, these women were probably contemplating bills and chores, or thinking of their husbands getting down to work again.

In the store Paula found the sheets and pillowcases. She bought sturdy ones, deliberately ignoring the expensively decorated lines.

She reached home to find Jimmy stretched out on the living-room floor, reading comics.

From the kitchen came Lyn's piping voice. "Philomena, you must drink your milk. See my good example." Then, "I hear that my Mummy has come home. Let's go and see her."

Paula kissed the children. "Do you have homework to do, Jimmy?"

He shrugged. "I suppose so. Back to the old grind as soon as I finish my comics."

She had put the casserole into the oven, when she heard Nick in the hall.

A moment later he entered the kitchen. He looked a little tired, but the smile was there as he came towards her. He kissed her and handed her two small packages.

She stood at the table, her hands fumbling until she removed the paper that covered six perfect peaches and a small bouquet of flowers. For a moment it was summer in the room.

He grinned sheepishly. "I couldn't bear to think of you jumping back into the old routine, feet first, brutally, with nothing to look forward to but laundry and housework and shopping and—well, eleven months of grim reality until your next break."

She felt dazed. Why, this was fantastic! He thought she was the one who faced a tough job. He actually felt that she bore the heavy burdens, faced the —what had he called it—grim reality.

"Reality," she mused, "is an odd thing. My reality is you. I like facing you."

She looked at his astonished expression, wanting to say more, but she knew she'd said it all. Their life and love were simple, beautiful, and permanent.

It didn't require words or tokens, any more than she required an alarm clock or a recipe book. Husbands and wives just know certain things. And they know them better each year, forever.

Paula watched belief form on Nick's face, then felt his kiss. A lovely, everyday kiss.

Jimmy entered from the living-room. In the same tone of voice which had mimicked Nick last night, he groaned, "Life is earnest, life is real."

Lyn butted in. "Life is real what?"

"Life is really perfectly wonderful," Paula replied above a catch in her throat. "And the next person who jokes about reality can wash his mouth out with soap!"

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THE SNOWFLAKE AND THE STARFISH

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

THE sea witch came in on the tide, riding on the waves like foam, and her hair floated out behind her like seaweed. She came to the beach and lay there breathing slightly, and her eyes searched everywhere like a hungry gull. And Michael Doyle's little daughter, Vicky, walking along the beach in search of colored shells, turned to her brother, Little Thomas, and said, "It's time we went home to supper."

"I think I saw something behind those rocks," said Little Thomas.

"All right," said Vicky, "do you want to go and look?"

"No," said Little Thomas.

The two children turned and started home down the beach; and the sea witch lowered herself gently into the water and swam quietly along the shore, halfway out, keeping an eye on them, and now and then diving through the waves like a porpoise. She was lonely; she had no children of her own to play with.

Vicky and her brother, Little Thomas, lived in a house close to the water with their father, Michael Doyle, the professor, and his wife, Helen. It was a good place for playing or looking for shells, except in winter, when the fogs came in or when it rained.

Then they stayed indoors or walked on the hills above the sea in the weedy grass and looked down at the ocean, grey and cold and lonely everywhere.

But now it was summer, and they went almost every day to the beach. They knew that there were many strange things in the sea, some of which they wouldn't like; but they were mostly far out where they would never bother ordinary people, like the giant octopus that lived far down in the deep dark bottom of the ocean somewhere on the way to China.

But the things that were nearer at hand they knew very well. They knew the seagulls and the little sand crabs who lived there, and the hermit crabs in their shells, and the quick, darting sandpipers; and they knew the fishermen who came there to spin their lines out over the surf and stand patient and still until it was time to reel their lines in again.

Or sometimes a skindiver would clump down to the water in his big rubber fins and put on his mask and go sliding out to sea like a seal, pushing a blown-up rubber tube in front of him.

Their mother was very kind to them and sewed Little Thomas' buttons on when they came off, and often gave Vicky pennies to put in her hope chest, which was an earthenware bank in the shape of a pig. Vicky loved to hear it jingle when she shook it. She thought that some day when she was grown up she would be able to buy anything she wanted in the world for three or four dollars.

She didn't know exactly what it would be. Mrs. Doyle thought that with a hope chest it would be nice to buy silver spoons or linen pillowcases, but that wasn't what Vicky wanted at all. What she wanted was—

And there she stopped, because she wasn't sure what it was she wanted.

"Why," asked her father, who was a professor at the university, "don't you buy yourself a nice dictionary, or a small encyclopedia?" And he wrinkled up his nose and nodded his head and knocked the ashes out of his pipe. "A little learning never did anybody any harm."

But Vicky shook her head; that wasn't what she wanted, either. What she wanted was something beautiful and strange, not everyday. Something different—something that nobody else had.

That night as they were getting ready for bed

To page 80

Drawn by twelve magnificent sea horses, the witch and the two little children swept through the luminous water.

BY ROBERT NATHAN

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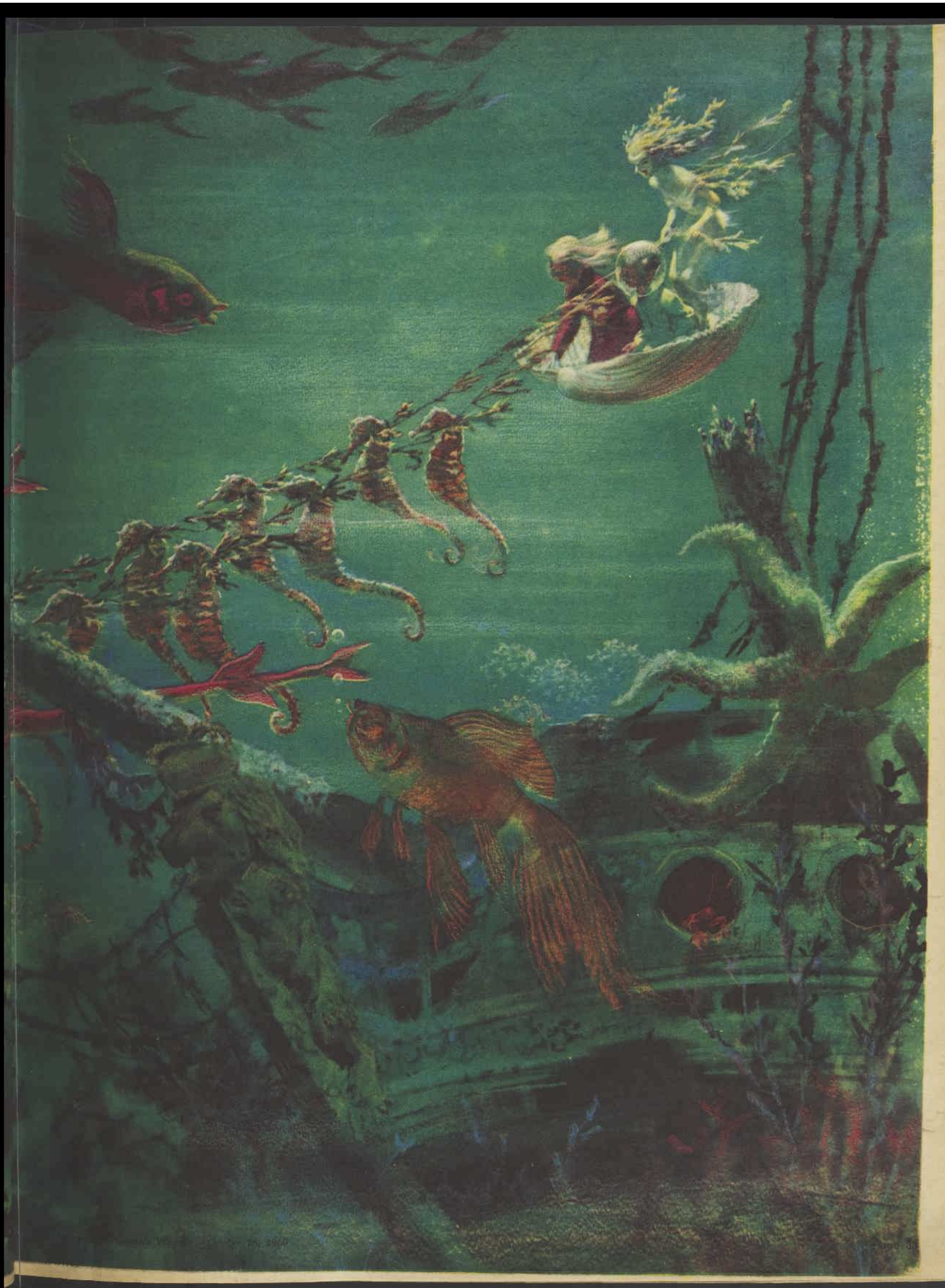

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Continuing . . . THE INCREDIBLE CHARLIE CAREWE

from page 29

are you going to do? Are we going to stand around and watch this happen again?"

"Watch what happen? What are you saying, Gregg?"

"Oh, Virginia, why has the house suddenly become divided into two camps? Why has John become impudent and loud-mouthed?"

"Oh, I think that's only natural, Gregg. He's just full of exuberance; he'll quieten down after a while, when the newness of the relationship wears off."

"Or when Charlie disappoints him for the first time."

"Well, that can't be helped. You can't protect people from disillusionment. That's part of growing up."

"I can't agree with you. Seeing things and people as they are isn't necessarily disillusionment. But for young John to see his father as he really is—it's going to be one horrible shock."

"Maybe it won't happen. This is Charlie's son, Gregg. Maybe there's a latent sense of responsibility in Charlie that will be brought out by—"

"You know better. You've seen it — it's already begun to happen. Little things, things you can't put your finger on. We sit at the table at mealtimes and Charlie dominates the conversation with his long-winded stories. And John sits with his face wreathed in smiles and Beatrice makes little tsk-tsks when his language gets too strong——"

"—and Dad just gets up and leaves the table," added Virginia. "I know. And John thinks there's something the matter with us."

"You see what I mean? I told you it would sound like jealousy."

"I can't understand one thing," Virginia said. "Charlie has no love for any of us. I've heard him talk about Mum and Dad and this town, and the people in it, with the most withering contempt. He's left here in a rage or without so much as a good-bye—and yet he always comes back. Why does he come back at all?"

"You've just said it. Because he has no really deep feeling at all. He's just like any other organism—it has a tendency to return to its original form. Nelson, the house, Bea, and Walter contain him best in that form."

"What a horrible way to put it! Sounds like a piece of dough!"

"Speaking of dough," Gregg said, "and excuse the pun — you know that Charlie is broke, don't you?"

"You mean, what he calls broke," said Virginia. "Down to his last Mercedes-Benz, probably."

"Not according to Walter. Seems that he tried to compete with some Texas fellow. Charlie was the darling of the crowd till he came along. I don't know the details, and couldn't care less. But it involved gambling, yachts, and something about the purchase of an apartment building, which the Texas man deeded over to the fair Louisa. Anyway, Walter told me that Charlie bleated about 'lack of loyalty,' of 'his pride taking a beating,' but the upshot was that Charlie has returned to the heart of his family for monetary reasons, mainly."

"And not because he was anxious to meet his son?"

"No, dear; you're wrong. Now that he has a son, you see, he is deeply conscious of his responsibilities — I'm quoting Walter quoting Charlie, if you follow me — he's got to settle down and devote himself to providing a 'wonderful life' for John."

"Like working, maybe?" said Virginia. "Oh, Gregg, we sound mean and bitter."

"And about time, I think. And, if you think we sound bitter, you should hear Walter! Charlie said he had some 'big deal,' but needed money 'to move around.' It was all very hush-hush and he couldn't go into it now, etc. Well, Walter just laughed and told Charlie what he could do with his 'big deals.' Of course, Charlie was 'deeply hurt' and said naturally he understood. And that he and his little son —I'm quoting again — would 'go it alone.' Walter was almost sick when he told me how he let Charlie go on talking about how he might go back to Mavis and get a job in Clarke Falls and make a home for the three of them."

● To be without some of the things you want is an indispensable part of happiness.
—Bertrand Russell.

Virginia's eyes clouded again. "You know, Gregg, he might take a notion to take John away somewhere with him. He has a perfect right, you know."

"I've been waiting for you to get to that."

"What can we do, Gregg? How can you tell a boy that his image, his dream, is a delusion? Besides being his father, Charlie's like no other man he ever met. Most of the men—and women—he's known are dawn - to - dusk workhorses. Charlie — well, sparkles in comparison. He's blown the kid's ego up till he's getting cocky and fresh. That palsy-walsy phrase, 'You astonish me, young feller!' — ugh! if he says it once more I'll——"

"What — you'll what, Virginia?" Gregg urged again.

"I don't know." Dismally, she folded her arms. "If we're to help John, we've got to keep him liking us. Can you imagine what would happen if I ever blew my top in front of them? Charlie would raise his eyebrows and widen his eyes and say, 'Why, Virgie love, what is the matter!' and John would take his cue from him, and they'd go off snickering together."

"We could work a subtle campaigning job — undermine him at every opportunity—and I don't mean with anything but the truth."

VIRGINIA shook her head vigorously. "Gregg, that would be fatal! Suppose we succeeded — suppose we really went after Charlie — take something we know is a lie—and have him prove it. I think John is going to be one of those unfortunates who'll defend him, find an excuse for him. We'll find him breaking out in a rash of loyalty that's even worse than this puppy-dog devotion."

"I know. You can alienate a person from someone he loves —but eventually he'll hate you for it, even if you've been right."

"So—where are we? Absolutely no place."

"You see, Virginia? This is what I mean. I'm not asking for sympathy or making excuses, but this is the kind of bind I've been in for so many years. The only difference is that there are three of us now —Walter and you and I—who know what Charlie can do."

"And Mavis, too — why, Gregg!" She almost exploded. "You know what John says about her — that she's quiet, that she never told him anything?"

"Yes. It always sounded as though she were kind of a dumb, peasant type."

"Dumb, peasant type, my foot! I'll bet that whatever happened between her and Charlie—well, it was again an accumulation of little things. And if she told about any single one of them—why, it would just sound too petty for words!"

"I have a hunch you're right. It would explain a lot of things about John. Why he's so anxious to please, why he's so adaptable. Most boys would have hated being uprooted — a temporary adventure would have been exciting, but the more permanent things appear to him — like his own room, his own chores, things that make him feel needed — the happier he seems to be — seemed, I suppose I should say. Because the way he is now—it's a kind of intoxication, a pink cloud."

"Well — I wouldn't mind seeing him come out of that—but we can't just let him be destroyed in the process! I had hoped that time itself would change Charlie——"

"Doesn't look as if it's going to, does it? Maybe when he gets around seventy the very lack of vitality will do what nothing else could accomplish."

They stopped talking, both of them engrossed in the picture of Charlie as a mellow old gentleman.

Suddenly two quick bursts of gunfire interrupted their silence.

"Charlie!" shouted Virginia, sensing instantly who was responsible for the shots. They waited for a moment in the shelter of the trunk of the big oak.

"Can you hear us, Charlie?" called Gregg.

"Where are you!" answered Charlie's voice.

"Here! Hold your fire, will you!"

"Well, come on out — nobody's going to hurt you!"

In a moment, from behind some bushes in the distance, Charlie appeared, his gun in the crook of his arm, with John a little behind him.

As they met, Charlie said, "Well, what are you two doing in the woods? Spring is here, eh!"

Gregg didn't reply to his implication, but said to John, "John, did you check with your grandfather about this? You know it's strictly out of season."

"Knock it off, Gregg," laughed Charlie. "We're just doing a little target practice, aren't we, Johnnie boy?" He winked broadly.

John's face was troubled. "I thought we should have asked him, Dad!"

"What for! It's my property, you know!"

"Since when, Charlie!" Virginia snapped. She was still trembling a little from nervousness.

He was about to reply when John moved like lightning, yelling, "Dad!"

Charlie had dropped his rifle to his side and was about to lean on it like a cane, muzzle up. John knocked the barrel backward, away from him, and picked it up by the butt as it fell. "You could get yourself killed that way, you know!" he said.

"Well, for heaven's sake! Where did you learn that! Telling me off! Who do you think you are, anyway!"

John had turned white at the sound of Charlie's voice. Virginia was about to protest when Gregg grabbed at her

To page 36

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Continuing . . . THE INCREDIBLE CHARLIE CAREWE

from page 34

wrist. "Let it happen!" he whispered.

"The big woodsman, hey! Know all about guns. Well, I'll teach you to brag! You missed three shots in a row back there."

"They were doves! Nesting! I didn't want to hit them!" John was sobbing, choking on his words.

"And now you're lying. You know you can't hit the side of a barn! How about that!" He turned to Gregg and Virginia. "My own son, lying! Why, you little—"

His arm went back as if to strike the boy, when Gregg stopped him with a sharp "Charlie! Now just a minute!" and then continued quietly: "Why don't we have a test of marksmanship instead of all this, what do you say?" He turned to John, who was staring at them with enormous eyes. Gregg pointed. "Just over the rise there is the beach. We can see clearly, and there are a lot of stones. We'll build some targets and settle this to everybody's satisfaction." He was already moving, leading the way, without again referring to Charlie.

Together, Gregg and John set up some targets with stones at the high-water line.

Virginia remained at the edge of the woods. Charlie had slumped on to the sand, watching Gregg and John with a surly expression, his arms folded around his knees. As they approached him, John smiled at him a little fearfully, and apologetically.

"Let's go back a bit, Dad, this is too close."

"Too close! Wow, get him! Why, even I couldn't hit those rocks from here."

"Well, maybe I can't either, Dad, but I'm going to try. I'm going to try awfully hard!"

John didn't speak again till he was a few feet from the spot where Virginia stood. "This'll be about right," he said, almost to himself.

Charlie said, "Fellow I know had a beautiful range right in his backyard."

John missed the first shot, fired again, and hit it.

Gregg and Virginia both applauded. "Good shot, John."

Charlie said, "Did he hit it? Oh, swell! Virginia, you know the people I'm talking about. The McLaughlins."

In rapid succession, John knocked over the remaining five targets. It was beautiful shooting, accurate, deliberate, and swift.

Frowning a little at the noise which had interrupted him, Charlie went on, "I always liked Dodie, Mac's wife. She always said it was worse than being a golf widow."

There were polite half-smiles on the faces of Virginia and Gregg, but Gregg turned to John and gave him an approving wink.

John said, "Shall we set them up again, Gregg?"

"I don't think so," answered Gregg, and putting an arm around the boy's shoulders said, "That was magnificent — I think you made your point."

"What point?" asked Charlie pleasantly. "Oh, sure, that's pretty good for a boy of your age. You astonish me, young feller."

Gregg steered John, and they walked a few feet ahead of Virginia and Charlie back in the direction of the house.

"Do you suppose he's still mad at me, Gregg?"

"I don't think so, John. He gets very unreasonable sometimes, but he forgets about it in a minute."

"That's funny, isn't it?" John said musingly. "When I get mad I stay mad, and it makes me kind of sick. I guess I just startled him when I grabbed his gun like that—but it did scare me."

● He that rises late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business by night.
— Benjamin Franklin

"How long have you handled a gun, John?"

"Since I was eight—gosh, I hope Dad isn't mad at me. I don't want him to change his mind about taking me to New York."

. . . .

Walter picked up the phone at his elbow in the library a few nights later. The house was quiet. Virginia and Gregg had gone out on a rare visit to the local movies, and he'd said good-night to Beatrice about an hour ago.

It was a long-distance from Boston. Walter heard a voice saying, "This is Officer Riordan of the Boston police, Mr. Carewe. I just found your grandson John here at the airport."

WALTER glanced at the clock. Eleven-fifteen.

"The boy says he and his father were to take the seven-thirty flight to New York, that he left to make a phone call and just didn't come back. The boy says he doesn't know where to locate him. I called the hotel where they had checked out, and he hadn't gone back there. Have you any suggestions where we might find him?"

"None whatsoever," said Walter gruffly. "There must have been some mix-up somewhere. Put the boy on, please."

"Hello, Grandfather," came John's voice, strained and high.

"What happened, boy?"

"I don't know, Grandfather. Dad just went to make a phone call—"

"Well, how does it happen you're not in New York?"

"Dad decided to stay here for another day. There were some friends he wanted to look up . . ."

"Mm, yes, well — put the officer back on again."

"Yes, Mr. Carewe," said Mr. Riordan briskly.

"Would you please be kind enough to put the boy on a train for Nelson? The boy's got money with him?"

"Yes, he's got money all right. Do you want me to try to locate your son?"

"Don't go to any trouble," Walter snapped. "Just put the boy on the train. And if my son should turn up on a drunk and disorderly charge, don't call me. Just slap him in gaol."

"That I'll do. This here's a fine young man, smart enough not to go wandering about a strange city—I told him that —"

"Yes. Well, thank you, Officer, for your trouble. And tell John we'll meet the train in the morning."

The following night the phone rang again. Again long distance from Boston. It was Charlie.

Gregg and Virginia and Walter were having an after-dinner brandy, trying to piece together the fragments of information which John had supplied them. He had arrived home quiet and withdrawn; and later complained of feeling feverish. Virginia had tucked him in bed early in the evening with a heavy cold which was severe enough to account for the misery in his eyes.

Walter picked up the phone. A sepulchral voice answered him.

"This is Charlie, Dad. Something dreadful has happened."

"Yes, what is it, Charlie?"

"John—has disappeared. I'm almost out of my mind. I've got the police scouring the city. We've called the hospitals, everything—"

"What happened, Charlie?"

"We were to take the seven-thirty flight out of here to New York. I went to make a phone call, and when I got back he had disappeared."

"When was this?"

"I just told you. Seven-thirty, this evening."

"This evening! Well, where were you last night?"

"What's that got to do with it! We went to the Colonial Theatre last night to see a play."

"And what did you do today, Charlie?" he asked.

"We went to the zoo!" Charlie was almost screaming. "Why are you asking all these questions when I'm going crazy because the little brat has given me the slip? You don't seem to realise I'm responsible for the boy's welfare. I should never have called you — I thought you might be interested."

"Hold on, hold on—Charlie!" Walter said. "Charlie, are you ill, or something—now wait just a minute, let me finish. I'm sorry you're so upset about John, but I'm justly curious as to where you were since seven-thirty last night . . . Wait a minute . . . If you will really check with the police you will find that they sent your son back here to us. That he was found wandering around the airport about eleven-fifteen last night."

"Then he's there with you?"

"Since this morning."

"Well, how do you like that? That's gratitude for you! That's the last time I'll try to do anything for that kid!"

"You can bet on that, Charles!"

"I thought he had more sense. I got detained, and when I called the airport last night —"

"Oh, it was last night then?"

"Well, obviously, Dad — since he's been with you since this morning." He spoke patronisingly.

"Listen to me — I'm not senile, so don't take that tone with me!" Walter roared, and then, in spite of himself, started laughing, covering the mouthpiece. "It's unbelievable!" he said to Virginia, who had risen to stand where she could listen.

"You see, this is what happened . . ." Charlie went on, although the difficulty of explaining were Walter's fault. "I met a friend of mine and we had a quick drink together at the bar. His hotel is only about a block away and we went up there and some other fellows came up and we started a poker game.

"As I told you about three times now, I called the airport and John had left. I thought of course he'd gone back to the

To page 59

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THE ONLY CHILD

● An only child doesn't have to be a lonely child. Thoughtful parents can arrange for him to have plenty of companionship from friends and relatives, and the enriching experience of solitude as well.

BY A CHILD PSYCHOLOGIST

THE ideal is to get him the best of two worlds — plenty of contact with other children, and interesting things to do and think about in the hours when he is alone.

True, he faces some disadvantages.

He may be spoiled by parents who lavish too much affection on him and too many gifts.

And often the precise opposite happens, and parents, expecting far too much of their "only," drive him too hard.

It isn't that they don't love the child—indeed, they probably love him so much that they become too bound up with the child's progress and achievements, and exaggerate his talents.

It can be an overwhelming burden to a child to feel that his parents are unhappy because they have no other children, and that he must somehow make up to them for this tragedy in their lives.

Basic troubles

However, a loved only child whose parents have faced up to the situation has an excellent chance for a happy and successful life.

It should be remembered that the basic problems of an only child are pretty much the same as those of other children.

Such problems as feelings of loneliness or shyness, difficulties in learning, acts of disobedience, periods of jealousy or fearfulness are common to all children and are part of normal growth.

They occur whether there are brothers and sisters or not.

Also, all children are "onlies" in the sense that each one is a unique personality, special, and different from anyone else.

The oldest of a family, for instance, holds a quite different position from the others. So does the youngest. So does each one of the in-betweens.

Sometimes a member of a large family may feel just as isolated as an only child—as a sole boy in a family of girls, or a child born when the rest of the family is grown up, or nearly so.

Secret sighs

Only children need not feel lonelier than others.

Outings with other children can be planned, friends can be invited for overnight visits, and the child can share holidays with friends and relatives who have children.

It has often been found that only children are especially devoted to and interested in their relatives.

They want to take care of baby cousins, and they welcome parties where they can secretly sigh in admiration over a handsome or talented older cousin.

● He's in his bath. He feels a little lonesome. But most only children grow up to be happy, well-adjusted citizens.

They love to meet and know even distant relatives—at least till adolescence, when this enthusiasm vanishes like the wind. One only child, then aged six, surprised his mother one day by remarking casually, "If you and Daddy die, I shall live with Auntie May."

It is a good idea for parents of only children to help their child understand the world of families and what family life is like.

Stories and books about families, and films and television programmes that centre about family life, are a great help.

And early questions should be patiently answered, for at first the notion of brothers and sisters is quite outside the only child's experience.

The idea that most children have brothers or sisters seems a simple little scrap of knowledge. But it's important for the pre-school only child to grasp it, or he will find his first schooldays quite unfamiliar and puzzling.

But happy, healthy children, whether "onlies" or not, usually adjust themselves quickly to their surroundings.

They blossom in the atmosphere of a good kindergarten or infants' class, which give them the chance of natural competition, of making special friends, as well as the pure fun, the rough-and-tumble of childhood.

It has often been observed that only children, especially when they are a little older, actually get to know more children in classrooms and on playgrounds than do children from larger families.

But at first the assimilation into the world of school may involve some tears and conflict—the only child may not have had enough experience in childish quarrels and rivalries, problems of who possesses what, and the general "friction caused by rubbing shoulders."

He may tend to take little incidents too seriously.

For the fact is that children tend to keep each other in touch with reality.

They challenge and demand things from each other, and in the course of myriad conflicts they learn to stand up for their own rights on the one hand, and on the other to fraternise and mix and take the day's problems in their stride.

Association with each other also saves them from too much association with adults, from too much adult attention. In other words, it keeps them in a normal child's world.

Parents may have to guard against a natural desire to protect their child from any unpleasantness.

As one mother put it, "I was a little early in calling for Jill at her school and saw her in the playground crying.

"She was playing house with two other girls, and they wouldn't let her be mother.

"My first impulse was to side with Jill, then I realised that she had a lesson to learn from the other girls.

"She soon found tears weren't any good for getting her own way in the playground and learned to mix in better."

But it's a mistake for parents to think their only child always has to be playing or learning with others.

All children need time alone — periods of solitude which are necessary for imaginative and creative thought, and even for quite mundane reasons like "thinking things over."

An only child who has companionship at school and with friends can also have enriching and engrossing hobbies for time spent alone.

Moody, defiant

He has the opportunity to develop inner resources and talents — especially literary or artistic ability. He can read, paint, develop mechanical skills.

When an only child grows to adolescence — frequently a period of rapid and dramatic growth — a parent is likely to say, "It might have been better if Jane hadn't been an only child."

But if she talked her problems over with other parents she'd find that Jane's friends also are often moody, defiant, rebellious, or irresponsible, full of bluster one minute and lacking in self-confidence the next.

It's not an ailment peculiar to "onlies," but just a part of growing up.

Parents of an only child may at times get an overdose of "You - don't - understand me - you - don't - care - what happens - to - me" treatment.

The reason is that in larger families a teenager may feel unfairly treated and misunderstood, but he's more likely to see that his parents set the same controls on all their children and don't single him out for special abuse.

A study of cases showed that most only children grow up to be well-adjusted adults, with jobs they like, happy marriages, and families of their own.

Parents divorce

One woman said: "Not only was I an only child but my parents were divorced when I was two.

"I was in several different homes and schools over the years.

"I think I fell in love with my husband because he was one of a big family.

"I know now it wasn't just brothers and sisters I wanted but a feeling of belonging and being loved."

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Do-it-yourself

PAINTING GUIDE

by DIANA WYNNE

● This five-page section tells you all you need to know about painting and choosing color schemes for your home. We start with painting the inside.

RIGHT TOOLS for the job are a necessity. Buy only the best quality.

WASH surface thoroughly and rinse well to remove dirt and grease. Then leave it to dry.

SANDPAPER rubbed over surface after undercoat has dried.

STIR paint from bottom of tin with a flat stick until well mixed.

APPLY final coat of paint in a general way, using light strokes.

DRAW brush across wet paintwork (right) with light strokes.

CORRECT preparation of all surfaces, tedious though it seems at times, determines the success of your painting.

And you must have good equipment. Buy best-quality brushes. Rollers and spray-guns help the amateur painter to do a quick, efficient job. When using a spray-gun, be sure to mask the parts that are not to be painted with strips of newspaper fixed with adhesive tape.

Rollers are easy to use. Choose lambswool for flat and plastic paints, foam nylon for full gloss enamels, and woolly rubber for oil- and water-based paints. When using a roller, always "cut in" first with a brush (see picture below).

If paintwork is in reasonable condition it will not be necessary to strip it before applying correct undercoat and repainting.

If paintwork is badly cracked or chipped, apply a heavy coating of stripper, which wrinkles paint. Remove this by scrubbing or scraping. Wipe with moist cloths until clean. Now treat as unpainted woodwork.

If paintwork is in a reasonable condition, remove grease, dirt, and smoke stains by washing with detergent in warm water. Wash down with clean water. Allow to dry.

Moist walls should be dried before painting. A slow heat is best for this. Fill all cracks and nail-holes with putty. Sand down to make a smooth surface.

Paintwork can be patched by rubbing sandpaper over the broken skin. Spot up with sealer or undercoat, allow to dry, then undercoat the whole area. Unpainted wood should have knots sealed with shellac and be left 24 hours to dry. Then put on primer, leave 48 hours. Fill all holes with putty.

It is important to use the correct undercoat—white under light colors, grey under dark, and cream under reds, yellows, and pinks. Brush it well into wood, working first in direction of grain, brushing across at right angles, and finishing with light, even strokes in original direction. Allow undercoat to dry thoroughly, dust, then sandpaper lightly before applying finishing coat. Apply lighter pressure to brush when applying finishing coat. (See pictures this page.)

If you have large areas to paint, work in strips about 20in. deep, making sure the edge doesn't dry before you start painting the next strip. After finishing each strip, make light sweeping strokes of your brush from the unpainted area into the wet section.

With a roller, work in a haphazard fashion, covering a small area at a time. Don't attempt to work in straight lines. This leaves marks when paint dries.

When painting sash windows, pull top half down a few inches, keeping lower half shut. Paint everywhere with exception of lower sash. Reverse sashes and paint remainder. With other types of windows, paint the hinged part of casement and lastly the inner frame. Masking tape stops paint getting on to glass.

Where possible, doors should have their fittings removed before painting begins. If this is difficult, smear soap on the fittings to prevent the paint marking. Wedge the door in position and put sheets of newspaper underneath to catch drips. Start with mouldings around panels.

Before painting floors, hammer in protruding nails. Sandpaper where necessary and remove all dust, especially between cracks. Be sure to remove all traces of wax or polish, especially from linoleum or polished floors. Start painting at the corner away from door and work from end to end, including about five boards at a time.

When painting ceilings and walls, start nearest the window or main source of light. Face the light and work away from it. Paint in 20in. strips, working across the narrow section.

A good tip to stop paint running down the brush when painting ceilings is to make a hole in half a tennis ball and push the brush handle through the hole so the ball forms a cup to catch drips.

If you intend using brushes or roller again next day, stand them in water. When the job is completed, clean brushes in turpentine and wash in warm, soapy water. Run the roller over newspaper, clean in turps, wash in soapy water. When using plastic paints, the brushes must be washed in water immediately after every using.

If, when you have completed all your painting, there is still some paint left in the tin, add a spoonful of appropriate thinner and allow to float on the surface. This prevents a skin forming. Press the lid on tightly and store without shaking contents.

LIGHT downstrokes should follow cross-strokes while the paintwork is still wet.

CUT IN at edges with brush before starting to use your roller.

ROLL to within ½in. of edge. Work roller in criss-cross pattern.

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Do-it-yourself painting guide

WORKING TO A PLAN

● When choosing a color scheme start with the most expensive item and build your plan around it. Everyone makes the odd mistake when decorating, but good planning ensures that it's a cheap one.

THIS most expensive item is usually the floor covering. If you have polished timber remember that this is also a color.

If you're lucky enough to be starting from scratch, that is the bare room with no carpets, curtains, or furniture, the job is easier. Most of us can't afford to do this and have to build around furnishings we already have.

A room that is composed entirely of pale colors will look uninteresting, so be sure to have solid color somewhere. For example, have pale walls and a solid-colored carpet, or pale walls, pale carpet, and solid colors for chair and sofa covers and curtains.

Chair coverings are less expensive to provide or replace, so they take second consideration after floor covering. Curtains also come into this category.

Decorating is a relatively small expense compared with furnishing, so color choice for walls, ceiling, and paintwork comes last of all.

The secret of good color schemes is simplicity and a minimum number of colors.

To ensure that colors harmonise, remember there are only three primary colors — red, yellow, and blue. All other colors are mixed from these.

Color wheel

Secondary colors are made from mixtures of different pairs of primaries, such as purple from a combination of red and blue. If you made a color wheel it would consist of yellow at the top, orange, red, purple at the bottom, blue and green.

Colors exactly opposite each other on the color wheel are called contrast colors. Red and blue make purple, so that is the contrasting color to yellow.

Contrasting color to the main color in your room should be used sparingly or it will create an ugly effect.

Choice of color depends as much on the shape and size of your room as your own particular favorites, because color creates atmosphere.

For example, if your room receives little sun and is chilly in winter, warm reds, red-purples, pinks, oranges, yellows are the best choice. All rooms in the Southern Hemisphere which face north need cooling colors — the greens, blues, blue-purples, and blue-greens.

Small rooms need cool, light colors to create a feeling of spaciousness. Big rooms look best in warm colors, and really large rooms can take dark, warm colors. But much depends on the individual shape, size, and natural lighting.

You don't have to stick rigidly to this theme and use only cool colors in a small room, but they should predominate. Use some warm colors to balance the scheme.

If your home is small, stick to one color through the whole of it with feature walls here and there in deep, cool colors. (It is most important that they should be cool.)

Another thing to be considered when planning a room is the amount of window and glass space it contains.

If you are going to use dark colors, use them on the wall opposite the source of light and never on the window wall. This area is already filled with window, curtains, and pelmets, and doesn't need the addition of vivid color.

When painting trim or woodwork, bear in mind the expert's advice: "Everything you paint a different color becomes a feature." Painting the trim in another color or even white draws attention to it. Unless this is the effect you want to create, it is best to paint trim to match walls.

One last point worth noting about interior color schemes, which is perhaps more applicable to Australia than countries with cold climates, is the choice of color on doors.

In the long, warm summers doors are left open and so must be related to the room into which they open. A pink door may look fine in the bedroom, but clash horribly with the yellow or orange theme of the room opening off it.

If you've a brick house try to keep the outside colors cool. A pink door on a red brick house is definitely out.

Treat the bricks as the main color and build your theme around them.

Downpipes should always blend with the walls and should never be in a contrasting color, because this will only highlight them. Even in the best of houses they are never a thing of beauty.

As a general rule, window frames and barge or fascia boards should be in white or off-white. If you live in a dusty area light grey would be a good choice.

Good scheme

An example of an attractive, well-balanced color scheme would be mushroom on the exterior walls, white for the trim, door royal-blue, and eaves chartreuse.

Another idea is to adopt the monocramatic theme for the outside of a house. Use a pale tint of any color for the bulk of the home and the trim and door in a darker shade. Window frames should be white. Door mouldings could also be painted white.

White is now fashionable both inside and outside. The new white synthetic paints keep in good condition for a long time.

And with white as your background you can splash out with strong colors, such as deep blues, yellows, turquoise, and the more interesting greens for doors, and for shutters if you have them.

And last, but not least, paths, garage, patio, and terrace floors.

Special new paints are simple to apply, and, provided you thoroughly clean the original surface before applying them as the instructions state, give long wear.

It's well worth . . .

. . . remembering to read the instructions on the tin of paint before starting work.

. . . pouring the newly opened tin of paint into a larger tin in order to stir it properly. Use a flat stick and stir from the bottom. If paint is not stirred properly it won't give best results. Be sure not to let paint drip over the instructions when you are pouring.

. . . fixing a cloth round the tin with a rubber band to catch the drips.

Pictures of color schemes overleaf

"Six weeks and Jim still hasn't finished the house. Oh, well. All work and no play . . . still it has to be done."

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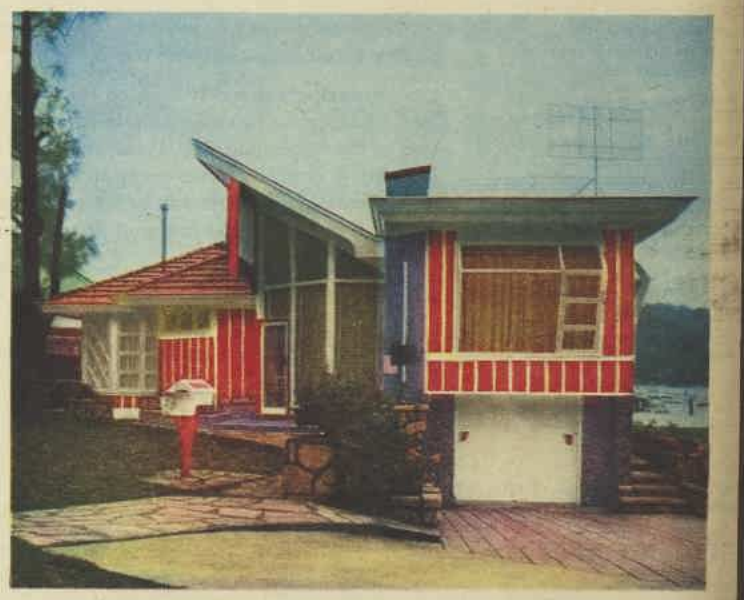
Do-it-yourself painting guide

CHOO

. . . for the exterior

IT'S best to start by taking stock of your house's surroundings. If it's near the water you can give it a holiday air, like house pictured at right. If it's in a bushy setting avoid green, unless you want it to look like part of the trees. It's a good idea to take a note of neighbors' color schemes, so yours contrasts but doesn't clash.



UNUSUAL arrow-shaped stripes make the front door the centre of attention and contrast with white walls of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Harvey's house, in Hamilton, Brisbane.

CONTRASTING red door has panels highlighted in white at Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Russell's house at Yagoona, N.S.W. Walls are white and the eaves painted in turquoise.

COLORFUL exterior of Mr. and Mrs. M. Bernhardt's house at Bayview, N.S.W., overlooking Pittwater. Italian glass tiles are combined with the various painted surfaces.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

October 26, 1960

Teenagers' WEEKLY

CANDY HARDY DRESSES TO BUY
—page 2

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly Not to be sold separately

doors for easy

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LETTERS

There are no holds barred in this forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Send them to Box 7052 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Paeans of praise for parents

HOW many of you have stopped to think how wonderful your mother and father really are? I am 15½ and have only just realised what they mean to me. When I was younger I was brilliant and popular, but at the age of 13 I became ill. For the following two years I lived a solitary life of fear and hate and desperate unhappiness. Often I said things to my parents I didn't mean, horrible things that afterwards I would cry about. I was bitterly jealous of my sisters and brothers. But through all these two years my parents tolerated me and gave me love. Now, two and a half years later, thanks to their help and understanding, I am again happy and popular, and I realise just how lucky I am to have such wonderful parents. — *"Babs," Mannum, S.A.*

Judo fan

IF you have any spare time, take up judo. It is the most relaxing, absorbing, and exhilarating sport I know. It's a wonderful way of keeping fit, and over the past 18 months I have lost three inches around the waist. B.J. (before judo) I was tongue-tied and self-conscious whenever I spoke to anyone and hardly ever went out because I always seemed to say or do something wrong. Now it is a different matter. Thanks to judo, I have learned to have confidence in myself and in the things I do.—*G. Blackwell (19), Adelaide.*

Scientific joys

TEENAGERS should take a greater interest in science. My favorite subjects are: Astronomy, mineralogy, photography, bacteriology, pathology, nuclear physics, philosophy, and yoga. Studying these has been a lot of fun and still is. After all, not a second goes by without us being reminded of the beauty and wonders of science.—*Max Hoeben, Henley, S.A.*

Max Hoeben

Colleen Power and Clementine

Oh, Clementine!

I HAVE a goat named Clementine. One night, Clementine got away and wandered up the street. At four o'clock the next morning she went up to the local bakery and frightened the wits out of the baker; then she went down to a house, ran up and down the verandah until the owner came out. Clementine slipped past and went inside and out another door. After that she crossed the street to the fruit shop, where the fruiterer was unloading his goods, and took a cabbage and ate it. Following a little boy up the street, she came to the church, where the early morning service was on. She marched straight in the door and walked halfway up the aisle, refusing to budge when one of the men tried to remove her. Finally she left and went into the doctor's garden and ate a few plants and then went over and stood in front of the butcher's shop until Dad came and collected her. What a goat!—*Colleen Power, Kyogle, N.S.W.*

Cards a waste

IT would be much more sensible if all the money people spend on Christmas cards (which usually go in the fire, anyway) could be given to the Children's Hospital or some other worthwhile cause. —*L.M., Traralgon, Vic.*

Road safety

THE following ideas could be a help in cutting down road accidents: 1. All drivers should have to undergo a driving and medical test annually to make sure that they are as capable of safe driving as when they received licences. 2. When a child receives a bike, he should have to take a test similar to that of a motorist and receive a special licence before riding on main roads.—*Val Cooke, East Brighton, Vic.*

Costly text-books

WHY can't schools lend text-books to pupils for a year, and if the books come back in a bad state make the child buy the book? This would considerably cut down the cost of school books.—*Mary Gray, Lyndale, Vic.*

What to read?

WHAT are suitable books for a 15-year-old to read? The mystery and adventure books I used to read no longer interest me. My parents will not let me read adult books—they say there will be time for them later on. I realise this, but I love reading and right now can't find anything to read.—*"Bookworm," Attadale, W.A.*

Shoe cleaning

WHEN pale calf shoes become marked, take a little eucalyptus oil on a piece of cotton-wool and rub gently until the marks are removed. Allow to dry for approximately three minutes, then apply a little shoe polish and you'll have a pair of new-looking shoes.—*Joan M. Green, Brighton, Vic.*

Tongue-tied

"FED UP" (T.W., 21/9/60) commences her letter with "What on earth is the matter with teenage boys these days? Why are they so gawky and tongue-tied?" I agree with you, "Fed Up," that many boys find it hard to make conversation, but whose fault is it really? The girl should try to make him feel at ease and help him along with the conversation. It probably took him a lot of courage to ring you in the first place and it is a great help to him if you give the impression that you are genuinely pleased to hear from him. When you have broken the ice and made him feel "welcome," he will have no hesitation in coming forward with his reason for ringing you.—*"Patience," Albany, W.A.*

Rings for boys?

IN answer to "Gary" (T.W., 14/9/60), I agree with your parents. Rings (especially black and gold ones) look cheap and are a waste of money. Anyway, rings are for girls.—*"Jan," Sandy Bay, Tas.*

WHEN "Gary's" parents said that it was not suitable for a boy to wear a ring they were being selfish, as it was "Gary's" own money. I think that at 14 he should be able to decide for himself what to wear.—*"Ring-wearer," Marrickville, N.S.W.*

Our cover

● This week we have five Candy Hardy dresses, specially chosen for our teenage readers. You can buy them ready to wear or cut out ready to sew.

The one on our cover is "Dianne," a luxury poplin in white, pink, lemon, lilac, mid-blue, and mint green.

Ready to wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £5/16/-; 36 and 38in. bust, £5/18/6. Postage 5/- extra.

Cut out only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £4/10/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £4/14/6. Postage 5/- extra.

● Turn to pages 6 and 7 for the other four dresses and details of how to order. **Please note that no C.O.D. orders will be accepted.**

School early or late?

● School should start at 6 a.m. in the summer and 7 a.m. in the winter, suggested "Earlybird" (T.W., 7/9/60), so that pupils could have the whole afternoon free. Readers were divided on the idea, and here are some typical comments:

I AM not a teenager, but married and the mother of two small kids (my eldest will start school next year), and I can remember how I felt out of place at home in the morning when the rooms were swept and the beds were made and I had nowhere to stay until it was time to start for school. Now that I am a mother myself I feel that the same thing will happen to my children. I will have no time for them in the morning, and in the afternoon when they come home at 4 o'clock it will be time to start the evening meal. It would be wonderful if school started at 7 a.m. and finished at lunchtime. — *"All-for-it," Mortlake, N.S.W.*

IT is obvious from "Earlybird's" letter that he has to do very little work at home. It is O.K. for him to say he's willing to "forsake the luxury of staying in bed longer to obtain free afternoons," but does he realise that many children have to milk 20 or 30 cows before they go to school? What time would they have to get up? — *"Early-enough," Bowraville, N.S.W.*

I AGREE with "Earlybird." I like to play tennis after school each afternoon and I don't finish till 3.30 p.m. If we finished earlier, I could play longer and enjoy it more. —*"Tennis Player," Parramatta, N.S.W.*

WHAT would the family feel like when they are disturbed by the students so early each morning, and imagine swotting over books after being out the previous night and having had about four hours of sleep. Please don't say, "Sleep on your free afternoons!" Our school hours are quite all right as they are. —*"Anti-Earlybird," Rochester, Vic.*

IS "Earlybird" really serious? He must live next door to the school. Did he consider the people who live 30-40 miles away from the nearest school? Did he stop to think at what time these children would have to leave home to reach school at six or seven o'clock? — *"Country Girl," Tenterfield, N.S.W.*

I ONCE attended a school in Germany where the hours were from 7.30 a.m. to 1.30 p.m. During the six hours of school we had two recesses, one at ten o'clock and the other at 12 o'clock. At 1.30 we went home for lunch and had the afternoon off. During winter the hours were 8 a.m. to 2 p.m., which still left us with a few hours for skating or ski-ing before dark. I think that most teenagers would prefer these hours to our present ones.—*"Another Earlybird," Woodside, S.A.*

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When you get bored with going steady...

Break it up!

By MARCH WINGATE

● You boys and girls who are Going Steady: When you know your romance is over, it's useless to fight for a revival. Better to let go, gracefully.

● She's still in love — but is he? There's nothing more hopeless than clinging to a dead romance.

YOU'VE heard the saying — "There are as good fish in the sea as any that came out of it."

That's for you. It's true. The world is full of exciting men and women, but you'll never give yourself the chance to meet them so long as you cling wanly to a romance which you know jolly well has fizzled out.

With this craze for Going Steady, there are literally hundreds of old-young "couples" going out together week after week, simply bored to tears with each other, but reluctant to break away.

Reluctant to relax, and wait calmly for Real Love.

Face the facts

That's all it is. They won't relax. They must charge ahead until they commit themselves.

There's nothing so dead as a love that has died. Better to face facts, and part. You'll soon know if you're lonesome and have made a mistake.

So will he (or she). You'll soon fly back to each other if that's the case. The reunion will be wonderful.

Lots of young folk think ANY partner is better than NO partner (but no one should think like that until they're old and grey, if then).

So they cling to the same dull partner, fearful of being left alone.

Soon their friends mark them off as "attached" — and attached they often stay until the bitter end. Without romance, without love, without enthusiasm, they drift into marriage and plod their weary way through life with their double harness weighing a ton on their bored shoulders.

What a fate!

They should be laughing, fighting, kissing and making-up, and loving every friendly or fiery moment spent together.

But no. They've got off the shelf, and that was the object of the exercise. They've collected presents from their friends, and now they're going to set up house if it kills them.

One thing, it won't kill their love, because there never was any.

In years to come you'll see them, two bored little people with two bored little children, a neat little house and empty hearts.

Old before they're young. Poor old things, let's forget about them.

Let's stand back a while and study ourselves. Are we heading the same way?

I know some engaged couples who would turn back the clock if only they had the courage.

Why not find the courage, if the prospect is really worrying you?

Engagement a test

I always understood that an engagement was for that very purpose — to find out whether love could be sustained under the closer personal relationship which a formal engagement brings.

An engagement is not a marriage. A broken engagement is not a divorce.

If you sense that your fiance shares your doubts, it's best to have a good talk about it. Perhaps the heart-to-heart discussion will prove that you mean more to each other than you thought you did . . . not less. Let's hope that will be the case.

But if you recognise it as a lucky let-out for the two of you, then better to parcel up the presents now than to parcel up your life in the divorce court later.

You won't really lose much face now, but you'll stand to lose your whole personal integrity if you go into a heartless marriage.

If you think around all the married couples you know, you'll realise it would have been better if two or three of them had parted before they reached the altar.

No loving little looks, no holding hands by moonlight, no frolic in life at all—just the staid old quarrelsome business of being married.

Maybe they're wonderful people, taken apart.

But there's no point in taking them apart now. They've made their bed, and it's not a bed of roses because it was built on a strange little teenage partnership instead of on love.

First they had a crush. Not a very great one, but—a crush. Then they were going steady. And before they knew it the world had married them off . . . that funny little old-young couple who'd hardly had time to look at life.

Shop around

Even back in those cobwebby days when our parents were young, they had a whale of a time. Mum's dance programme was scribbled on by every gay young blade around the place before she settled on Dad.

I guess she looked around and took her pick, and so did Dad.

Her photograph album is a shocker. A different boy-friend on every page, until suddenly it's all Dad, Dad, Dad.

I guess she always knew what she was looking for, the way she suddenly wiped all the rest. But she certainly shopped around first. (Nice types, all of them, she assures me.)

Well, she has still got her sense of fun, she's gay and interesting, and she still loves the same man—judging by the way she burned all HIS old snapshots.

They're still Going Steady, because I guess they put things the right way round in the first place.

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TEENAGERS!
SEEN
'JUMBO STRIPES'?
TURN TO
PAGE 30 FOR
THE ZIPPIEST
NEW BEACH
TOWELS EVER!

TEENAGE MUSICAL

THE latest smash-hit musical comedy in New York is about a rock-'n-roll singer — and most of the cast are teenagers. The story of the show, with fabulous color pictures, will be in next week's issue of Teenagers' Weekly.

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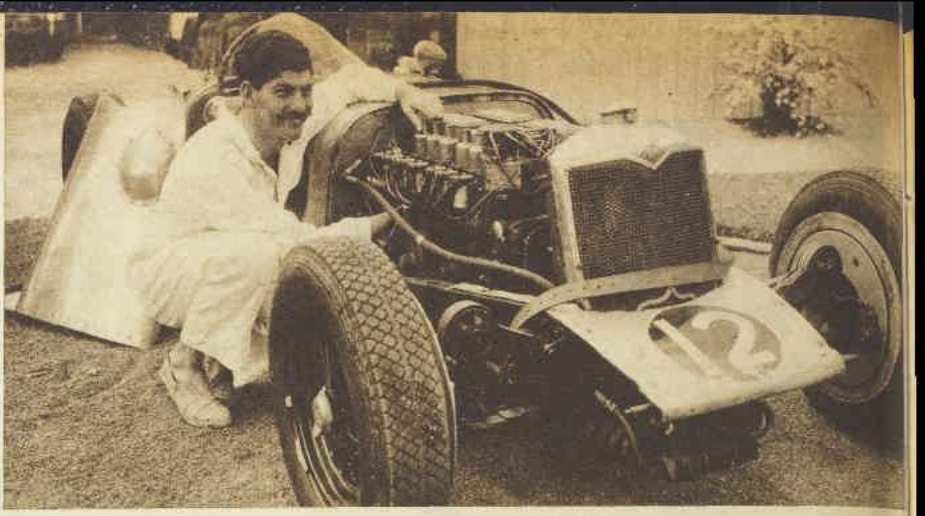


PHILIP BLOOM working on the engine of his Dixon-Riley racing car.

A 140 m.p.h. "bomb"

● Despite its sleek and silver appearance, some people might describe this car as a bit of an old bomb. After all, it's 27 years old.

BUT not after they've seen it in action. It can do 140 miles an hour!

The car, a Dixon-Riley, belongs to 23-year-old Philip Bloom and his twin brother, Anthony, of Sydney.

"Since we got it last year I've read everything I could lay my hands on about the car and its maker," said Philip.

"Freddy Dixon was quite a character. He started racing motor-bikes in England somewhere round 1930.

"Between 1933 and 1936 he worked on Riley engines, built two Dixon-Rileys, and became one of the first people ever to seal a car underneath.

"Our car is the first Dixon-Riley he built. In 1934 he drove it — alone — in the Brooklands 500-mile race, averaging 108 m.p.h.

"In 1936 he drove it in the Brooklands 500 again—this time sharing the driving—and averaged 116 m.p.h. This is still the record at Brooklands for an unsupercharged under-two-litre car.

"Racing driver John Snow brought the car to Australia in 1947, and in the early 'fifties Alec Mildren raced it to win at Parramatta Park.

"From then it became a jinx car. It would win a race, then blow up, and Dicky Bland smashed it racing at Orange."

That looked like the end of the Dixon-Riley, but the Bloom twins had other ideas. They had a speedboat, so they decided to swop it for the old racing car.

"We'd built the speedboat ourselves and it cost about £450," said Philip. "We were told the car would cost about £40 to fix up, so we thought we were getting a bargain.

"But in the end it cost us just on £400. The bearings had gone, we rebuilt the gearbox and carburettors, respoked the wheels, put in racing camshafts and a new oil pump, and had the engine rebalanced."

By last October the car was ready for the races at Bathurst. Philip had just got his racing licence, and they were all set to go.

And go they did! Philip came tenth in the Bathurst "100" — not bad when he was competing against latest model Coopers driven by experienced men!

And at Bathurst last Easter Philip got eleventh place.

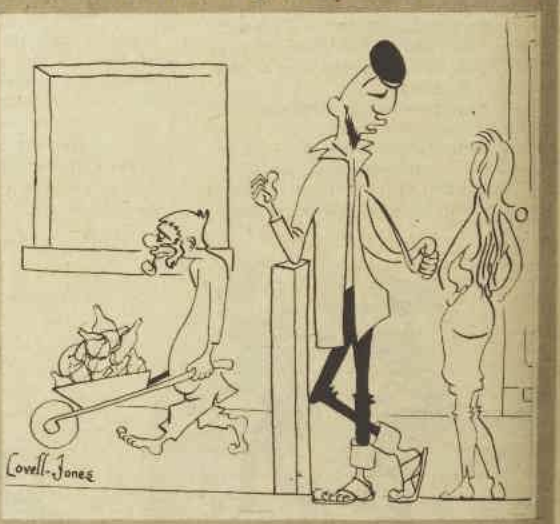
Although the car is now in better form than it has ever been since Freddy Dixon built it, Philip and Anthony didn't race it at Bathurst this month.

"We just didn't have time to prepare the engine," Philip said. "I was married about two months ago, and I've just started a new business, but we're going to race it at Warwick Farm at Christmas."

Now, a few technical facts for racing fans . . .

- The Dixon-Riley has a 1996c.c. engine, with a compression ratio of 16/1.
- The six cylinders are fed by six carburettors, with a cross-flow head.
- The fuel tank holds 20 gallons, and the car does five miles to the gallon.
- Gear speeds: First, 50 m.p.h.; second, 90 m.p.h.; third, 110 m.p.h.; and top, 140 m.p.h. Philip has only driven it in top once, along the straight at Bathurst.
- The car holds the record for the under 2000c.c. racing car ½-mile at the North Shore Sporting Car Club.

BEATNIK—by Lovell Jones



"He's working his way up from nothing to extreme poverty."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4821074

ARTISTS ... in the making

● "Those art students are a pack of ratbags," said the taxi-driver who dropped us at the gates of East Sydney Technical College. We knew what he imagined — a bunch of bohemians, living in garrets, just fooling round.

By PATRICIA O'CONNELL

FOR those on the outside of the high stone walls looking in at the sun-streaked courtyards and lawns, it seems an easy-going way of wasting a few years.

The students we met didn't agree. They work hard, with a definite aim in mind. It's fun simply because they enjoy the work, and, maybe, because the school must be one of the most free and easy in Australia.

They're free to come and go, without bells to bustle them or regulations to rule them.

They're free to wear what they like, how they like, when they like — free to be themselves.

There isn't a uniform, of course, but after a few weeks or months they all seem to wear one. It's practically the same for boys and girls—longish hair, trousers, and jumpers.

Everyone seems to dress in a rather beat-up fashion, but don't think they dress this way for effect — art students don't have to try to look "arty." Their clothes are simply the most comfortable things to wear.

"You get splashes of paint on everything," said Ann Thompson, a third-year painting student, "and it's useless to wear nylons. The donkeys—the stools in the studios—and the easels just snag them all day long.

"People see those beatniks hanging round Kings Cross and they think they're art students. They've probably never seen an art student in their life."

We sat in one of the painting studios at lunchtime—most of the students had deserted it for coffee in the cafeteria or sandwiches on the lawns.

There was a smell of age and must, of oil paint and turps, easels and donkeys cluttered the floor, bits of sacking and rags smeared with paint lay where they'd fallen near the boxes of oils and brushes.

It was confusion and clutter, but somehow there was an atmosphere of order and purpose.

This studio is used by the diploma painting students who have already done the two-year preliminary course.

In third year, students choose the subject they will specialise in for their diploma—such as painting, sculpture, commercial art, industrial design, or textiles.

Ann, a tall, lean girl with an interesting face, chose painting as her diploma subject and is also doing sculpture.

She started at the Tech. as a part-time student until she could afford to attend full-time. And full-time it is — from 9.30 till 5, Monday to Friday, with an hour's lunch break from 11.30 till 12.30 and a tea break from 2.30 till 3.

Now her time is filled with painting and life-drawing, sculpture, stage design, color theory, the history of art—"At the moment we're studying French painting and architecture from the Renaissance."

The next two years will be much the same, only more solid and specialised, with even more work. Diploma students don't have term exams — they have exhibitions of their work, and the teachers mark from the exhibits.

And, armed with a diploma, what then? "I'll paint," said Ann, "and probably teach, because you've got to live. Of course, everyone in final year tries for the Travelling Scholarship awarded by the N.S.W. Government — but they award only one."

Ann lives in a room in Paddington near the Tech., and somehow manages to make ends meet.

"It's pretty expensive, you know," said Vivienne Binns, a dark-haired girl who's also a third-year painting student. "The fees aren't much — only about £6 for first-year — but you've got to buy drawing-boards, oil paints, pencils, paper, cardboard, wire, inks, pens, brushes, and all."

STUDENTS leaving Tech. after a day in the Art School. From left, Ann Thompson, Martin Sharp, Leone Ferrier, Vivienne Binns (on motor scooter), and Rosemary Vickers.

Vivienne saves on transport cost by riding to Tech. each day on her motor scooter — helmet on head and drawing-board and paint-box strapped on the back.

What of the preliminary years? First-year students Martin Sharp and Rosemary Vickers said they did about 20 subjects, including introductory drawing, theory of art, maths, modelling in clay, wire, and paper, lettering, design, plant drawing, antique drawing, and still-life composition.

"We go to museums," said Rosemary, "and draw animals and birds. In summer we go to parks to draw trees and things, and to the zoo to draw the animals."

Martin plans to start architecture next year at Sydney University, and Rosemary is doing the three-year course in commercial art.

In first-year there are three two-hour periods each day. In second-year it's much the same, except that some of the lessons are four-hour stints.

Second years also do outdoor painting, and have live models instead of antique statues.

"There's plenty of work to do," said Ann, "and there just isn't time to fool round and be madly bohemian. All the people like that seem to leave in first or second year.

"Nobody forces you to do anything in a particular way. You develop your own technique. You're encouraged to be an individual — that's one of the best things of all."

Vivienne agreed: "Even if you've got a ton of talent, you can't get anywhere without working. But if you've got just a little and are prepared to work —it's amazing how much you can do."

AT LEFT: Cynthia Byrne, who is doing the first year of the sculpture course. First she cast a block of plaster, then sawed away sections to leave an abstract figure. Now she builds on the sawn-off pieces to complete her final design.

BELOW: Third-year students (from left) Vivienne Binns, Ann Thompson, and Anne Swan.

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Gail. *Pretty front-buttoned one-piece has short sleeves and scooped-out neckline. The material is woven check. The color choice includes red-and-white, mid-blue-and-white, green-and-white, lemon-and-white, pink-and-white, lilac-and-white, and tan-and-white.*

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

FAMILY COMIC

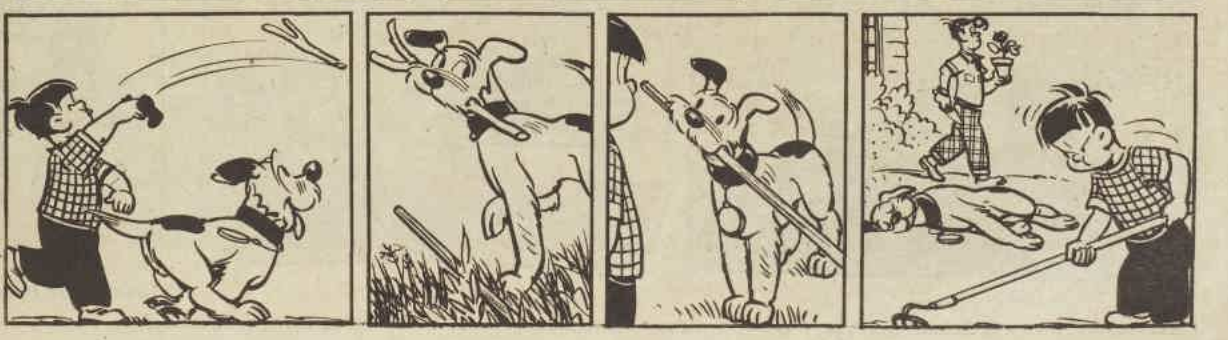
Sandra

BY BILL SAWYER

● *Sandra, as Model Queen of 1960, is offered a job by Major Scott, one of the Top Ten designers. His assistant, Mr. Jenkins, asks Sandra to drop a parcel at Major Scott's flat—it contains sketches of the new collection. As she gets out of the taxi, someone knocks her down, grabs the parcel, and makes off before she can recover. Inside the flat, while the taxi driver rings the police, Sandra explains to Major Scott what has happened. NOW READ ON . . .*

CONTINUED

RIVETS



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JACKYS DIARY.

BY JACKY MENDELSOHN age 32½.

Only we did'nt take our House with us so we went to a Hotel. And did we have trouble!

They kept the Hotel in a big Building like a School. Only nice.

As soon as we got in, some man who was dressed up like a Monkey tried to steal our Soot-cases!

Only later Daddy gave him some Money, so he gave us them back.

Also they said there was Running Water in every Room. Which was'nt true, cause i hadda leave the Bath Tub overfloat in order so i could sail my Boat in the Bed-Room.

Also they got a Telaphone which was another Gyp. On a counter you could only talk to the Man ager on it. fooey!

Necks day we got up & went & had Brekfast. And when we got back, somebodys Mother had sneaked in & made the Beds!

Later on Daddy hadda give some Money to a Genepal so he would lettuce go in a Taxi & go Home!

BUTCH

"About £3000 in jewellery and three mink coats upstairs. You find anything, Butch?"

SIDE

By G

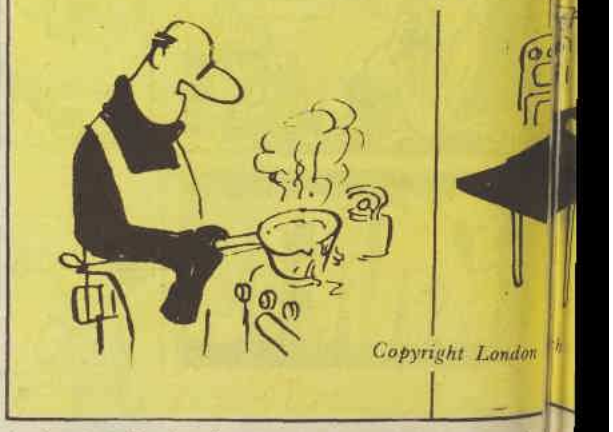
"Stick incre

TIZZY

By K

"Just pretend it's a little on-the-job training that in handy just in case you don't marry a millio

Man in Apron by Larry



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● Planeteer Chris Welkin and the sheriff are searching for the monster who has landed on earth from a strange-looking spaceship and surprised school teacher Bessie McGonigle in her classroom. Meanwhile, Bessie's boyfriend Adam Peevy has seen the monster eating a tree and shot at him, but the monster is bullet-proof. He grabs Adam, and the others arrive as he is carrying him off. In passing, the monster introduces himself thus: "My name's Koot from Rigel" — and makes off. NOW READ ON . . .

CHRIS WELKIN PLANETEER

Russ Winterbotham

KOOT, THE MONSTER FROM RIGEL, STUDIES ADAM PEEVY, HIS CAPTIVE

CONTINUED

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MANDRAKE the MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE, Master Magician, on an expedition in the foothills of Mt. Arat, is on the trail of the "demon photographer" who steals souls in his camera. Both Lothar and Narda have had their souls captured, and stand rigid. Mandrake meets a passing headman, who shows him where the "demon" lives, and down which "captured souls" must drop gold each month. Mandrake starts to climb down the well, despite the headman's warning to flee if he values his life. NOW READ ON . . .

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IN GINGHAM

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2 and 34in. bust £4/19/6;
53/3. Postage 5/- extra.
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/-. Postage 5/- extra.

Debra. *Smart one-piece has a collarless bow-tied neckline. The material is check cotton gingham, the color choice includes blue-and-white, pink-and-white, green-and-white, and lemon-and-white.*

Ready to wear: *Sizes 32 and 34in. bust £5/2/6; 36 and 38in. bust £5/4/6. Postage 5/- extra.*

Cut out only: *Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 67/6; 36 and 38in. bust 69/11. Postage 5/- extra.*

Pam. *Smoothly tailored shirtwaister has a self tab and button trim. The material is woven check gingham and the color choice includes pink-and-white, deep blue-and-white, red-and-white, green-and-white, brown-and-white, lemon-and-white, and lilac-and-white.*

Ready to wear: *Sizes 32 and 34in. bust £4/9/6; 36 and 38in. bust £4/11/6. Postage 5/- extra.*

Cut out only: *Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 58/11; 36 and 38in. bust 61/6. Postage 5/- extra.*

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Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

Squeezed out

"I AM a 13-year-old girl. This past year I have been close friends with three girls. Recently a friend told me that they said they didn't like me. And today when I went to sit next to them they spread their dresses out on the seat and told me there was no room for me. So I went away. I don't want to push myself where I'm not wanted, but I am shy and find it hard to make friends. I have always been nice to them. What should I do?"

"Lonely," Qld.

Have nothing to do with those nasty girls; obviously they don't want you around.

Until you make some new school-friends you'll have to take a book to school or some comics and read them while you're having your lunch. Do anything rather than let them see you pining for their company. That's the result they want. I know it is easy to say and hard to do, but do try!

Try to make some new friends. Start by being extra nice to everyone else. Kindness pays you back with rich rewards of friendship.

Simple yes or no

"RECENTLY a boy rang me up and asked me to go to the pictures with him. I refused. It has happened twice before, but two different boys rang me up. One told my friend that he was going to give me a last chance —if I didn't accept he would leave me alone. What will I do?"

S.R., W.A.

Either accept the invitation or refuse it. It depends on your age, whether or not your parents allow you to go out with boys, and then if you want to go. If you do, accept; if you don't, say "No, thank you."

A lonely "rebel"

"I AM nearly 18 and not awfully attractive. I am quiet and rather shy, because I am very nervous of people and scared stiff of big crowds. I have never been out with a boy, and don't like dancing much, because I think I'm not very good and don't like rock-'n-roll dancing, so I don't get many dances when I do go, although I don't sit in corners. I don't enjoy dances and never go much now, so I don't meet many boys. I have always had difficulty making friends, even with girls, and I just couldn't force myself on people, so I am awfully independent and also very lonely. Since I have started nursing I've improved through enforced contact with people and the girls seem to like me all right, but I've still never been out with a boy and I feel like a freak. I am very fond of one boy, but he has a girl and seems very happy with her, so as his happiness matters very much I couldn't butt in. Am I only being stupid about him? Some people call me a rebel and I admit I don't like authority, although I try to be very obedient and I love my work. I also dislike tradition, bodgies, vandalism, and immodest clothing, so evidently you don't have to be a wrecker or a loafer to rebel against society. Also, I'm afraid, I dislike myself rather a lot. Could you please help me, as I am lonely and unhappy and am trying not to show it? Mum is usually very helpful, but she just says that I'm growing up. I don't see what that has to do with never having a date!"

"Anti-Social," S.A.

I don't think you are anti-social at all, but you are working very hard to make people think you are.

Your mother is quite right; your trouble is that you are growing up. It takes different forms with different people, and your worry over never having had a date with a boy is a symptom of it.

Two years ago it would never have occurred to you to worry over such a situation; today, as maturity engulfs you, you are confused about everything, unreasonable, and insecure.

You dread the responsibilities of maturity. One of them is turning yourself into a social personality whom people like and boys ask out. Because you are afraid that you are not going to be a social success, you are building yourself into a character that gives you an excuse for not being one.

Instead of a frame that gives the world a picture of a teenage girl who wants to be liked—and who doesn't?—you are building a frame for yourself that forbids people approaching you. It would take a St. George to have the courage to approach the dragon you are turning yourself into.

One of the things about life that everyone has to learn is that each act is followed as surely as night follows day by a consequence. Your acts of building yourself into someone who is hard to get on with have as their consequence few friends.

You say you have always found it hard to make friends. That is just an excuse. You shrink away from the responsibility of making friends because you're afraid you might fail at the job. And so you might with some people. Everybody does. There's not a person living who is universally loved. Someone dislikes them.

It is normal to do as you do and dislike a number of things — in your case you say it is authority, tradition, bodgies, vandalism, and immodest clothing; it is not so natural to expose these dislikes to the whole world.

Everyone has likes and dislikes and lives accordingly, but they don't go round frightening people away from them by announcing a list of likes and dislikes before the normal interchange of social talk enables acquaintances to find out what sort of person they are.

I don't think you are being stupid about this boy you like, just a bit carried away because you know there is really nothing in it much, and he's unattainable, which is probably why you want him to take you out. There's nothing freakish about not having been out with a boy at nearly 18. The truth of the matter is that you haven't worked on yourself to make yourself as nice as you can, and you avoid going to places where you could meet boys who may ask you out.

Try to ditch your old ways and try new ones. First of all, be nice to everyone, and wear a smile, even if it hurts you. And go to a dancing class and learn to dance really well—the old square way, and rock-'n-roll, too. Then go to dances again and you'll make more friends, have more partners. Try not to be too independent. There is nothing people love more than helping someone, telling them how to do something, or giving advice (I'm a good example of that).

You try asking someone for help. Start by asking someone how to do something you know they do well. Ask someone for advice on how to do your hair because their hair always looks so good. Once you get a start you'll find it's easy and will pay dividends. You'll be less lonely, happier.

Perspiration

"I AM a 12-year-old girl and in the summer I perspire a great deal under my arms. As this is very embarrassing, I wondered if you know of anything I could do to stop it. I already have a shower and use a deodorant every morning. I am very worried about this."

"Hot and Bothered," N.S.W.

I'd suggest you use a deodorant talcum powder as well as the deodorant for a start, but then try another brand of underarm deodorant. Some suit some people better than others, and you might just not be using the one that suits you best. If this doesn't solve your problem, and I think it might, ask your mother to take you to your family doctor and he might be able to give you a prescription designed specially for you.

Tired of steady

"I AM a girl of 17 and have been going steady with a boy for 12 months. We see each other only at weekends, and sometimes once through the week. I thought I loved the boy, but since I have been going to a dance where I live I find I don't like him as much. I want to go out with other boys for a while. I don't know how to tell him this. My mother does not think I am being fair to him. He is the first steady boy-friend I have ever had, because my father would not let me have a boy until I was 16. What should I do, please?"

B.B., Qld.

You should go out with a number of different boys, not stick to just one. One of the bad things about going steady is the business of being trapped with one boy.

Teenagers of today miss a great deal of fun and experience of different characters because of it. I think it has a lot to do with the lack of smiles that is so noticeable when you see a crowd of you "enjoying" yourselves at a dance or a party. Everyone is settled and so preoccupied with the serious business of doing the right thing by their steady that they have no time for lightheartedness.

You should go out with other boys if you get a chance and forget about going steady. I don't think it is being fair to your boy-friend to act any other way. He thinks you dote on him; you don't!

Four-way fight over boy

"WE are a group of four 13-year-old girls. Until recently we were all good friends. The fight we had was over an ill-mannered boy whom one of us like. This girl accused the rest of us of flirting with him and started a fight. We have told this girl to keep her mind on school work and forget about him. She still insists on fighting over him. What do you think we should do?"

"Four Fighters," Qld.

You should all stop fighting. It takes at least two to make a fight; it is impossible for one person to fight unless someone else joins in. Evidently the four of you all pitch in willingly. If you don't want to fight, the rest of you should just turn your backs and walk away from whoever starts the row.

A WORD FROM DEBBIE

Spring brings new fashion madness — chic and enchanting.

To get the newest look in summer tops, wear two blouses, not one, together.

A sleeveless jumper over a man-tailored shirt — divine! Spring madness is yours if you wear a check shirt over a flowery blouse with a high neckline.

Slip big brother's shirt over polo-necked jumpers and purposely fail to catch the top three or four buttons — tuck into a skirt and we're off, off to fashion success.

Buy two identical shirts—one plain, the other checked or striped, and toning with the plain one. Wear them together, the cuffs and collar turned out.

Be extra smart with a tab-fronted check gingham shirt, worn over a neat white blouse with a high, round neckline.

Try the "twin scoop" look, too — any colored scooped-neck blouse worn over a colored shirt, with a higher-scooped neckline, is fashion sense plus.

Newest thing is the "cardigan blouse." Wear it over a lace-trimmed shirt, and sew matching lace on your cardigan in place of buttons and buttonholes. Like—wow!

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

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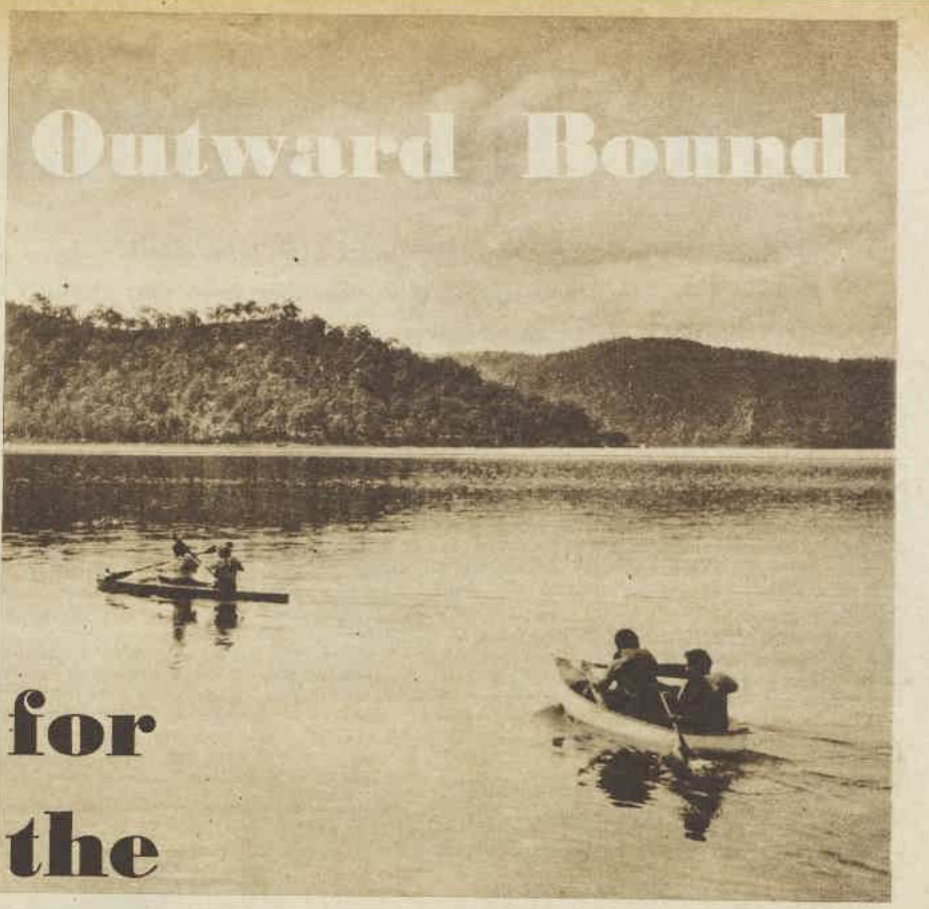
OUTWARD BOUND girls must "learn the ropes" and "paddle their own canoes." Above, Sue Hill shows how to "walk" a rope strung between trees. At right, the start of a weekend canoeing expedition on the beautiful Hawkesbury River.



Outward Bound for the girls

By CAROL TATTERSFIELD

● Pat Hamilton climbed wearily from her canoe, mud to the hips, minus a sandshoe, and grinning all over. She had proved her point – girls could be Outward Bound, too.

"WE capsized twice," she said. "And we had porridge mixed with last night's dinner for breakfast."

But Pat knew that being a guinea-pig for the weekend would have its drawbacks.

Officially, she and six other Sydney girls had been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Warwick Deacock, who run the Outward Bound School for boys at Fisherman's Point on the Hawkesbury River, N.S.W.

Unofficially, however, the girls had come to give the Deacocks a run for their hospitality. For Warwick Deacock and his attractive wife, Antonia, are planning to start an Outward Bound course for girls next March. The seven girls had offered to give them a practical preview of it by setting off on a weekend of canoeing and bushwalking.

Their equipment — with the exception of cosmetics — was similar to the boys' normal kit, and so was the nature of the expedition.

In fact, as Warwick Deacock said, "Girls can do just about everything that boys can, so why shouldn't they have an Outward Bound course, too?"

His wife nodded. South African-born and athletically "green" before she married, Antonia has made expeditions to Alaska, Lapland, and in 1958 was a member of the Women's Overland Himalayan Expedition which conquered an 18,700ft. peak.

"The girls' course will be 28 days—same as the boys—and will cost the same, too, about £40," said Mr. Deacock. "Ages will be from 16½ to 19½, and the girls will take just about the same course as we give the boys.

"This includes bushcraft, rock-climbing, boating, archery, map-reading, first-aid, ski-ing, and expedition protocol.

"In addition, the girls will have drama and musical appreciation."

The Outward Bound movement was started in England during World War II by Kurt Hahn, the headmaster of Gordonstoun, the school the Duke of Edinburgh went to.

Mr. Deacock said the course, for boys and girls, wasn't merely a commando-type ordeal, but was designed to toughen the character and the mentality of teenagers. "Character training through adventure," he said.

But as far as the "guinea-pig" girls were concerned, the weekend was pure adventure, with an underlying streak of seriousness, for it wouldn't be funny to be bitten by a snake, lost in the bush, or drowned in the river.

Theory, practice

So they gave rapt attention to the pre-expedition lecture and demonstrations by 22-year-old instructor Mike Blythe, who did an Outward Bound course in his native England.

His pupils were Sandra Anderson (18) and a fellow university science student, Ellen Bruce (19), Dorothy Evans (18), who is a first-year medical student, Maureen Egan (23), a passenger clerk in a Sydney shipping office, Angela Pelly (18), a secretary, and the two English girls, Pat Hamilton (23), a schoolteacher, and Sue Hill (27), a mother's help.

They learned how to use their snake-bite kits and compasses, how to board and paddle a canoe.

Then they tried out the gymnasium equipment.

In turn, they staggered and climbed their way through the school's fearsome "ropes course" and walked across a long log 12ft. above the ground.

"Don't look down and just place one foot in front of the other," urged the maddeningly calm Mr. Deacock.

They all did it without falling, and Mr. Deacock was most impressed. "Now we'll see how they go on the expedition," he said.

This was a three-hour canoe trip up the river, a two-hour bush walk to see some aboriginal carvings, and camping out overnight.

Excitedly the girls collected their 25lb. rucksacks, containing their food (almost the same as Scott used for his Antarctic expedition), spare sweaters, sleeping-bags, tin mugs and spoons, and, with Mike as their leader, set off down the river, two to each of the four canoes.

Next day, two hours behind schedule, we counted heads as they paddled back to base.

Yes, there were eight. The girls COULD cope.

They all agreed they'd had a terrific time. They'd forded a river, neck high. They'd seen a snake—sleeping. They'd sung round the campfire at night. They hadn't had any lunch.

Next time they would take less gear and more food.

RAFTING-UP instruction showed the girls how, by holding the canoes together, they could change positions, ride out rough water, refloat a capsized canoe, or pull someone out of the water. Below, Pat Hamilton tries not to look at the ground as she slowly balances her way across a log — the trickiest part of the Outward Bound "ropes course."

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By CAROLYN EARLE

Trim for summer

● Even if you're one of those lucky girls who already has a good figure, do make the most of it by keeping trim and shapely with simple "spot" exercises such as those featured here.

STREAMLINE THIGHS this way: Stand, holding on to a chair at your side. Bend the left knee and raise it as far up towards the chest as you can without bending the torso. Lower the left knee. Now bend the right knee and raise it as far up towards the chest as you can.

Alternate these two leg-raising movements like a drum majorette; the more vim you put into the exercise, the better. When you work in this way to sleek your thighs, you actually improve the shape of your whole leg.

FIRM FLABBY THIGHS: Go straight into this from the previous exercise and stand with one hand on the chair-back for balance. Swing the outer leg up in front and up and out at the back. Bend forward at the waist to increase the angle of the swing. Keep swinging for 25 counts, change sides, and swing with the other leg.

FLAT MIDRIFF, TINY WAIST. You'll probably want a bit of a rest now, so for this waist and midriff whittler, lie on your back on the floor, spine touching it all the way. Pull stomach in and up while the arms are extended outwards. It is important that the elbows remain on the floor the whole time.

Draw up right leg, knee close to chest on the count of one. Bring knee across the body, trying to touch the floor with it to the count of two. You won't get your knee quite to the floor the first few times but keep working at it.

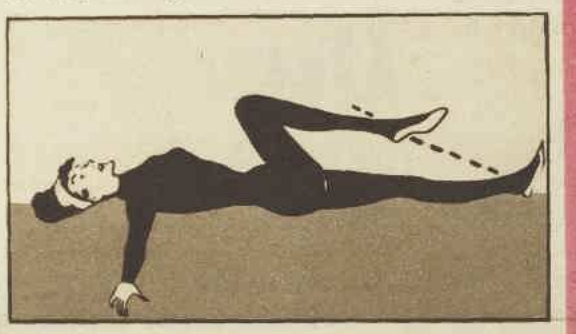
At the count of three, bring knee back close to the chest. Then to the count of four return leg to outstretched position. Now do it all again, slowly, stretching steadily.

FLATTEN PADS on sides of hips by keeping the same prone position on floor with back quite flat. Draw knees up to chest and hold them close to the body by clasping arms around them. Roll over to the right side until knee touches floor.

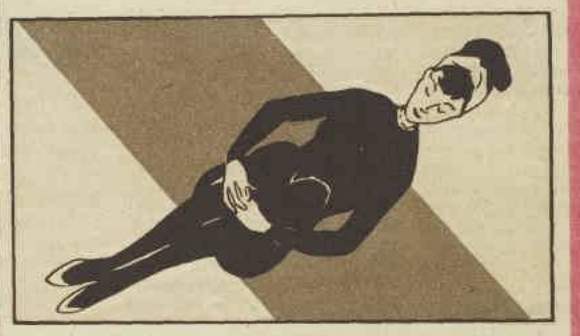
Now, without pushing with the elbow, roll back and over to the left side. Again, don't use the arms to help you roll over to the right. Keep rolling back and forth about 25 times.

SCISSOR'S KICK, an exercise designed to do nice things for general figure shaping and to make the muscles "tonier," is just about what the name suggests.

Lie on floor, head pillowed on bent arm, legs straight down. Now raise both legs slightly off the floor for clearance and shuttle into action, moving legs like a pair of scissors. Repeat 25 times on each side.



LIE FLAT on the floor to start this exercise, which improves the waistline and raises the midriff.



HUG KNEES tightly to the body and rock and roll, first to right, then left, to remove bumps on hips.

SCISSOR'S KICK, swinging legs back and forth with knees straight, is excellent for the figure.

LEG-RAISING movements like a drum majorette's help streamline bulky thighs.

GUYS STILL HAVE THE LAST LAUGH

● Whenever I poke fun at female dress and make-up, my comments really reflect on fellow men.

AT LEAST, that's what a recent young lady letter-writer suggested.

"Who invented mascara, lipstick, powder? Men!" crowed "Mother Nature," a lass from Leeton, N.S.W.

"Who style and make dresses and shoes? Men!

"Why? Because they like girls well dressed and groomed."

Now, little "Mother," while I agree wholeheartedly that men have done and do all those things, I can't accept the motive you attribute to them.

In fact, it's just another way in which blokes have the last laugh on women. It amuses us to have dames so dependent on our whims.

Take dress fashions, for instance. Fellows roll in hysterics while colleagues (Pierre Balmain, Norman Hartnell, etc.) roll in money — all because women fall over themselves to look like balloons, bags of potatoes, and pipe-cleaners!

Men then have a final revenge for all the terrible ties, horrible handkerchiefs, and sickening socks that girls inflict on them.

After one male has foisted a monstrous mode on to a lass, another bloke carries the joke further by telling her the truth —that she looks a fright!

Male-inspired millinery affords us a hatful of laughs, too. We talk 'em into wearing veils that don't veil, lids that wouldn't protect a flea's head from sun or rain, and, at the other extreme, head-enveloping horrors that make hairdos a waste of time and money.

We also put the boot in with shoes. Spike shoes are even more amusing than Spike Jones — yet women can't realise that the **arch** men who really take a "rise" out of their tootsies are heels!

Then there is make-up. Men invented lipstick and other pancakery fakery simply to compensate for the work they have to do on their own faces.

In the days B.C. (Before Compacts) fellows envied girls their freedom from shaving. Bearded ladies were few and far between, so blokes had to devise muck which took longer for girls to apply than the lads' lather and blades.

Mascara, powder, eye-shadow, etc., were the answers. We've never really **rouged** the day!

A sobering thought, of course, must enter into male merriment about the matter. It's not so darned funny, as any husband will tell you, when a bloke has to finance the fun!

But we still have the last laugh. All we do is pay for the things. The poor girls have to wear 'em!

— Robin Adair

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LISTEN HERE
—with Ainslie Baker

● Rex label's new policy of quickly getting out cover versions by local artists of overseas hits could give more of our own up-and-coming boys and girls their chance to break into the charts.

ONE of these is a 20-year-old former Cairns girl of Jamaican descent, Wilma Reading, who has already been successful on TV and with dance-bands.

She airs her sophisticated styling with "In My Little Corner Of The World"-"If I Were a Bell" on one of the new Rex singles.

Another Rex disc features Margaret Hooper in the romantic ballad "Devil Or Angel," and aboriginal singer Candy Williams in his version of Marty Robbins' dramatic narrative-type ballad "Five Brothers."

Both of these discs have a backing by Ray Swinfield, a young musician who is being kept pretty busy these days.

A new name on record, 22-year-old Bix Bryant, makes a promising start with "Move Two Mountains"-"Let's Have A Party." The 22-year-old rocker seems to have plenty of enthusiasm and the ability to get across.

It is not too difficult to imagine the day when local cover versions could be the ones to become the big sellers on the Australian market, just as the English ones do in that country.

Pops: That great "Mule Skinner" sound is back again with **The Fendermens'** "Don't You Know It!" (R.C.A. 45). The Men (Phil Humphrey and Jim Sundquist) introduce "Beach Party," an original instrumental, as the flip.

BEEN waiting for something from **Ray Peterson?** Well, the new one's here, an R.C.A. 45 with "Teenage Heartbreak" and "I'll Always Want To Be Near You." Seems Ray hasn't heard "Let's Think About Livin'."

TWO with a surprise bluesy beat and a smoochy message come from "The Madison" man **Al Brown.** These are "Sweet Little Love" and "It's True About Love." Al wrote the last one. (Top Rank 45.)

COWARD or comedian? Everyone will have his own reaction to **Larry Verne's** "Mr. Custer" (London 45). Flip of this "I don't want to fight" cry is the less controversial "Okeefenokee Two-Step."

FOR a 45 of more than average quality you might like to note **Sam Cooke's** excellent "Chain Gang," backed with "I Fall In Love Everyday" (R.C.A. 45).

Instrumental: Short of jumping on a trading ketch bound for languorous seas and palm-fringed beaches, next best thing is to drop a needle on "The Enchanted Sound Of **The Islanders**" (W. and G. LP). Soft breezes and fragrant perfumes waft through a selection of numbers, such as "Blue Rain," "Kon Tiki," "Tramp Steamer."

JUDY HOLLIDAY and Dean Martin, heard on a new LP of "Bells are Ringing."

Show tunes: "Bells Are Ringing" is the Broadway hit-turned movie starring **Judy Holliday** and **Dean Martin.** You can hear these two in its clever tunes on a Capitol LP.

COMING so soon after the recent death of Oscar Hammerstein, there is a special interest in Camden's LP **"Rodgers and Hammerstein** Song Book, Vol. I." Broadway star Richard Kiley sings numbers from such well-loved R. and H. collaborations as "Oklahoma," "Carousel," "South Pacific," and "The King And I."

Jazz: What sounds like a fine idea for those just getting interested in jazz is Coral's new EP "Sampler" series. First release is a **"Peter Fountain** Sampler," with four tracks from albums already issued by the amiable young New Orleans clarinettist "Little Rock Getway," "Avalon," "Lonesome Road," "Ol' Man River." (Mono or stereo.)

FOR those already well-hooked, there's "Jazz Motif In The Ver-nac'u-lar," the second LP of another young jazzman, this time alto sax-player and composer **John Handy III.** Four of Handy's own compositions, plus the standards "I'll Close My Eyes," "I'll Never Fall In Love Again." (Roulette.)

Classical: A major joy in store for Mozart lovers is a D.D.G. LP with the Berlin Philharmonic, under **Karl Boehm,** playing the delightful Symphonies No. 35 (the celebrated "Haffner"), 32, and 38 (the "Prague").

TASTES leaning towards the oriental-exotic are catered for by Capitol's LP "Sabre Dance," with the two 20th-century Russian composers **Khatchaturian** (b. 1903) and **Kabalevsky** (b. 1904) represented by the former's "Gayne" and "Masquerade" suites, and the latter's "The Comedians," composed in 1940. Played by the Hollywood Bowl Orchestra under Alfred Newman.

Pop tunes—2/6 each

THE Popular Record Club is now issuing the most popular hit paraders on EPs—and the four top pops on each disc cost only 10/-, or 2/6 each. This is the cheapest way to buy hit tunes in Australia.

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WILMA READING'S new disc has a sophisticated style.

Another winner

● There's just no stopping Lonnie Donegan in the recording stakes.

AS he left London to open his Australian tour next week, his latest single, "Lorelei," was No. 5 in the British Top Ten, and moving up.

In his recent recordings, Donegan has completely broken away from the skiffle sounds that made him famous, but his fans have remained constant.

"I Wanna Go Home" was the first Donegan record to be cut with a string backing. It didn't make top ratings, but climbed quite a way up the charts.

After that, of course, came the now phenomenal "My Old Man's a Dustman," of which Lonnie said: "I was staggered at the sales, especially in Australia. I never thought it would go that well."

Now has come "Lorelei," cut in America recently with a big band backing.

Said Lonnie: "It has always been my policy never to make a record similar to the previous one, and these last three are all very different."

Outside the Regal Theatre, Great Yarmouth, where Lonnie has been doing a summer season, the house-full notices have been up every night. "I've never known business like it," he said, "it's absolutely fabulous."

The next Donegan LP will probably be made in America, since Lonnie feels that their big bands give a unique sound.

"In certain spheres of music the Americans have the edge on us when it comes to backings," he said.

● There's a pin-up of Lonnie overleaf.

WORTH HEARING

SCHUBERT: "Great C Major" Symphony

THE tragedy of Beethoven, who became so deaf that he could not hear his greatest music, is hardly more poignant than that of his younger contemporary, Schubert, who never heard his greatest orchestral works, simply because they were never played in his short lifetime.

By general consent, Schubert's orchestral masterpiece is his last symphony, in C Major, designated the "Great C Major," partly to distinguish it from a smaller symphony in the same key but also because great is what it is, both in quality and size. It was written in the year of his death, but not performed until years later.

It is a big but not forbidding work. Though grand in its overall design, it still has all Schubert's typical warmth and charm, and an irresistible flow of melody.

It is conducted on disc by one of the most sympathetic of Schubert conductors, Josef Krips, with the London Symphony Orchestra (Decca). There is another fine recording by Munch and the Boston Symphony Orchestra (R.C.A.).

—Martin Long

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LONNIE DONEGAN

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4821086

SING A COLOR SCHEME . . .

● A safe and sure way to decide on a color scheme is to treat it like buying a new outfit and take your time. Simple color schemes are best, and with the new types of paint and range of colors available you have a wonderfully wide selection.

BEFORE-AND-AFTER pictures (right and left) of an 80-year-old house at Hunters Hill, N.S.W. A delicate, pastel color scheme was chosen to keep the early colonial atmosphere of the home. The old house and land were bought for £1800. The new owner removed five truckloads of rubbish from under the home, ripped out floors and interior walls and replaced them. Second-hand timber was used to build a new verandah round front and sides. Original woodwork in the front remains. A new roof has been put over the verandah and is supported with wrought-iron columns, over 100 years old, bought from a terrace house in Redfern, Sydney. The owner estimates that, when finished, the completely renovated house will have cost as little as £4000.

. . . and the interior

BRILLIANT red on one wall (right) and contrasting textured ceiling make a background for indoor garden.

DARK and light colors (below) cleverly combined in a bookcase of Mr. and Mrs. P. Worrall, Turramurra, N.S.W.

SUBTLE tones give a feeling of spaciousness in Mr. H. P. Oser's kitchen at Middle Cove, Sydney. Cupboards at top right have concertina-style doors for easy access to the high shelves.

CREATING a successful color scheme is a challenge, for good decor doesn't just happen.

A few people are born with a perfect sense of color, but most of us have to work at it to achieve a scheme that has variety and harmony.

One of the latest trends in decorating is the monochromatic scheme, that is an entire room decorated in varying tints and shades of one color. (Colors that have been mixed with white are known as tints, and when mixed with black they are known as shades.)

A good point to remember when you are choosing a scheme is that wood is also a color and must be taken into account as an integral part of the whole scheme.

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R074

Do-it-yourself painting guide

SPRAY GUN is handy for applying roof paint.

Tackling the outside

● The first and most important job when painting the exterior of a house is to clean and prepare all surfaces thoroughly.

THIS preliminary work includes cleaning out the gutters to remove leaves and debris, and getting rid of loose paint, rust, and dirt.

Thoroughly scrape or wire-brush all wrought iron, metal window frames, gates, and railings to remove rust, mill scale, and loose paint.

Paint metal work with a metal primer and finish with enamellised paint.

New galvanised iron roofing should be left to weather for about six months and then be painted with anti-corrosive roof paint. There is no need to apply a special metal undercoat.

Existing painted weatherboards and joinery, if not flaking too badly, should be scraped or sanded to remove dust and loose paint.

If the old paint is in a bad condition remove it completely by mechanical sanding or burning off with a blowlamp or similar tool. After all the charred and burned paint has been removed apply a coat of primer and leave overnight to dry.

When repainting weatherboards which are in a reasonable condition and do not need stripping, spot prime (touch up) the bare areas only, such as sills and ledges. Leave overnight to dry.

With oil paints and outside enamels leave them to dry for 48 hours.

Sandpapering between coats is essential to provide a good adhesive finish for succeeding coats.

It is important to prime wood **before** filling holes and cracks with linseed oil putty because unprimed wood absorbs oil and putty shrinks.

Finally apply two coats of good quality exterior glossy paint or, alternatively, one coat of exterior undercoat followed by one coat of glossy.

Masonry, including brick, stone, concrete, cement, cement render, and fibro asbestos cement, must be thoroughly dry before you can tackle the job of decorating.

If, however, you use one of the modern plastic paints now on the market, the surface need not be dry, because these are excellent for "green" surfaces. They breathe and allow the moisture to dry out after painting.

Remove dust, grease, and loose paint from masonry with a wire brush, or scrape or sand. Reduce old paint to a matt surface and fill small holes and cracks with filler.

If you are dealing with new masonry work, cover with an alkali resistant sealer (except when using plastic paint). If you are redecorating, spot prime the bare areas (after preparation, scraping, etc.), apply sealer and allow to dry overnight. Finally cover with two coats of exterior paint or an exterior undercoat and one finishing coat.

THE RIGHT TOOLS

FOR painting the inside or the outside of your house you will need:

- **An abundance of newspapers and soft, clean rags.**
- **One inch or 2in. brushes for woodwork—two if you are working with white and colored paint.**
- **A 4in. brush or roller or spray gun for large surfaces. If you can handle a bigger brush, buy one, but be sure to keep to a size you can use with ease. Some rollers are sold complete with tin. If not, you will need a baking-tin which should be propped up about 1in. at one end. Pour paint into one end and roll roller into it gradually until whole of roller is covered.**
- **A wire brush to remove rust from metal and loose paint. A fine steel wire brush is best. Other types are often a little too strong.**
- **A putty knife or painter's scraper to use when filling in holes and cracks.**
- **Sandpaper — middle 2 for coarse work (outside walls and paint work that is in bad condition) and fine 2 or 1 for enamel.**
- **Mineral turpentine for cleaning hands, removing spots, and cleaning brushes before storing.**
- **A paint stirrer, which should be a clean strip of dressed wood about 1½in. wide and ¼in. thick.**
- **A container that is larger than your tin of paint. To mix paint thoroughly, as well as stirring, pour the paint from the tin to the container and container to tin several times.**
- **A step ladder and bucket.**

THE RIGHT TYPE OF PAINTS

Living and sleeping areas: flat, semi-glossy, suede, or plastic finish.

Kitchens, bathrooms, laundries, children's rooms: glossy, satin, or enamel.

All outdoor timber: glossy.

Masonry surfaces: glossy, suede, or plastic.

Metal surfaces: glossy.

Floors: special floor paint, liquid rubber paint.

Paint quantity

Your local dealer will advise how many square feet various paints cover to the gallon. But you have to estimate how many square feet you want to cover.

Exterior—

Walls: Measure distance round house, multiply by height to eave line to give you number of square feet.

Eaves: Measure width, multiply by distance round house.

Doors: One side, including frame, approximately 22 square feet.

Windows: Measure area in square feet and divide by five.

Gutters (or trim): Measure length and consider as square feet.

Railings, lattice, and picket fences: Multiply area of one side by two.

Galvanised iron roofs: Making sure to measure from eave to eave, measure length and multiply by width and then add a third for pitch.

Interior—

Ceilings, floors: Multiply length by width.

Windows: As exterior.

Doors: As exterior.

Walls: Multiply distance round the room by height.

Skirting boards: Measure length and multiply by width.

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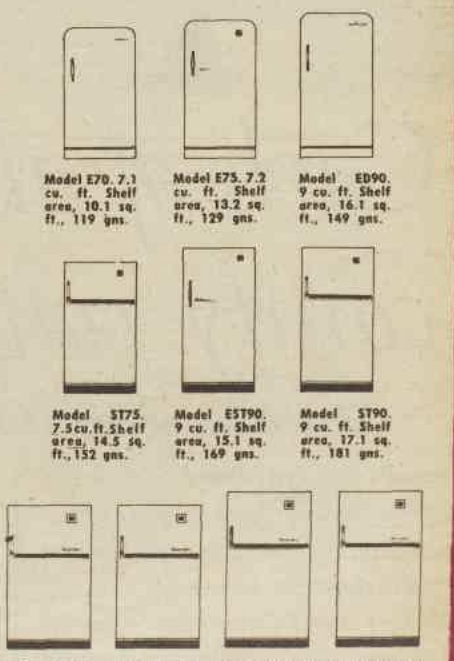
There's a world of difference in wonderful Westinghouse!

Here at last is a refrigerator range with a world of difference. It's got everything! Every model gives you more of all the features a refrigerator ever had . . . and then some. The big Westinghouse performance you expect . . . in ten wonderfully new and different models from just **119 gns.**

All the space is where you want it—inside! Shelf area? Incomparable. Larger than ever before. As for features, just look at a few of the many wonderful luxuries the new Westinghouse ten-model range has for you. Giant capacity freezer . . . humidrawer for fruit and vegetables . . . push-button defrost . . . famous non-slam magnetic door lock, perfect self-sealing, opens at a touch . . . powerful 1/6 h.p. sealed unit with 5-year protection plan . . . egg racks . . . special bottle storage . . . cold storage meat-keeper . . . No, nothing has been overlooked to ensure you get the best refrigerator available in the new Westinghouse ten-model range. The model you want . . . the style you want . . . the world-famous Westinghouse quality and value you're entitled to expect. Prices from just **119 gns.** See your Westinghouse retailer today for details of easy terms.

WOW! Here's the brand-new ten-model range!



Model E70. 7.1 cu. ft. Shelf area, 10.1 sq. ft., 119 gns.

Model E75. 7.2 cu. ft. Shelf area, 13.2 sq. ft., 129 gns.

Model ED90. 9 cu. ft. Shelf area, 16.1 sq. ft., 149 gns.

Model ST75. 7.5 cu. ft. Shelf area, 14.5 sq. ft., 152 gns.

Model EST90. 9 cu. ft. Shelf area, 15.1 sq. ft., 169 gns.

Model ST90. 9 cu. ft. Shelf area, 17.1 sq. ft., 181 gns.

Model ST110. 11 cu. ft. Shelf area, 18.7 sq. ft., 210 gns.

Model PST110. 11 cu. ft. Push-button defrost. 220 gns.

Model ST120. 12.2 cu. ft. Shelf area, 19.2 sq. ft., 220 gns.

Model PST120. 12.2 cu. ft. Push-button defrost. 231 gns.

Prices slightly higher in W.A. and country areas.

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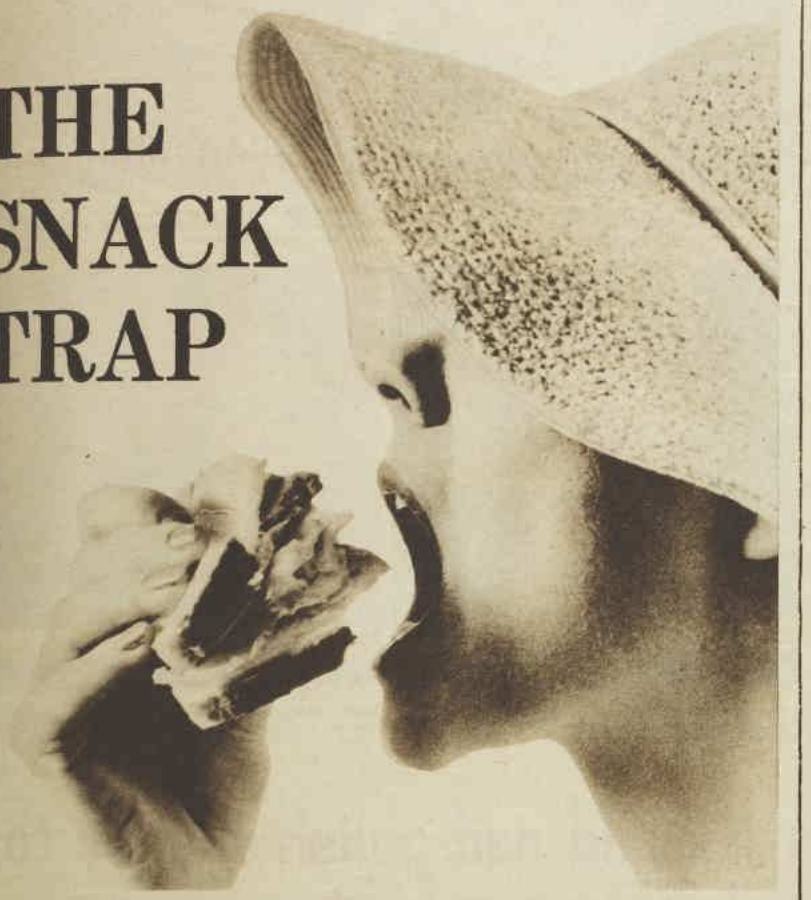
Eating between meals can be the downfall of the weight-watching housewife

THE SNACK TRAP



● As the day's chores take quite a lot of energy, many a woman forms the snack habit without noticing—until she finds she's putting on weight.

SO she tries to go on a diet — only to find that the snack traps are numerous indeed.

There's the established morning-tea break and afternoon tea with a friend.

There's the neighbor who brings in her cake or scones to sample.

There's the tiny leftover piece of pastry or dessert, the unexpected caller who comes after the customary mid-morning snack is already eaten (but has to be given a hospitable little something), the child who would be so hurt if the proffered sweet were ignored.

"Innocent"

There's the visitor who drops in to watch TV — and likes a snack with it.

Then there's the "tasting" trap, which the family cook naturally falls into as she tests her own cooking.

Now, the most innocent-looking snack is likely to be sweet or starchy — which means it's a weight-maker.

Biscuits, cake, doughnuts, scones, sandwiches — they're all high in calories, and if indulged in too frequently all have the same result — extra weight.

So what's to be done?

To give up snacks entirely is probably too much to ask of a dieter all at once.

In fact, there may even be some benefit in breaking fasts between meals so she won't reach the table ravenously hungry.

But she should approach the question with the knowledge of what things to avoid, and with good sense.

If you're a snack-addict:

Try making the tea or coffee break live up to its name — and have *just* tea or coffee.

Skip the biscuit or bun and drop in an artificial sweetener instead of sugar. It will cut down quite a few calories.

If the nibbling habit is well established and hard to break, keep some inviting-looking celery stalks, raw carrots, radishes, or lettuce crisp in the refrigerator.

But don't fall into the trap of adding "just a little" salt.

The idea here is to change the bad snack habits for good ones. Switch to low-calorie fruits and vegetables, and you'll not only save calories but will improve health and appearance.

Chatty snack

Another good thing is to learn to say "no." Refuse the cakes if you're out to afternoon tea. And if your neighbor drops in for a chat offer her a snack by all means (she's not on a diet!), but you don't have to have the same thing.

Try a cup of hot bouillon as a snack — hot drinks are better hunger-killers than cold ones.

An hour before dinner you may think you can't live another minute without food.

You can, of course.

But if you're really desperate, have a glass of milk. (Then skip milky desserts at dinner.)

You can, with some work and willpower, get into the habit of not having snacks at all.

Self-hypnosis

A few days without the in-between things and the desire for snacks goes away.

Try a little self-hypnosis. When your body says it wants a snack, let your mind turn down the request.

Have a plain, old-fashioned drink of water instead. It is still one of the most refreshing, healthful items known to mankind, and after a cool glass you can forget that piece of cake.

Remember, when you're trying to lose weight, it's not only your performance at the table that counts but how you act between meals.

For those trying to gain, the basic rules still hold. Eat the healthful things.

Whether you're eating to lose or gain, study what various foods, including snack items, contain.

Find out not only what calorie count they have but what nutritional benefit they hold for you.

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COMPLEXION PINK

BLUSH PINK. Beautiful impression for pink complexions in mauve ensembles. Work of art with white, banana, sage green.

COMPLEXION FAIR

New! PINK WITH A WINK.—Perfect find for fair-faced beauties in earth red costumes. A treasure with green-gold, taupe, and smoke-blue fashions.

COMPLEXION FAIR

New! BRANDY FLING. Ripe and rich on fair faces in green-gold costumes. Scintillating with earth red, moss green, and grey fabrics.

COMPLEXION ALABASTER

HAWAIIAN PINK—Prize bloom for alabaster complexions in claret costumes. Perennial favourite with grey, mauve, and smoke-blue fabrics.

COMPLEXION PINK

New! FLAMINGO PINK. Scheme supreme for pink-complexioned girls wearing golden brown. A lucky streak with earth red, banana, sage green.

COMPLEXION FAIR

New! PICARDY PEACH. Shimmering sheen for fair ladies wearing the new banana hue. Colourful accent with ice blue, oatmeal, white.

COMPLEXION ALABASTER

New! HONEYSUCKLE PINK. Lovely discovery for alabaster beauties in moss green. Positively luscious with banana, navy, and earth red ensembles.

COMPLEXION BRONZE

BRIGHT—illuminates bronze complexions in flame red costumes. A gay light with grey, taupe, and white fabrics.

New easy way to key your lipstick and nail polish shades to your complexion and your costume!

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Special Keyed-to-you Colours combination offer!

COTY '24' Lipstick with matching "Super Sheen" Nail Polish **13/6**

Each combination pack is complete with beautiful colour illustrations of complexion, lipstick and ensemble shades together with easy-to-follow instructions for achieving perfect colour co-ordination in all make-up aids!

24 LIPSTICK AND "SUPER SHEEN" NAIL POLISH

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LIMITED STOCKS ONLY OF THIS EXCITING COMBINATION OFFER! *SEE YOUR CHEMIST OR STORE NOW!*

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PRIZEWINNING DESIGN

● This plan, No. 102 in our series, won first prize in our Home Plan Contest conducted by The Australian Women's Weekly Home Plans Service and the Small Homes Service of South Australia.

THE designer is Latvian-born Mr. Arnis Siksna, a 22-year-old bachelor from Edwardstown, Adelaide, who is a graduate in architecture from the University in Adelaide.

The contest was for a three-bedroom house of 12.5 squares suitable for a suburban block 55ft. by 150ft.

Although this plan has been designed for a block with a westerly aspect, it could be easily adapted to face the east.

Entrance to this beautifully designed home is through an attractive pergola and carport.

The spacious living and dining area is screened from the entrance by an unusual fitting which has a cloak-cupboard opening to the hall, and a TV set and cocktail cabinet on the living-room side.

A combined kitchen-laundry and the bathroom have been placed together to save plumbing costs.

All the bedrooms have been designed farthest from the street for privacy, and all three have a pleasant outlook over lawns or over the planted court.

This court is directly accessible from two of the bedrooms and provides a pleasant, secluded area for relaxation.

This house has been designed so that outdoor living becomes part of everyday life. Planning of courts and terraces as part of the design of the house helps to make an otherwise small home seem large and gracious.

The house is built of Besser block, with window walls of timber and some panels covered with natural timber boarding.

The roof is corrugated asbestos cement laid with a slight pitch. The rafters are left exposed and strawboard insulation above also forms the ceiling.

This prizewinning design will be available from our Home Planning Centres in all States. There will be an exhibition of the successful designs in our competition at John Martin's Store in Adelaide on November 9.

Our Centres are under the direction of experienced architects and are also supervised by qualified personnel who will advise you on your building problems.

ADDRESSES OF CENTRES

HOBART. FitzGerald & Co. Pty. Ltd., Collins St. (Tel. 27221).

TOOWOOMBA. Piggot and Co. Pty. Ltd., Ruthven St. (Tel. 7733.)

SYDNEY. Anthony Hordern & Sons Ltd. Brickfield Hill. (Tel. B0951, ext. 220.) Please address all mail to this Centre to Home Plans, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

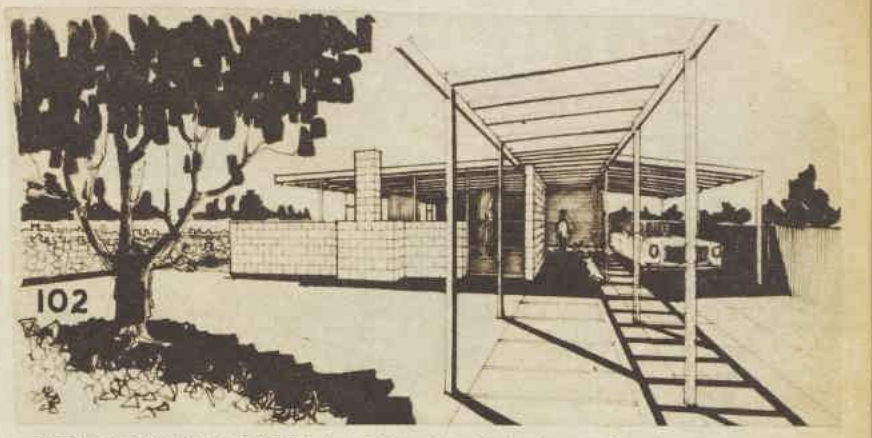
CANBERRA. Anthony Hordern & Sons Ltd., Civic Centre. (Tel. J2311.)

BRISBANE. McWhirter's Ltd., The Valley. (Tel. 50121.)

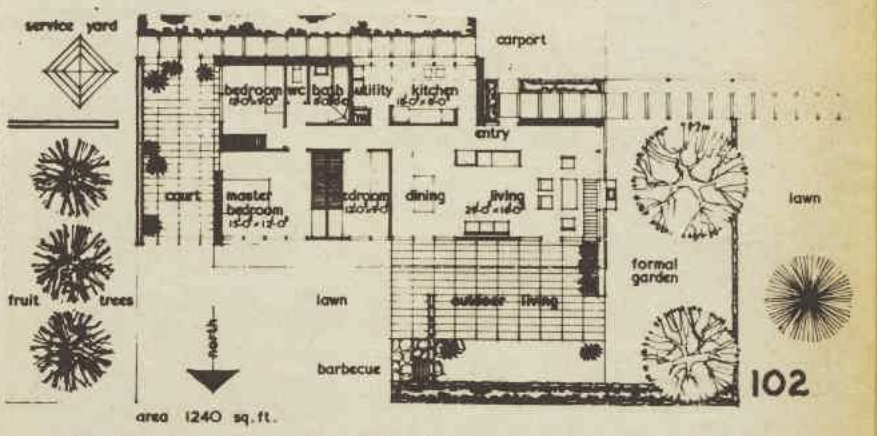
MELBOURNE. The Myer Emporium, Lonsdale St. (Tel. 32044.)

GEELONG. The Myer Emporium, Malop St. (Tel. X6111.)

ADELAIDE. John Martin & Co. Ltd., Rundle St. P.O., Box No. 79 (Tel. W0200.)



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH for Plan No. 102 shows the attractive pergola leading to the entrance and a conveniently placed carport.



FLOOR PLAN of Design No. 102 shows the clever planning of combined indoor and outdoor living areas, a compact kitchen-laundry, and secluded courtyard opening from the bedrooms.

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JANTZEN INTERNATIONAL • JANTZEN INTERNATIONAL

• Banana plant growing in a large tub strikes a tropical note as part of the decor of a sunny glassed-in verandah. When the plant grows too big for the tub it can be transferred to the garden and replaced by a smaller one.

BANANAS

• Bananas can be grown quite successfully in the garden in warm districts, and will flourish for several years in a deep, moderately sized tub or drum placed in a warm spot.

GARDENING

ESSENTIALS are a rich, fibrous fertile soil that holds water fairly well and protection from strong winds, particularly cold winds.

They do well in Sydney and along the New South Wales coast as far south as Bermagui. Farther south they need protection in winter.

The trees thrive in deep, fairly heavy and moist soil, and are suited to hot, humid climates, but will often be found doing remarkably well in sheltered gullies around Mona Vale, N.S.W., and similar areas.

Usually grown from shoots thrown out by old plants at their bases, they flourish when planted in good soil containing a lot of old cow manure or strawy horse manure.

The new plants should be mounded up with surface soil. They should be given a mulch of dead leaves and farmyard or cow manure each season for best results.

Plants can be set out now that the winter has lost its sting. An easterly or north-easterly aspect suits them best.

The leaves split as they age and can be removed when they brown off. The fruit appears from a strange pendent inflorescence, or bloom, usually of a bluish color. The flower generally appears about a year after planting, provided conditions are favorable.

The plants throw up tall growths, 10 to 15ft. high, and are often called banana palms. The leaves are very large, long, and wide.

The bunches of fruit, or hands, may weigh 50 to 80lb. when the fruit is mature. Some support may be necessary when big bunches appear.

Where bananas are grown merely for foliage, the stems should be cut down after the flowering stem dies. The debris from leaves and flowers should be cut up and returned to the soil as a mulch. This feeds the new suckers, or growths, as they appear.

Bananas require copious watering during all stages of growth, and will flourish if given regular doses of weak liquid manure.

There are dozens of fruiting varieties, including the sugar, Cavendish, Abyssinian, Wanduru-anamalu (monkey banana), Gros Michel, Suramondan (very big fruit and vigorous grower), Kochi-kehel (reddish-brown fruit), Alu-kehel (plantain), and many others. The Cavendish and sugar bananas (Koli-kuttu) are easily grown.

The Dwarf Cavendish (Lady Finger) banana is much grown in northern gardens. It does not grow so tall, and has much broader, shorter leaves than the common Gros Michel or Martinique banana. The leaves are also a darker green, tougher, and not so easily split by the wind —and the fruits are edible, which cannot be said of all banana varieties.

In addition to the edible banana (Musa sapientum), there is a flowering variety from Abyssinia, Musa coccinea, that does well in a deep tub or drum if grown in a warm spot or under glass where mild heat is afforded.

Its flower, or inflorescence, is bright scarlet and very attractive. It grows from 8 to 12ft., and has large, handsome leaves that are supported on stout, single stems. They can be planted out now as suckers or plants.

A permit from the Agricultural Department to grow bananas is compulsory only north of Coff's Harbor, where the plants are subject to the "bunchy-top control regulations."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4821094

Home Dressmaking

By PATRICIA SCOTT

● This dainty tablecloth, trimmed with 281 daisies, is easy to make at home for very little money.

THE material suggested here is white or bright yellow cotton satin, with daisies cut from cotton lace.

But suitable cheaper or dearer cotton, linen, or rayon could be used. An expensive cloth could be trimmed with high-quality lace daisies or a cheap cloth with flowers cut out from, say, printed cotton.

It all depends how much you want to spend.

The cloth is most quickly made on a machine with a zig-zag stitch. Or, with lots of patience, the daisies can be appliqued by hand.

● *Finished cloth*

How to begin

Required: 6½yds. of 48in.-wide cotton satin (or whatever fabric is chosen), enough cotton lace to cut out 281 daisies (or other flower motif).

To Cut: Cut two lengths of fabric 48in. by 96in. With selvedges together fold in half, widthwise, and curve off the corners to make a complete circle.

Do this by measuring 48in. all round from the centre point (see rectangular sketch in diagram.)

Place the right sides together and stitch along the selvedge edges. Press seam open.

Face curved edges with matching bias binding. Stitch binding to cloth, right sides together. Turn to wrong side and press. Either hem by hand on wrong side, or use narrow zig-zag stitch and stitch hem on right side.

To embroider

Daisies: Baste each cut-out motif to a piece of the tablecloth fabric. Zig-zag stitch motif to fabric around outline of motif.

Trim excess fabric and lace away close to stitching with embroidery or cuticle scissors.

Divide the tablecloth into halves "lengthwise" along the seamline, and then into halves again "widthwise."

Crease or baste along the folds thus made. The cloth is now divided into quarters, marked by the creases or basting. (See circular sketch in diagram.)

Arrange appliqued motifs on cloth as illustrated, starting with one in the centre and spacing them along the crease-lines so that the 14th motif is at the bottom edge of the cloth on each crease-line.

Daisy rows

Then, as shown in the circular sketch, arrange the other rows of daisies.

The rows on each side of crease-line rows have seven daisies, the daisy nearest the centre being alongside the 7th daisy in the crease-line row.

The rows on each side of the 7-daisy rows have 6 daisies, then 5, 4, 3, 2, 1.

Stitch each daisy on with zig-zag, at the centre only, or with satin-stitch.

The cloth can thus be easily washed and ironed.

★ ★ ★

SOMETIMES home dressmakers have difficulty in cutting bias strips (for binding, etc.) exactly on the diagonal of the fabric-threads.

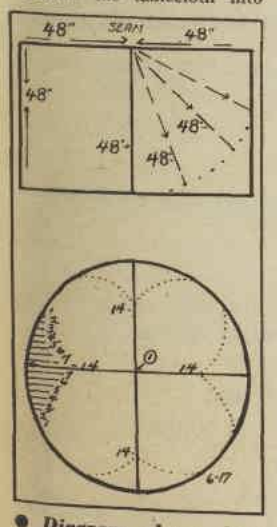
To find the true bias, fold the corner of the crosswise grain of the fabric up to lie parallel with the lengthwise grain. Then cut on the diagonal fold.

★ ★ ★

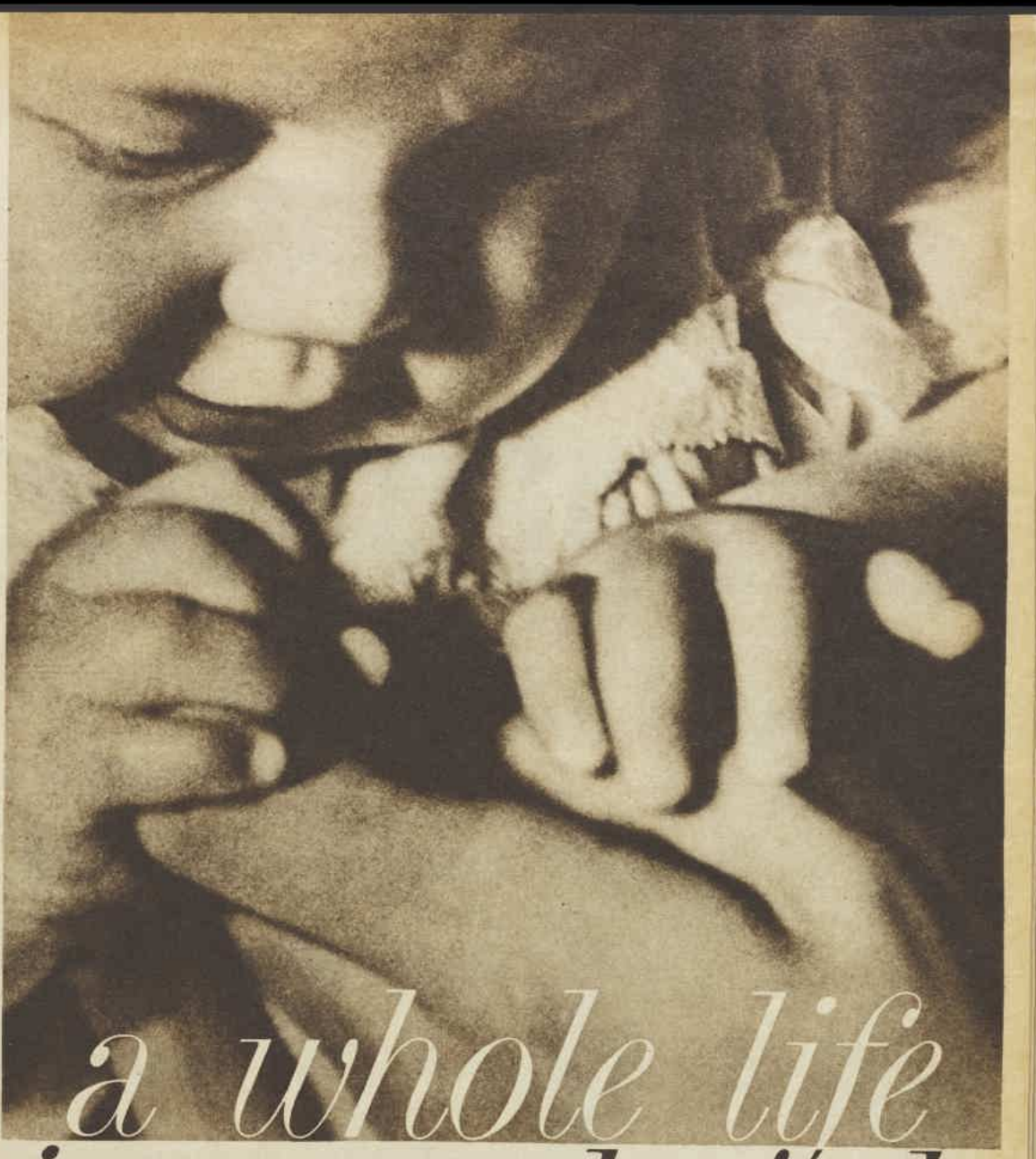
THE nap of velvets and such materials sometimes puzzles. So remember:

When the nap runs up, the fabric appears darker. To determine which way the nap runs, gently move the palm of your hand over the surface of the fabric. If it feels smooth, the nap is running down. If it feels a little rough, the nap is running up.

When cutting a garment, be sure the nap on all pieces is running in the same direction.



● *Diagram shows how to cut (top sketch) and trim (circular sketch).*



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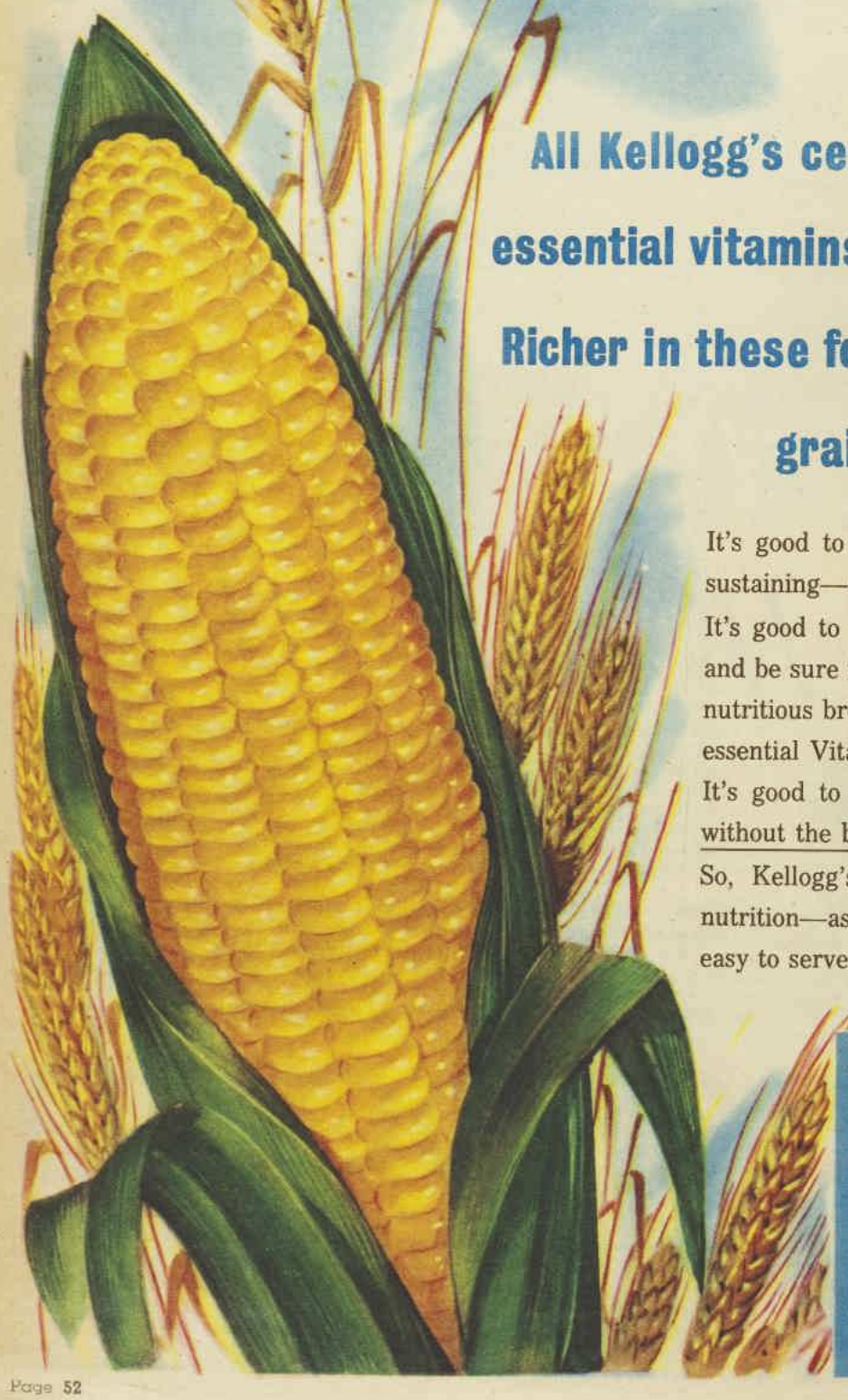
Kellogg's announce

FORWARD STEP IN DAILY



All Kellogg's cereals are now much richer in essential vitamins B_1, B_2, D niacin and food iron

Richer in these food values than the wonderful grains from which they are made

It's good to know that these delicious breakfast cereals—always sustaining—are the leaders in natural food nutrition.

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It's good to know that such wonderful food values are yours—without the bother of cooking.

So, Kellogg's cereals make a most important forward step in nutrition—as well as being truly delicious and so very quick and easy to serve.

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VITAMIN B1 —for healthy appetite, nervous system and digestive organs.
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Give your family the added nourishment they need each morning. Serve them their favourite Kellogg's cereals—now much richer in essential goodness than the whole grains from which they are made.

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Be sure it's Keen's MUSTARD

Use giant Wettex for cleaning your car!

SIFTED ICING SUGAR forms a simple but attractive finish for these coconut-topped fingers. See prizewinning recipe below.

Readers' recipes

● A biscuit recipe consisting of a delicate layer of pastry topped with lemon butter spread and an interesting coconut mixture wins the £5 prize this week.

RECIPES for veal chops served in a delicious wine sauce and popular apricot bread win consolation prizes of £1.

All spoon measurements are level.

COCONUT-TOPPED FINGERS

Four ounces biscuit pastry, lemon butter, 1 egg, 4oz. castor sugar, 2oz. butter (softened), 4oz. desiccated coconut, 3 tablespoons of cream or evaporated milk, icing-sugar.

Roll pastry out to ¼in. thickness, press into shallow tin. Prick lightly, spread with lemon butter. Beat egg until light, beat in sugar and butter. Stir in coconut and cream or evaporated milk. Spread over top of lemon butter, bake in moderate oven about 30 minutes. Cover with piece of paper if coconut begins to brown too soon. When cold, dust with sifted icing sugar or cover with chocolate glace icing. Cut into finger lengths.

First Prize of £5 to Miss M. Arnold, P.O. Box 279, Devonport, Tas.

VEAL CHOPS WITH WINE SAUCE

Three rashers bacon, 6 veal chops, salt, pepper, 1 finely chopped onion, ¼ cup chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 cup chicken stock, 1 cup dry white wine, 2 beaten egg-yolks, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, grated rind of 1 lemon, mashed potatoes, green peas.

Dice bacon, fry until crisp in deep frying-pan; drain. Add veal chops (seasoned with salt and pepper), fry 10 minutes or until browned on both sides; remove. Pour off excess fat, leaving only enough to cover base of pan. Add chopped onion, parsley, and saute 5 minutes. Blend flour and butter to paste, add to pan. Slowly stir in chicken stock and wine, bring to boil, stirring constantly. Simmer 5 minutes. Stir little sauce into egg-yolks, then stir warmed yolk mixture into sauce. Reheat, but do not allow sauce to boil. Add chops and bacon, reheat for few minutes. Just before serving, add lemon juice and rind. Spoon mixture into heated casserole-dish, top with mashed potatoes, green peas.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Kenny, Murton Ave., Holland Park, Brisbane.

APRICOT BREAD

Five and a half ounces dried apricots, 1½ cups boiling water, 2 eggs, 2 cups sugar, 2½ cups flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup chopped walnuts.

Soak apricots (cut up finely) in boiling water; cool. Beat eggs and sugar in large bowl until creamy. Fold in sifted flour, baking powder, soda, and salt alternately with apricot liquid. Then add chopped apricots and walnuts. Spoon mixture into greased and lined loaf-tin and bake in moderate oven 1¼ to 1½ hours.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Greenhill, 1 Huntingtower Rd., Armadale, Vic.

FAMILY DISH

LEMON crumb pudding is an easy-to-make sweet for family dinner. It serves 4 or 5 and costs approximately 4/3.

LEMON CRUMB PUDDING

Threequarters pint fresh milk, 2 tablespoons dry powdered milk, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons sugar, ½ cup soft breadcrumbs, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 3 or 4 tablespoons lemon spread, 1 extra egg-white, 2 extra tablespoons sugar for meringue.

Heat fresh milk to luke-warm, beat in dry powdered milk, eggs, and sugar. Beat until thoroughly mixed. Pour over crumbs and lemon rind in greased piedish. Place piedish in larger dish of warm water, bake in moderate oven approximately ¾ hour or until set. When cool, top with lemon spread. Make meringue with extra egg-white and extra sugar, pipe or spoon over top. Return to very moderate oven until meringue is set and lightly browned. Serve hot or cold.

Robin

STARCH keeps little frocks lovelier, longer

Cotton and linen frocks, shirts, aprons and everything you starch with Robin will have that lovely crisp, fresh look so much longer. So, for a perfect even finish, and to make ironing easier too, be sure you use Robin, the easy to mix powdered starch.

Robin STARCH

and for a sparkling white—never forget Reckitt's Blue.

Hey Mum! You can now get MILK CHOCOLATE LAXETTES

So gentle . . . so nice to take

MADE FOR THE 8 OUT OF 10 WHO PREFER MILK CHOCOLATE

Every child needs a laxative occasionally. When your children are bilious, sick, or off their food — give them Laxettes . . . and make them better overnight. **Easy to take** — no measuring. The dose is **always** exact. **No tummy upsets** — unlike oils or gritty bran foods, Laxettes are kind to delicate digestions. **No griping** — no embarrassing urgency. **Not habit-forming** — seldom needed the next day.

Look for new MILK CHOCOLATE LAXETTES in the RED packet. DARK CHOCOLATE LAXETTES come in the GREEN packet.

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VEAL CHASEN, a combination of meat, noodles and vegetables, is fine for an evening buffet party.

By
LEILA C. HOWARD
Our food and Cookery Expert

ONE MAIN DISH

● Entertaining a crowd at home, simply, easily, and without fuss, is a possibility if you concentrate on one main dish to be served piping hot from a buffet table.

THAT is what we have concentrated on this week—dishes designed to look handsome on a buffet table, and to serve and satisfy a crowd with ease.

Of course, you'll have lots of savory bits and pieces such as celery curls, radish roses, cucumber slices, salt sticks, pretzels, crisps, and savory biscuits to bolster up the one main dish, and plenty of hot coffee to add the last satisfying touch.

All spoon measurements in the following recipes are level. Quantities are sufficient for 8 to 10 persons.

VEAL CHASEN

Two pounds finely minced veal, 2lb. sausage mince, 2 onions, ½ teaspoon rosemary, salt, pepper, flour, oil, 3 stalks celery, 3 carrots, 10 small whole onions, 8oz. packet broad egg noodles, 3 pints stock or 3 bouillon cubes dissolved in 3 pints water, 1 bayleaf, 1 large tin tomatoes, ½ pint sour cream, 2 tablespoons grated horseradish, chopped parsley.

Combine veal, sausage mince, the 2 onions (finely diced), rosemary, salt and pepper. Mould into pieces the size of golf-balls, using floured hands. Heat little oil in large pan, add meat balls, and cook, tossing frequently, until browned all over. Remove, set aside. Using same pan, fry the chopped celery and carrot and small whole onions until lightly browned. Drain off any fat, return meat balls, pour over the stock, simmer 25 minutes. Add bayleaf, egg noodles, and chopped tomatoes (with juice). Cover, simmer further 15 minutes. Remove bayleaf, strain off the stock (this can be served as soup with another meal). Serve meat balls and vegetables as main dish. Combine sour cream and horseradish, spoon over meat balls. Sprinkle with chopped parsley if desired.

SALMON WITH CURRIED NUT RICE

Three 8oz. tins salmon (or 3 7oz. tins tuna can be substituted), 4½ cups cooked rice, 1 cup split blanched almonds, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 6oz. good shortening, 3 medium tomatoes (peeled and chopped), 1 clove garlic, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, pinch paprika and cayenne pepper, ½ teaspoon salt, 5 tablespoons flour, 4 cups milk, extra paprika.

Melt 4oz. of the shortening in large pan. Add tomatoes and finely chopped garlic, cook 2 to 3 minutes. Stir in flour, mix smoothly, cook 2 or 3 minutes, then stir in the milk and any liquid from fish. Continue stirring until sauce boils and thickens. Remove any dark skin and bones from salmon, break into flakes. Fold into sauce, adding Worcestershire sauce, paprika, cayenne pepper, and salt. Cover, keep hot over gently boiling water for 10 minutes. Meanwhile melt remainder of shortening in small shallow pan, add almonds and curry powder, and saute over heat, stirring constantly, until almonds are light golden-brown. Add to freshly cooked hot rice, toss lightly together to mix. Serve fish mixture over the curried nut rice, sprinkle with extra paprika.

SAVORY MINCE AND LASAGNA

Three-quarters pound lasagna (broad, ribbon-type macaroni), boiled and drained, 1½ cups chopped onion, 3 tablespoons good shortening (melted), 2 tablespoons oil, 2 cloves finely chopped garlic, 3lb. minced steak, ¾lb. salami sausage, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, ½ teaspoon allspice, good pinch cayenne pepper, 1 large tin tomato puree, ¼ cup grated cheese, 1 scant teaspoon salt.

Saute onion in shortening and oil for 10 minutes. Add finely chopped garlic, cook 5 minutes longer. Then add minced beef and chopped salami, continue cooking, stirring frequently, for 15 minutes. Add spices and salt. Pour tomato puree to depth of ¾in. into 2 ovenware dishes or one very large, deep one. Place layer of lasagna in each dish, then layer of meat mixture. Sprinkle with grated cheese. Repeat these layers, finish with top layer of lasagna. Pour half remaining tomato puree over top, reserving other half to be heated and served separately. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Serve hot.

SMOKED COD A LA PORTUGAISE

One and a half pounds smoked blue cod, 4 large old potatoes, 5 medium onions, 4 large tomatoes, 1 large green pepper, ¼ cup good shortening (melted), pepper, parsley.

Soak fish 1 hour in cold water, break into large flakes, discarding skin and bones. Peel and thinly slice potatoes, chop green pepper, peel and slice onions. Place thick layer of potato slices in each of 2 greased casseroles. Add layer of green pepper, layer of skinned, sliced tomato, and layer of flaked fish. Dust each layer with pepper. Continue until all ingredients are used, finishing with layer of tomato, green pepper, and onion mixed together. Dot liberally with good shortening. Bake in moderate oven 1½ hours. Serve hot sprinkled with parsley. It is not necessary to add salt, because the fish provides sufficient.

Continued overleaf

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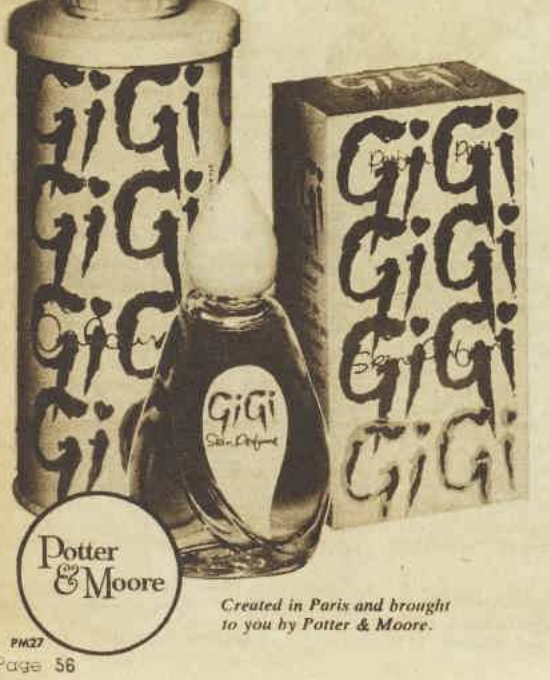
french perfume for me?

Oui Oui

GiGi



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Wear GiGi and, magically, the many
moods of Paris touch elusively about you.

The first hint of GiGi is all lightness, freshness
— Paris in Springtime.

But GiGi is will-o'-the-wisp, mischievous.

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GiGi awaits you in handbag-size perfume
— just 6/6; silky-soft talcum powder —
5/11; delightful skin perfume —
large bottle 9/11, small bottle 6/6.

Just arrived! See the Paris-styled GiGi gift sets at your favourite perfumery counter.

Potter & Moore

Created in Paris and brought to you by Potter & Moore.

PM27

One main dish

From previous page

HAM TETRAZZINI

Two pounds spaghetti (broken into short lengths), 2 tins concentrated mushroom soup, ¾ pint milk, 2 tablespoons finely chopped onion, 2 cups grated cheese, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon salt, good ¼ teaspoon pepper, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 3 tablespoons chopped red pepper, 4 cups chopped ham luncheon meat, tomato wedges.

Cook spaghetti until soft in boiling salted water, drain. Mix soup with milk, warm to blend smoothly. Add all other ingredients except meat and tomato wedges. Pour over spaghetti, toss to mix well. Place half mixture in one large or two smaller greased casseroles. Place meat mixture on top, cover with remaining spaghetti mixture. Heat in moderate oven. Garnish with tomato wedges.

PARTY FRANKFURTS

Two cups cooked lima beans, 2 tablespoons good shortening, 2 tablespoons flour, ¾ pint stock, 1 dessertspoon treacle, ½ large tin tomato soup, 2 rashers bacon, 1 cup thinly sliced onion, 1 12oz. tin whole kernel corn, 2lb. cocktail frankfurts (cut in halves), 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 teaspoons dry mustard.

Melt shortening, add onion, cook until soft and yellow but not brown. Add coarsely chopped bacon (rind removed), cook until just crisp. Stir in flour, mix smoothly, then add stock, treacle, beans, and tomato soup. Continue stirring until boiling. Turn into ovenware dish, bake in moderate oven 1 hour. Mix in corn, frankfurts, sauce, and mustard. Bake 20 to 30 minutes longer.

KIDNEYS LANDAISE

One dozen veal kidneys, 12 thin pork and veal sausages, 3 tablespoons finely chopped shallot or onion, 1½ cups sliced peeled mushrooms (or 1 large tin mushrooms in butter sauce), 1-3rd cup chopped green pepper, 4oz. good shortening, 3 tablespoons brandy, 1½ cups chicken or meat stock (or use packaged or tinned chicken soup), 2 tablespoons flour, good ½ teaspoon salt, pepper, 4½ cups cooked rice, chopped parsley.

Wash kidneys well, simmer 15 minutes in salted water. Drain, remove skins and cores, cut kidneys into ¼in. slices. Cover sausages with cold water, bring slowly to boil, simmer 5 minutes. Strain, cool slightly, remove skins. Cut into ¼in. slices. Saute shallots, mushrooms, and green pepper in shortening 5 minutes. If tinned mushrooms are used, add them after the shallots and green pepper have sauteed 5 minutes. Add kidneys and sausages, simmer 5 minutes, stirring once or twice. Heat brandy, light it, pour over kidney mixture. When flame dies down, stir in chicken stock. Cover, simmer 10 minutes. Stir in flour blended with extra ½ cup water, stir until mixture thickens. Season with salt and pepper, simmer 5 minutes. Serve over hot cooked rice mixed with parsley.

GOLDEN-TOPPED PIE

Four cups sliced cooked chicken, 2 large onions, ½ cup chopped celery, 1 cup green peas, 2 cups well-flavored white sauce, 3 cups cooked mashed potato, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 red pepper.

Chop onions, add to celery and peas, cover with boiling salted water, cook 5 or 6 minutes. Drain, add chicken pieces, stir in the white sauce and turn into one large or two small casserole dishes. Pipe potatoes in attractive design on top, sprinkle with melted butter and grated cheese. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes or until heated through. Garnish with parboiled strips of red pepper.

MEXICALE FARE

Half-pound pork sausage meat, 1½lb. finely minced steak, ¼ cup cold water, 3 onions (finely chopped), 1 green pepper (finely chopped), 2 cups chopped tomatoes, 1 cup whole kernel corn, chilli powder or sauce, salt, pepper, ¼ cup chopped ripe olives, ½ cup grated cheese.

Place sausage meat and minced steak in a large frying-pan with the water. Break into small pieces while heating slowly, increase heat, and brown meat all over. Drain off any fat, add onions, green pepper. Cook, stirring well, 5 minutes. Add tomatoes, corn, desired amount of chilli powder or sauce, salt, pepper. Cover, simmer 15 minutes, add olives. Turn into heated ovenproof dish, sprinkle with grated cheese. Place under griller, cook until cheese is bubbly.

MANDALAY CURRY

Three pounds chump, leg, or mutton chops, 1 cup sliced onions, fat for frying, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ½oz. curry powder, 4 cloves, 4 peppercorns, 1 bayleaf, 1 clove chopped garlic, 1 large tin evaporated milk, salt, pepper, ¼ cup blanched sliced almonds, 2 cups rice, 2 cups cooked potato cubes, 1 cup peas, 3 eggs, ¾ pint milk, 1oz. butter.

Fry onions in heated fat until golden brown, remove from pan; drain. Cut meat into service-size pieces, sprinkle with crushed garlic, curry powder, half the lemon juice. Fry in pan until lightly browned. Transfer meat and onions to large saucepan, add cloves, peppercorns, bayleaf, and evaporated milk (heated slightly with remainder of lemon juice). Season with salt and pepper, cover. Bring to the boil, simmer 1½ to 2 hours or until meat is tender, stirring occasionally, add almonds. Meanwhile prepare rice mixture. Cook rice in usual way, saute potato cubes in hot shortening until golden brown. Combine with drained rice and peas. Grease large ovenware dish, cover base with half rice mixture, arrange meat and remaining rice on top, pour over beaten eggs and milk; dot with butter, bake in moderate oven half hour, garnish with parsley, serve.

MEDLEY BAKE

Two 3lb. boiling fowls, 2 10oz. tins asparagus spears, 4 cups cream of mushroom soup, 1 cup cream or evaporated milk, 1½ teaspoons curry powder, 4 tablespoons chopped red pepper, salt, pepper, ¾ cup grated cheese, ½ cup soft breadcrumbs, good shortening.

Cook prepared fowls in pressure cooker with small quantity of water until tender (20 to 25 minutes). Remove skin, cut all flesh into chunky pieces. Place asparagus spears into 2 greased ovenware dishes (not too deep). Arrange chicken pieces on top. Combine soup (using any stock from cooker to make up to 4 cups), cream or evaporated milk, and curry powder. Heat, stirring constantly, until smooth. Add chopped red pepper, salt and pepper to taste. Pour over chicken and asparagus. Sprinkle with cheese and breadcrumbs mixed together. Dot with good shortening. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes.

NEXT WEEK: Seven-page Hostess Cook Book.

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The young child is an adventurer in a strange world and he meets with the risks which attend all adventurers.

Dangers every child must encounter

● The mother's impulse to shelter and protect the child is deep-seated, and the tendency to snatch the child away seems to be the first and natural reaction of parents in all danger situations.

VERBAL warnings are perhaps the most common method parents resort to in attempting to shield their children from danger situations.

"Don't touch," "Don't run out on the street," "Don't go near the water," "Keep away from the oven," "Don't play with matches"—are all verbal warnings with which we are familiar.

However, it has been proved that verbal warnings, unless accompanied by sensory experience, are often of little value.

The child who touches a hot oven quickly withdraws his hand, and if the word "hot" is systematically associated with this sensory experience it can be used as a substitute for that experience.

With little difficulty the child can then be taught to withdraw from danger-points on hearing the word "hot" without actually feeling the heat.

"Learning by experience" is not really practical, although some parents practise a method of letting a child find out by actual trial that knives will cut, that fire will burn, etc.

This is not the best way.

Even if not actually injurious, it may leave the child with a lasting dread or fear, as a result of a situation —although the parents merely meant the child to have a warning.

"Modified"

A "modified experience" by the child of potential dangers would perhaps be a better warning of danger risks.

By Sister Mary Jacob, our Mothercraft Nurse

If the child is exposed to the heat of a fire only enough to teach him that it will burn but not enough to burn him, if he feels the knife to know that it is sharp but is not allowed to cut himself with it, he may then learn to avoid dangers without the haunting dread often left after a real experience.

It is most important that the little child should be taught to be careful, but here also there may be undesirable results.

Too much restraint and protection will tend to make the child timid and dependant, or overrestraint may make a child impatient, defiant, or disobedient.

So more constructive ways of dealing with danger situations must be sought, and a learning process introduced which parents can direct and control.

Some of the essentials of this procedure are:

1. Eliminate needless risks.

Keep all medicines and poisons locked up and out of reach of the child.

Be sure kerosene and other cleansing materials are out of reach.

Keep upper windows barred or screwed, so that a child cannot lean out of the windows and fall out.

Keep fires, radiators, etc., screened.

Keep fishponds wired, gates securely fastened, etc.

2. Teach what the dangers are, and how to avoid them.

A good example of this teaching is fire drill in the home or in the school.

Here is a real-life instance of the good results:

Because her mother had always "drilled" her what to do if the house caught fire, a little girl rescued the younger children in a burning home and aroused the adults.

Tragedy was averted, for all lives were saved.

3. Help children to learn.

Children should learn to climb nimbly and safely and with confidence (on a safe climbing frame at first).

Traffic problems can often be solved by practising with little children how to cross a street—never to run across, and to look both ways before stepping off the footpath.

If a crisis does arise (such as a child climbing up a tree and getting frightened) the behaviour of the parent or adult present becomes the controlling factor in the situation.

The child's self-control will depend on that of the adult —if the latter betrays concern or excitement the child will be affected and serious consequences may result.

It is essential in a moment of danger to reinforce the child's confidence in himself.

This summer...

YOUTHFUL ENERGY

—even if you're over 35

"Everyone over 35 should take Vitamin-Mineral Capsules"

— advise world's leading dieticians.

Youthfulness — especially after 35—is a very precious thing. Once you have found it—never let it go! But have *you* found it? Do you know the secret, yet? Hundreds of thousands of Australians are recapturing the joys of youth this proven, scientific way — recommended by World Health Authorities. They are doing it with *vitamins* and *minerals*. Not just those haphazard amounts you get in your daily diet, but in *concentrated* capsule form called VYKMIN.

VITAMINS AND MINERALS IN BALANCED PROPORTIONS

VYKMIN Vitamin-Mineral Capsules bring you the *natural* way to good health and greater energy. That's why it is so necessary to supplement your daily diet with Vykmin Vitamin-Mineral Capsules. They supply a balanced daily intake of vitamins, plus important minerals so vital to your daily diet. Take just two every day (one black, one red), you'll feel and see your health and vitality improve — *in a very short time.*

Remember — this way — the VYKMIN way is the *natural* way to good health!

9 VITAMINS—4 MINERALS
The daily dose of one red and one black capsule supplies:
Vitamin B1 (333 I.U.)
Vitamin B2 Riboflavin (1 mg.)
Vitamin B6 (0.1 mg.)
Vitamin B12 (1 mcgm.)
Vitamin A (5,000 I.U.)
Vitamin C (300 I.U.)
Vitamin D (750 I.U.)
Vitamin E (1.25 mgs.)
Vitamin PP Nicotinamide, 10 mgs.
Phosphorus, 15.2 mgs.; Calcium, 30.4 mgs.; Iron, 17.3 mgs. and Manganese, 0.5 mgs.
Laboratory fresh — hermatically sealed in gold foil.

Vykmin Vitamin-Mineral Capsules

FROM YOUR FAMILY CHEMIST:
2 weeks' supply, 9/6 . . . 4 weeks' supply, 18/-.
A PRODUCT OF SCOTT & BOWNE VY147

Now! ROBINSON'S Baby Rice Cereal

the new *pre-cooked* weaning food

. . . in powder form

Robinson's Baby Rice Cereal is specially made as a weaning food for babies. It is pre-cooked rice in powder form, containing vitamins and minerals to provide easily assimilated nourishment essential for your baby's strength and growth. This new baby food has proved most popular in the United Kingdom and is recommended by Infant Welfare Centres there. Now, for the first time, Australian babies can enjoy it, too.

FOR STURDY GROWTH AND CONTENTED FEEDING

When your baby is ready for weaning, an all-milk diet ceases to be satisfying, and this is the time to introduce Baby Rice Cereal. Babies love the delicious creamy flavour of this nourishing baby cereal, which provides in easily digestible form, basic diet requirements necessary during the weaning period.

READY IN AN INSTANT

Baby Rice Cereal is prepared in an instant by simply stirring it into warm (boiled) milk.

TODDLERS, TOO!

Toddlers, too, thrive on Robinson's Baby Rice Cereal. They love it sprinkled on their food, or made up into the special recipes given on the pack.

ROBINSON'S

Baby Rice Cereal

By the makers of Robinson's Patent Groats and Barley

FREE SAMPLE OFFER.
Send for a free trial sample to Reckitt & Colman (Aust.) Ltd., Box 2515, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.
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Make sandwiches more satisfying ...

with KRAFT CHEDDAR . . . your best cheese for sandwiches

CUT LUNCH IDEAS

You can surprise the family every lunch-time . . . when you make sandwiches with Kraft Cheddar. The mellow flavour teams deliciously with so many other fillings . . . and Kraft Cheddar costs so little. Try these sandwich suggestions:

Quick and easy sandwiches

- ★ Sliced Kraft Cheddar Cheese, lettuce, and tomato.
- ★ Shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese, thinly sliced onion, and peanut butter.
- ★ Shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese, chopped nuts and dates.
- ★ Sliced Kraft Cheddar Cheese and celery strips.
- ★ Sliced Kraft Cheddar Cheese, lettuce and chutney.
- ★ Sliced Kraft Cheddar Cheese, sliced frankfurts and tomato sauce.
- ★ Sliced Kraft Cheddar Cheese, sliced banana and lemon juice.
- ★ Sliced Kraft Cheddar Cheese, tomato and parsley.
- ★ Shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese, mashed sardines and a dash of vinegar.

Start cut lunches the right way — with Kraft Cheddar. Slices easily — no rind, no waste. And mellow Kraft Cheddar gives your family the flavour they enjoy — and nourishment they need — because it takes a whole gallon of milk to make every pound of this fine cheese.

Get Kraft Cheddar in the 8 oz. and 1 lb. packets, 1 oz. portions, and the family size 2 lb. pack.

Cheese is a wonderful food — always put a Cheese from KRAFT on your table

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done if he'd had any sense. This afternoon, when I got back to the hotel, they said they hadn't seen him. But I didn't really begin to worry till now. I thought he'd turn up, thought he was probably roaming around on his own—you know how kids are—"

Walter shut him off. "Yes, I know how kids are, but apparently you don't. And let me tell you something, and I mean what I am saying in all seriousness. If you try to have anything to do with this boy in the future, I will have his mother take legal action against you. So the best thing for you to do is just stay away! Do I make myself clear?"

"Quite clear, Father," said Charlie. "Tell John that I forgive him, that I love him dearly and I'll see him soon," and hung up.

Walter placed the receiver slowly on to its cradle. "I might as well be talking to the wind," he said.

After he told them Charlie's end of the conversation, the three sat quietly for a while. Their thoughts were with the child upstairs.

"Let's not gloss over this." Walter spoke finally. "I mean in discussing it with the boy. It would be cruel. If we soften it in any way it will simply mean that he'll have to go through it all over again at some other time in some other disastrous experience."

"John is still thinking that there must have been an accident—that his father was run over or something," said Virginia.

"Well, Virginia, maybe you'd better go tell him that there was no accident, at least let him have that relief."

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

Continuing . . . THE INCREDIBLE CHARLIE CAREWE

"I think I'd better." She paused at the door. "What in the world do I say to him! Because Charlie's not going to stay away, you know."

John sat up quickly when he heard Virginia snap on the bedlamp. She smiled at him, saying gently, "I brought you some fruit juice, John. Want to wake up and drink it? How's the head?"

"Oh, okay, I guess. Thanks—boy, am I thirsty." Gulping down the juice, drinking half of it, he looked over the edge to Virginia's calm face, the questions returning.

Virginia nodded, understanding. "Yes, we've heard from your father. Nothing's happened to him."

JOHN lowered his eyes and handed the glass back to Virginia, without looking at her. "Thanks—that was nice and cool. Aunt Virginia, could I please have some more tissues—I think I've about used up this boxful."

"Of course." Virginia went into the bath and brought out a fresh carton. As she came back she watched the battle John was fighting for control.

Impulsively Virginia reached to put an arm around his shoulders, but he pulled away from her violently.

"Don't, Aunt Virginia! I'm trying not to cry, and if you touch me I'll be a darn fool baby!"

"There's no law against it, honey. Most people—not just babies — cry when they lose something they thought was valuable. And you've lost something — something that's been dear to you most of your life."

John looked puzzled. "He did just go off and leave me—I thought that. But I felt like it was my fault."

"How in the world was it your fault!"

"Oh—he'd been mad at me again—about the girl."

"Do you want to tell me about it?"

He wanted to, with all his heart. Being able to was another matter. He didn't even know why, but he had felt revolted, frightened. It wouldn't leave his mind.

"Well, you see . . ." He sniffled and blew his nose again. How to say that what you thought was clean and shining and good was the same thing that Grand-mere had used to describe as "Pigs!" in quiet contempt when she ousted some noisy, drunken couple from the tavern. His father, he had thought, was going to be finer, better even than those fathers of his school friends.

"Dad had taken this suite at the hotel. It was really great. Two rooms with a bath between. I went to bed right after dinner. I was really tired." No need to tell more than that—no need to say he was keyed up and hoping they'd see something of Boston at night-time, just a walk maybe. But Dad had seemed in a hurry, he had some friends on the other side of town. There was nothing to do but read some magazines for a while.

"I woke up about three o'clock, and I had to go to the bathroom—and this—this girl was there." He squirmed his shoulders again in remembered embarrassment, and at the embarrassment of telling it.

"Did that bother you!" Charlie had said to his son. "Well, boy, you sure have a lot to learn—get rid of those silly kid feelings. Happens all the time, boy, happens all the time."

from page 36

"I suppose it happens all the time"—John did not realise that Virginia caught the sound of quotes—"and I shouldn't have mentioned it, but I know he was out of sorts with me for the rest of the day. That's why I thought—"

Virginia was livid with anger; and only Walter's admonition not to gloss over matters kept her from bolting from the room.

"It doesn't 'happen all the time,' John! If your father isn't a decent human being, if he is careless and irresponsible, it is something you are going to have to face—squarely and fearlessly. I'm sorry, John, I'm deeply sorry. You've had an image, a dream that — well, really nobody could have lived up to—but I'm sorry it's had to be shattered this violently."

She watched him, his brown hands gripping the blanket, swallowing hard, beating his dream to death. It gave a last gasp, a last try at survival. "Do you mean—you don't seem surprised or anything—isn't this, well, kind of a set of unusual—"

"Unusual circumstances? Let's say 'particular' inasmuch as nothing exactly like it happened before."

Some of the suffering disappeared from his face and he looked thoughtful. He was leaving his pain rather than the pain leaving him.

"You know, John, I believe there's some strawberry ice-cream in the refrigerator. Would you like some?"

It was a pale imitation of the usual star-spangled response. "Yes, thank you, Aunt Virginia—sounds real good."

"Coming up. Want some cookies?"

"I don't think so — my throat's kinda sore." Tight and sore from swallowing tears.

In the kitchen Virginia handed the bowl of ice-cream with a spoon to Gregg, saying, "Take over, will you? I'm not holding up very well. I'm so disgusted and ashamed that I haven't any bedside manner left in me."

When Gregg went in, John was lying with his face towards the windows, which were wet with fog. He turned quickly. "Hi, Gregg! Oh, boy, that looks good!"

"How are you doing?" said Gregg.

"Oh, fine," replied John with exaggerated cheerfulness, and fell to, hungrily. He wanted no more painful discussions, Gregg could see, so he discreetly led the conversation into the merits of ice-cream for a cold, the merits of ice-cream, period; and then told him stories of his own childhood, sticking to episodes that were light and amusing. Soon John was laughing genuinely, relaxed, and Gregg said, "Hey, you've got to get some sleep, you know! Strict instructions from Aunt V."

"I think I'd better write M'ma tomorrow, like you said I should. I suppose I'll be in bed, anyway, and I might as well fill in the time some way."

"Fine!"

John put the empty bowl, scraped clean, on to the table beside the bed. Thoughtfully he said, "I think maybe it'd be a good idea — for the Christmas holidays—if I went home."

"Well — hasn't that always been the idea, John? Or are you homesick? Would you like to go back—now?"

John shook his head slowly. "No — no, I'm not homesick. But you know, Grand-mere is getting so old. Oh — shucks, that's not it!" He brought a fist down on the blankets in exasperation.

"I think," Gregg said carefully, "I think that you want another look at your mother. I think you understand some things about her that you didn't before. Is that close?"

John nodded, with a look of surprise. "Yeah, that's it."

"Well, when you write to her I'd do better than the usual 'I'm fine. How are you?' At least try to get in one phrase, one that I know she'll be interested in: 'I love you very much—' "

John grinned his embarrassment, and then at Gregg's serious face, said, "Okay, okay!"

Turning out the lamp, Gregg said, "Get some sleep now, and if you want anything — sing out."

Gregg closed the door behind him softly. He felt relieved and secure in the knowledge that the resilience of the very young was one of the things

To page 61

FROM THE BIBLE

• ***"And whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be servant of all." Mark 10:44.***

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Continuing . . . THE INCREDIBLE CHARLIE CAREWE

that was most dependable about them.

He was sure that in later years John would understand better why "nobody told me." Charlie had to happen to a person, he thought. You couldn't say anything about him to anyone that would be sufficient warning. John had had his first-hand shock and would recover. It was up to Gregg and Virginia to see to it that he learned from the experience — to be wary and on guard.

Gregg rubbed the back of his neck, realising he was full of tensions. He started upstairs to his room. It had been a long day, and he wanted a bath and solitude, he was behind on his work—worst of all, his love for Virginia was becoming intolerable.

It was John who had brought them unexpectedly closer to their relationship. He seemed like a child they might have had. His care was divided between them, and they were bonded to protect him. In the brief time he had been at Nelson he had become a part of them, and automatically it was Gregg to whom he looked for discipline and Virginia for sticking-plaster. They sought each other's faces when he accomplished something, and together they commended him. They suffered together in his short absence, and when he was safely home, for the first time, Virginia had impulsively thrown her arms around Gregg, burying her face on his shoulder in relief.

For a long moment he had held her quietly, feeling her hair against his lips, feeling her body against his, and suddenly his arms locked around her, and just as suddenly he let her go before there was a possibility that she might protest.

Sometimes he hated himself for his caution, his distrust of spontaneous expression. All his life he had been the spectator, the listener; learning and absorbing and weighing. It was not a lack of warmth, as some thought, it was a regard for the rights and differences and opinions of others.

Occasionally he considered leaving Nelson, of wrapping Virginia up in possessive isolation from all memories of Jeff, from the family home, from her constant concern and fear of Charlie, even from John. It was foolishness, of course. It was just as foolish to think of himself in any way as not "part of the family."

But it was the years-old role of the family friend that was the real basis of his caution. He was afraid if he revealed himself to Virginia, revealed his emotions and need for her, she would recoil as from a stranger. His nerves were making it difficult to live with the situation, and he thought as he stood in the doorway of his room that perhaps it might be a good thing if he went away for a while after John was safely installed in school in September. There was a job in Washington.

. . . . . .

Larry Payne, Gregg's psychiatrist friend, had said over the phone, "Had an interesting encounter with your friend Carewe. I'd like to talk to you about it."

Gregg had hoped that there might be some new development, even some evidence that would warrant Charlie's commitment, something that would keep him out of the world and give a little peace of mind to those around him.

But apparently Charlie had visited Larry at his clinic for the sole purpose of getting back the money he had donated to Larry's clinic. He'd been appalled to discover that it wasn't lying there gathering interest, for he'd evidently felt that he'd

from page 59

set Larry Payne up in something like a profitable oil business and that the original amount would still be intact. Larry had disillusioned him as gently as he could.

Charlie had stayed for hours, enjoying the attention he received from Dr. Payne and his staff. "It was interesting for us also because usually any attempt to get a psychopath in

● Crying is the refuge of plain women, and the ruin of pretty ones.

—Oscar Wilde

for observation is about as successful as using a butterfly-net to capture a kangaroo in full flight. Mostly we get them after they've had a brush with the law; after they've done something so fantastic that a mental hospital is the only answer. Then, unfortunately, because they don't fall into any psychotic category, they cannot technically be held.

"But the typical—the pure—psychopath rarely makes the headlines. He is too clever, too evasive. Evasiveness is one of his distinguishing traits. The 'higher type'—the ones with good backgrounds, education, etc.—are distinguished by their ability to keep out of gaol, usually by exploiting the sympathies of those around them who love them."

He caught the flicker in Gregg's eyes; he knew he had hit something close, but discreetly did not pursue it, continuing, "And, of course, against the background of a mental institution, his superficial appearance and manner are deceptively normal. The nurses fall in love with him and relatives enlist the help of doctors to effect his release, and away he goes and all hell breaks loose again!" He chuckled. "I've never met one that wasn't a charmer."

"But what is to be done? Apparently it's a big problem," said Gregg.

"Takes time, Gregg. It is full of contradictions, opinions, but there will come a time when it is better understood, better defined—and, of course, better treated. One writer said, 'The psychopathic delinquent is the orphan of both penology and psychiatry.' "

Gregg said, "You knew Charlie pretty well, Larry. Years ago. Could you have predicted anything about him?"

"Of course — and did — to you!"

"I mean perhaps some of the tremendous heartbreak the man has caused — and perhaps will cause — might have been prevented."

"Your own experience, Gregg, has proved it couldn't. Didn't you tell me about the wall of disbelief you ran into whenever you suggested some of the things I told you? The common revulsion against the stigma of anything being wrong with 'the mind'? It is hard enough to get the co-operation of families in the grossest, most obvious cases, let alone a type it takes an expert to recognise."

"Well, how can the layman recognise it and what can he do about it?"

"Gregg, the layman is no fool. I must amend what I said. He is aware that something is wrong, but he puts up with him, excuses him, gets involved with him before he knows it. And now in these days of that dangerous 'little knowledge' people search for motives, and that is even more baffling because he does not seem to be the victim of conflicts, of early traumas, broken homes, over-protection, alcoholism, all the favorite themes of the literature and drama of today. He is not driven by dark passions; there is no delight in evil, no tortured hate of life, no vivid needs. He is a tragic waste—he wastes himself and life and people because he has no values. He is not even aware that he lacks values. He's far from rare, you know . . ."

Gregg laughed. "Surely there could only be one Charlie in the world!"

"In the sense that everyone is unique — yes," agreed Larry. "but he is — well, a Goering, he is the ne'er-do-well of Victorian fiction; he is the ordinary con man or the irresponsible vagabond hopping freights. One thing they have in common: they all defeat themselves. They may be successful but, inevitably, whatever they have built they pull down around themselves. Again, it's because they cannot learn from mistakes; they cannot build securely."

"How about suicide?" Gregg asked, and smiled at the twinkle in Dr. Payne's eyes.

"Sorry. Very rare. Oh, they'll talk about it—even make dramatic attempts, well-planned attempts that fail, but, of course, succeed in getting them what they want. No, what I meant by self-defeat is—well, just exactly what is happening in Charlie's case. I was very sorry, naturally, but not surprised when he told me the state of his finances. It must have taken tremendous energy to

To page 63

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Continuing . . . THE INCREDIBLE CHARLIE CAREWE

from page 61

dispose of so many assets—social and financial— Oh, incidentally, what about the son? I was extremely happy to hear Charlie complain about the fact that you and the family had 'completely alienated him'!"

"We didn't have to! Charlie did it all by himself. We just stood by. Charlie disappointed John on numerous occasions; he shocked him, he embarrassed him with his school friends, until finally John developed a kind of healthy indifference."

Payne smiled, nodded approvingly. "Good, good, that's the ticket. I doubt if the boy could have achieved it, however, if he had been with his father from the beginning of his life—"

"Probably not. It provoked a great emotional discovery between him and his mother, a very gratifying one to both of them."

"How so?"

"Because she had left the discovery up to him. She never said anything about Charlie. But now he feels nothing but admiration for her for not knocking his father. The kind of 'wall' that was between them has broken through because of John's firsthand experiences. He wants her to go to California with him when he goes to work for Herb at the lab, but I don't think she'll budge. She runs a fine vacation spot in Clarke Falls. Fox Fire Lodge, it's called."

"Then it's the sister — Virginia — who most concerns you in regard to Charlie, is that right?"

Caught off guard, Gregg didn't reply.

The doctor persisted, gently. "You are more than intellectually interested in this man, Gregg. What can I do, my friend? How can I help you?"

"I wish I knew," said Gregg seriously, shaking his head. "I suppose I can only stick around, try to outguess him, although I haven't done very well in the past. And lately I've been too occupied with my own problems to do very much about it."

"Ah, yes, of course, your job in Washington," said Larry.

"From what you've told me," Gregg said, "I think I'd better go back to Nelson."

"Charlie headed for home, is that it?"

"Naturally. There's no place left for him to go. Walter has wisely kept him down to an allowance, what Charlie calls 'petty cash,' but, even so, he has an easy life. But that's not what I mean. You see, I became emotionally involved with Virginia, who, to her regret and to my misery, wants no part of me except as a friend."

Payne nodded sympathetically. "And you are torn between duty and emotional self-preservation, is that it?"

"I'm no hero, Larry. I rationalised my way out of the situation to myself and to the family whom I love. My trips to Washington became more and more extended. I said that they 'needed' me down there. It was just an escape, that's all.

● Jazz will endure as long as people hear it through their feet instead of their brains.
—John Philip Sousa

I felt that as long as I kept track of Charlie, and kept in touch with Virginia and her parents, I was doing my share. Oh, I don't know what I thought, except that it was just too difficult for me to live under the same roof with Virginia. John was away — at school and with his mother—"

"But it is Virginia you wish to help, isn't that right?" the doctor persisted.

"Yes. Yes—and Walter and Bea. If Charlie is going to stay at Nelson permanently—and I don't see how he can do anything else — I think I'd better be there. I can't do much, but maybe I can keep in the way—keep between him and his effect on them. Virginia has an ambiguous — or ambivalent, you might say — feeling towards him. She hates what he has done, but she will always love the brother — with her own, particular, dear, touching loyalty." He paused to light a cigarette. "Bea, of course, sees him only as she wants to, but she is easily upset when, at times, he is not the fine, loving son. And he gives Walter ulcers. I tell you, Larry, it is a dreary household — as unhappy a place as you can imagine."

"There is one thing, Gregg, that might help you. You must beware of letting him pull you down to an emotional level; don't let him engulf you. It would mean your own destruction, and it would be futile, like shaking your fist in a hurricane."

Gregg laughed. "I'm a peaceful man, Larry — I go to pour oil on troubled waters, not to stir them up!"

. . . . . .

Gregg felt weary from the long drive. It was about nine o'clock when he drove through the big wrought-iron gates. The smell of the sea expanded his lungs; the dark, irregular outline of the house, the glimmer of the verandah light, all the familiarity brought an ache of nostalgic pleasure to him, and in moments he would hear Virginia saying, "Why, Gregg! How nice."

And so he was quite unprepared for the cool, unsmiling indifference, for the hostesslike way she took his briefcase while he carried his two heavy bags up the stairs. Nodding towards Charlie's door, he asked, "Is Charlie here?"

Virginia replied, "Oh, no, he left about half an hour ago." She also said that Walter was spending the evening at the Shelleys' and that the night nurse for Bea had arrived a little while ago."

"And you, Virginia? What is the matter with you?" She had switched on the lamps in his room and raised the windows to the summer night. She turned, and for the first time he had a clear look at her in the warm glow of the desk lamp. She was pale, her lips colorless, the shadows under her eyes made them enormous.

"I'm so glad you're here, Gregg, I can't tell you how glad." Her voice was flat, containing nothing of gladness.

Gregg stared at her a moment and then dropped his bags where he stood and strode over to her. "I want to know, Virginia! What's happened!"

She looked at him, and for the first time there was a shadow of a smile. "The image is gone, Gregg." His hands tightened a little as she went on. "I think—I know I must love you very much. I think I must have loved you for a long time without realising it."

The words were there. Finally —at last. The joy, the relief, should have been enormous, but it surged up against the barrier of her attitude — disturbed, haunted. He took refuge in lightness. "Well, what's so terrible about that, my darling? Is it such a surprise to you? Am I as bad as all that?"

The faint smile disappeared, and she turned, rubbing her

To page 64

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Continuing . . . THE INCREDIBLE CHARLIE CAREWE

forehead with the tips of her fingers.

Concerned, he said, "You know, you look like the devil; here, sit down. Let me get you something." He led her to the big chair and she sat into it like an automaton, her face like clay. "Do you want me to call Bea's nurse, Virginia? Maybe she could give you something."

She frowned and shook her head. "No, I don't want anybody to know."

"To know what?" She made no response. Frantically, he dug through the cabinet at the end of the room. He found a bottle of rum. He rinsed out a glass in the bathroom and poured a couple of fingers of the dark liquid, offering it to her. "Drink it, Virginia. All of it."

She downed it, gasping, and in a few moments her color returned. "I'm sorry," she said, "I've just felt so — I thought I was going to faint.

"It's funny, your arriving like this," she smiled, "you must be psychic or something. I was sending you all kinds of messages." He waited, relieved, knowing that she would talk now.

"It was this afternoon—remember the little pancake piece of white jade you gave me about a year ago?" He nodded. "It was like a talisman. I was holding it in my hands, just kind of absently, you know—it feels so cool. And I was looking out of the window, and there was a dove in the elm tree outside, and he was saying over and over—you know how that little call sounds: 'I—mourn—my love!' and I was thinking of Jeff. Only I realised it wasn't Jeff — Jeff was gone, really gone. And the word wasn't 'mourn.' It was 'need.' 'I need my love.'" Her eyes filled with tears as she went on. "But I was afraid, afraid of it being just needing, and not love."

"But that's part of it — what's wrong with needing?"

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from page 63

"Because I don't want to marry you just because I feel confused and dependent and helpless. You deserve all my love, Gregg; I don't want to come to you just because I want protection—" She started sobbing deeply, painfully, and he drew her to him.

"Virginia!" he said sharply. "Virginia, it's something to do with Charlie, isn't it? Is that what you meant by wanting protection? If he's hurt you—"

"No, no," Virginia protested, "that isn't it—not quite." She brought down her fist on the arm of the chair. "If I could just stop this idiotic crying—it's just that I'm so full of relief that you're here — I've been walking around with a stream inside of me that won't come out—since last night—"

Gregg waited, knowing that the tears and the talk were discharging an unbearable tension, and that whatever had caused it could be dealt with in due time. Her arms were tight around his neck now, her face buried in his shoulder, and her sobbing had changed to deep staccato sighs.

"I'm—I'm dripping tears all over your collar," she gasped.

He pulled out the folded handkerchief from his jacket pocket.

She mopped her face and blew her nose and, sniffing, said, "I'll put it in the wash." Then, as she caught the waiting look in his eyes, she leaned back in the chair, her face composed, her voice normal. "I can't, I can't tell you, Gregg. You simply wouldn't believe me."

"My darling, you'd better get it out."

She thoughtfully traced a vein on the back of his hand as it lay on the arm of the chair. "We've been through too much together—we've watched Charlie 'operate,' as you've said. We know that there is something absurd, tragically absurd, in everything he's ever done. Since he's come back this last time, he's been tiresomely childish, petulant; we have daily 'episodes'—he quarrels with me, he quarrels with Dad, or tries to."

"Daddy's home!"

"There's no point in giving him money, I suppose?"

"What's the use? As Dad says, if we gave him any sizeable amount he'd simply blow it and come back for more."

"Well—you may have to arrive at a sort of investment figure—enough to keep him away occasionally."

"Maybe—after Mum goes. It's a dual dilemma at the moment. By not giving him money we keep him here for her sake, because it pleases her."

"She's really dying, then? Poor Bea—"

"She might go very suddenly, or she might last for months. You see, I can't just think of myself. I'd like to have you take me away this night, this moment; I'd like to run where I would never have to see my brother's face again, but I have to be here, to 'just happen' to follow him into Mum's room, to divert him when he starts to quarrel with Dad. Like last night."

She closed her eyes. "He seemed depressed, and had quite a bit to drink—of course that's another thing—he seems to have to stay on a kind of sober-drunk plateau that exaggerates everything."

"Virginia," Gregg insisted, "tell me what really did happen last night?"

"Why me, Gregg?" She opened her eyes. "Technically," she said harshly, "he didn't make the grade, but even so my skin still crawls, he came so close to—what is the cliche—'overpowering me.'"

Gregg swore softly, and then drew in a deep breath. He put a hand gently on the dark hair, saying softly, "I'll kill him, if you say so—"

She took his hand and held it against her cheek. "Oh, sure, that would fix everything just fine. No, what you've got to do is help us both simply to bear the sight of him."

After Virginia, exhausted, had gone to her own room, Gregg sat quietly, thinking desperately that they should have been swept into each other's arms, saying all the foolish lovely words, whispering in the ageless wonder at the collapse of the barriers of human separateness; instead, Charlie had stood between them, smiling, candid, impudent; lifting his shoulders in the familiar attitude of "What did I do?" Embarrassed, shocked, they could only touch gently, kiss gently.

Gregg wondered for a moment about others who had formed some relationship with Charlie. He wondered how

To page 65

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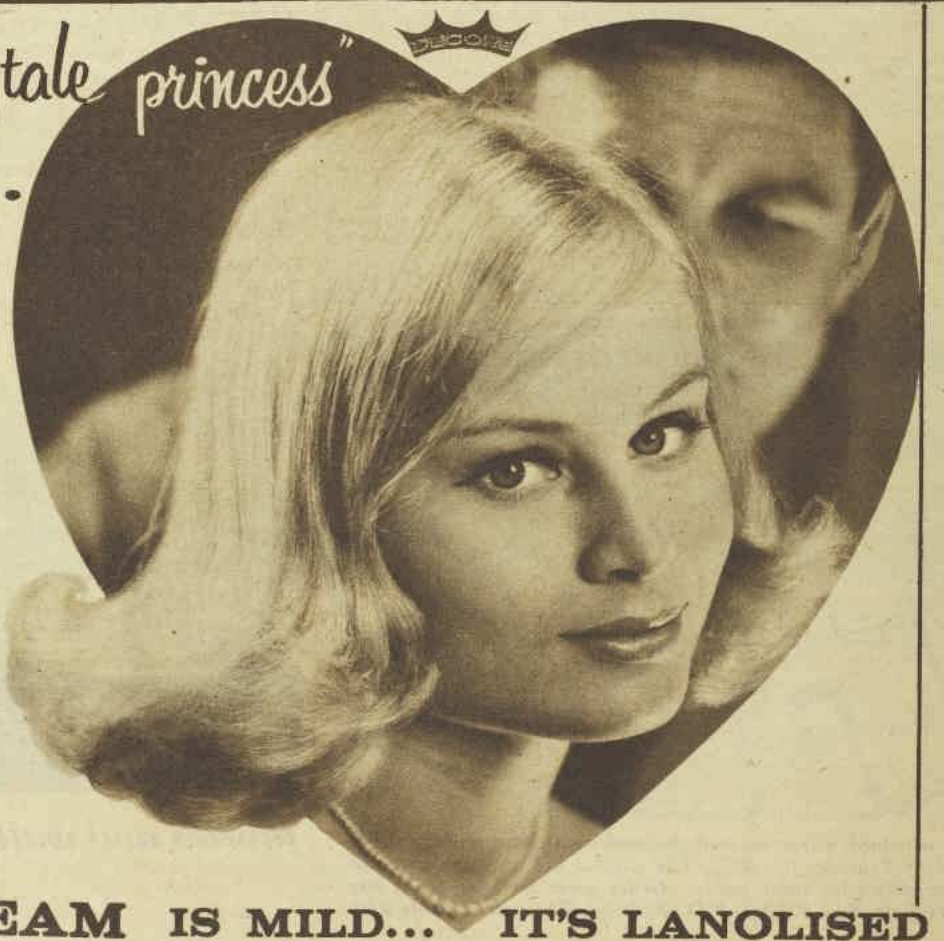

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Jan W. of Wollongong.

Dear Jan . . .

So easy you can do it at home! Decore Magic Silverwhite will give your hair those wonderful ash-blonde tones you've admired on top film stars. If any readers have blonded their hair and wish to go ash-blonde, they should use Decore Silvermink. Decore products are available at your local chemist.

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Continuing . . . THE INCREDIBLE CHARLIE CAREWE

from page 64

ey had fared. Most of them, encumbered by intimate ties, a very short time had probbly dusted their hands and rned their backs on him. p to now, his own position ad been a similar one. Without becoming involved he had atched and listened and all at had weighed on him was e frustration of being unable help. Now, of course, when e became Virginia's husband, e would be in a stronger position. To do what? What did ghts have to do with it?

His new strength in the ride of becoming Virginia's usband must be counted as othing. It was only an emoon. Authority, legal and oral, was simply a word. onically, the closer the relaonship, the more vulnerable e became.

Charlie had a mother and ther; one had become a hypohondriacal little doll with a t sweet smile, willing to adit only her own illness; the ther was prematurely aged, itter, disappointed. A sister ad watched the torn sails of little boat, fluttering, sendg a message of death. A wife ho made the headlines: "Witesses Say Intoxicated . . . alls . . ." Mavis. And ohn. And the little, petty ings. A whole silly, slippery, asperating pageant.

What had Larry Payne counelled? "Don't let him engulf ou—it might mean your own estruction—it would be futile, ke shaking your fist at a hurricane . . ." He got to his feet, hurriedly straightened his tie, saying, "Thanks, Larry, but I've got to go out and shake my fist at a hurricane!" Grabbing his coat, he went quietly but swiftly down the stairs.

Being on the move relieved some of his tension. His car protested and choked at the demand for speed. He had turned north out of the driveway, and in a few minutes he was on the bridge over the Ainsford River.

The gaudy neon sign of the Tam o' Shanter Inn blinked into view and he took his foot off the accelerator and moved into position to make a left turn into the parking lot. There was a car coming toward him, which, instead of staying in the right lane, suddenly swerved to the centre. Instantly Gregg forced his own wheel over to the right and pulled up to a stop on the soft shoulder. A second later another car zigzagged, and he heard a loud shout from a group near the entrance of the nightclub on the opposite side.

It was Charlie they were cheering, Gregg could see; Charlie, coatless, grinning, standing away from the kerb of the strip of sidewalk. He was holding his jacket by the shoulders in front of him, shaking it, calling "Ha! Toro!" as a car approached, startling the driver with a flash of his coat, which he was using like a bullfighter's cape.

Gregg watched, fascinated. One car, a small sports model, coming fast, almost tipped on to two wheels, skidding away with a curse from the driver. The group yelled, "Ole!"

Gregg watched the deadly nonsense, thinking, "How does he keep from being killed!" He clenched his fists, admitting to himself that he wished it, that he was hoping, willing that the next driver would see him too late. At that moment the group seemed to lose interest in the game, either from nerves or from boredom, and they broke up, some heading with loud good-nights to the parking lot, and others going back into the club, including Charlie with his erstwhile aficionados.

Gregg waited outside until he saw Charlie come out and drive away. He was just starting after him when a patrol car drove up and its occupants spoke briefly to the parking attendant. Gregg went up to the attendant and asked him where Mr. Carewe had gone.

The man chuckled. "That's just what the State Patrol was asking me. They said he'd swiped someone's car last night and wrecked it. But Carewe has only gone home to pick up his bongo drums and is coming back, I think, but you never know with him."

When Gregg arrived at the Carewe house, the patrol car was standing behind Charlie's car in front of the verandah steps.

THE porch light and the lights in the living-room were blazing; one of the officers was speaking into the radio phone, leaning with one arm on the door of the car.

Gregg drew up behind him and, getting out, slammed the door impatiently. He walked towards the officer, who looked up at him quickly and said, "Just a moment, sir," detaining him peremptorily. Back into the phone, he said, "Yeah, still alive, but just. Back's broken . . ." and then, as he replaced the instrument, he said, "I wouldn't go in just now, sir, there's been an accident."

Without waiting to answer, Gregg was on his way up the steps when the officer again stopped him. "Please — sir, there's nothing to be done, the man's dying—" but Gregg was already flinging the screen door open, and then stopped cold as he looked at the scene in the hall.

Charlie lay in a shimmering pool of broken glass on the floor. Virginia knelt beside him, and Walter stood staring down expressionlessly, his hands buried deep in the pockets of his robe, his hair tousled.

The officer at his elbow was saying firmly, "Come away, sir; don't intrude, there's nothing you can do," and Gregg permitted himself to be drawn back out on to the verandah.

Out of earshot, the man said, "I don't think he's in any pain — he's barely conscious."

"Well, how did it—"

"He was on his way upstairs to get his bongo drums when the dog came towards him as he got to the landing. He was pretty drunk, of course, and not very steady, and the dog kind of tripped him, I guess. He reached out for the railing, grabbed a handful of nothing, and went over, taking the chandelier with him. The ambulance ought to be here in a few minutes," said the officer.

"I'd like to go in now, if I may," said Gregg, his voice low. "I know, I know," he said as the man started to caution him, "I won't touch him."

There having been no other source of light in the hall except the chandelier, the place was shadowy, lighted only by the yellow hafts from the living-room and verandah.

Walter looked up, rubbing his tousled head in confusion. "Gregg! When did you arrive!" and then gripped his hand. "This is a miserable business —poor welcome for you."

"Never mind," said Gregg kindly. "I got in earlier this evening. You all right?"

Virginia heard his voice and looked up at him and he quickly knelt beside her.

"He's trying to say something, Gregg," she whispered, reaching up for his arm. "Something about rotten wood — something Mavis told him."

A small dark blue velvet cushion had been eased under his head, his face bore no sign of pain except for a faint dew on his brow. Virginia wiped it gently with her handkerchief. Leaning over her, Walter whispered, "I'm going up to Bea — make sure she hasn't heard anything." Virginia nodded. Walter pressed Gregg's shoulder. "I'm glad you're home; I'll be back in a minute."

Charlie's lips began to move again, and Virginia bent to hear him. "I'm scared, Virgie love—hate mysteries—" His eyes opened wide and sought her face.

Tenderly she stroked his cheek, murmuring, "It's all right, it's all right," as if to a child.

"Like the fox fire—scared me —silly, nothin' to it. You know what it comes from?"

"No, what does it come from, Charlie dear?"

There was a ghost of a chuckle in his throat as he said, "Nothin' mysterious about it—it comes from"—his eyes glazed and he whispered — "from rotten wood — just stinkin' rotten wood." There was a slight smile of satisfaction on his face as a greater mystery was resolved for him.

Gregg drew Virginia to her feet, to the wide door of the east verandah, where the air blew sweet from the sea. In the distance the thunder diminished and became part of the sound of the surf. The rain began to fall, rustling in the trees like a sigh.

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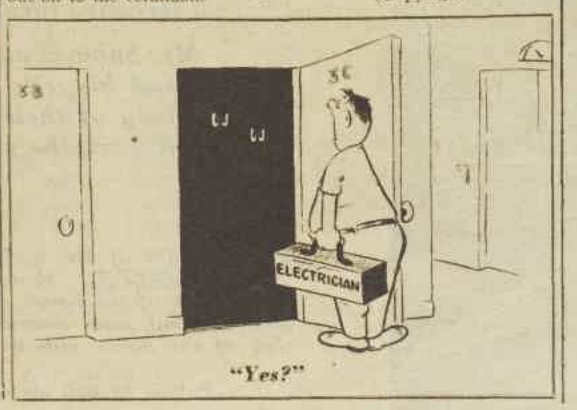

"Yes?"

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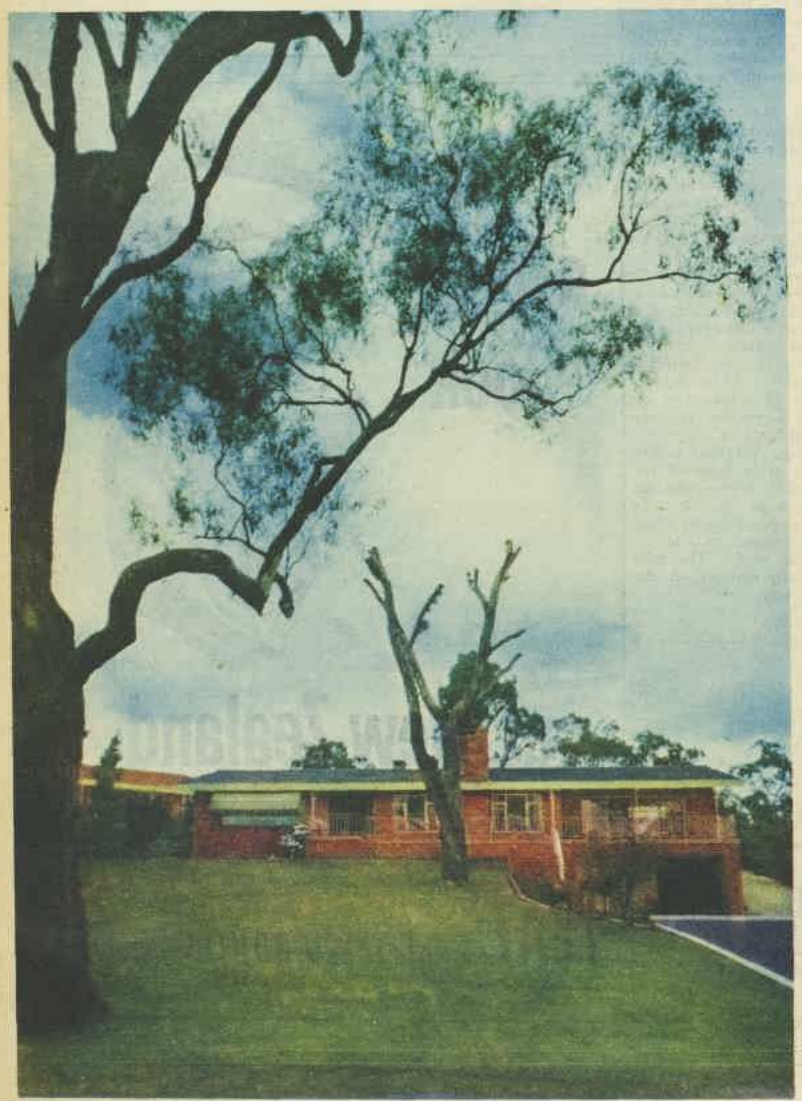

AUSTRALIAN HOMES

● *In a setting of sweeping green lawns and framed with gum trees, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Snow's home at Empire Circuit, Canberra, A.C.T., combines modern design with comfortable and conservative furnishings.*

Mr. Snow is an investor and company director. He and his wife are both keen gardeners. With the help of their three sons, Michael, Terence, and Robert, the grounds are kept in splendid order.

TWO VIEWS of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Snow's home at Canberra, A.C.T. Above is the outdoor living area at the back of the house, where the Snows and their three student sons entertain. At left is the front view of the home with its broad expanses of lawn.

Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

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Continuing . . . LONG LIVE THE PRINCESS

from page 27

So now everything was differ-
nt. There was an empty chair
the parlor upstairs and Miss
sabella didn't flatter herself
hat many of the ex-lodgers
ould continue visiting, just to
ee her.

Suddenly the girl said, but
vithout enthusiasm, "It looks
ll right. I'll take it in the
eantime. My name's Susan
reen."

"I'm so glad," said Miss Isa-
ella. She would have liked to
ave put out her little knotted
ork-roughened hand to shake
ands and be friends. She
anted to say naively, "How
ice you came today, because
's my birthday." But there
as an aloofness about this girl
hat prevented her.

She turned, a little dumpy
gure, with her grey hair fluf-
ng uncontrollably round her
ice, her high cheekbones pol-
hed red, like plums, her ex-
ression a little sad and per-
lexed.

Somehow, her ability to make
new lodger feel welcome
eemed to have deserted her.
erhaps it was because there
as no Mamma waiting up-
airs to hear every detail, to
od and smile and say, "Well,
she's young we must see she
nds a nice husband. I wonder
ow many children they will
ave."

Now, all there was to talk to
as Jacqueline, the same age
Miss Isabella and growing
ore and more obsessed with
r cards. She had come, forty
ears ago, as a servant, and that
as what she still was, though
ng ago she had become a
iend also.

"Who is it?" she asked
iefly.

"A young woman. Her
me's Susan Green. Not very
iendly, but perhaps she's shy.
erhaps she hated going into a
rnished room. We must make
r feel at home. If only we
uld have one of Mamma's
rties."

Jacqueline shrugged her nar-
w shoulders and hunched over
e cards.

"Shall I tell you what the
rds say for you today?"

Miss Isabella brightened eagerly. Had Jacqueline remembered that it was her birthday?

"Oh, yes, do, please. Perhaps it will be something nice."

"I can't help that," said Jacqueline, shuffling and sorting absorbedly. "What the cards say, they say. H'mm, too much black here. Cut again. That's better. Here's the queen of hearts, anyway. And a wish fulfilled. Someone young and fair, with happiness round her."

Nothing about her birthday. Miss Isabella paused just a moment, then gave her youthful infectious gurgle of laughter.

"You're making it up, Jacqueline, dear. But this girl who who has just arrived is young and fair. Oh, my! I didn't see if she had some shillings for the gas fire. I must go down. And I'll just take her that geranium out of the parlor!"

"Now don't you go pampering her! All your lodgers are pampered to death already."

Miss Isabella smiled at Jacqueline's acid voice, and hurried down the stairs, shuffling a little in her slippers, for long years of climbing up and down stairs had made her feet almost as knotted and swollen as her hands.

But at the bottom she paused, for she could hear voices. Andrew Barton, the bank clerk, had come in and met the new lodger. They were talking in the passage.

Miss Isabella paused involuntarily, thinking wasn't that nice that they should make friends so quickly. It was most suitable and nice. Andrew was a rather lonely young man, very shy and courteous, and the girl had not been wearing an engagement ring.

Miss Isabella had noted this from habit, for Mamma's first question about young people had always been, "Are they engaged? Are they in love? If not, we must be specially kind to them, Isabella. Youth needs affection."

But as she stood there, Miss Isabella suddenly became aware of what the conversation was.

"If only you could have been here when they had their parties," Andrew was saying.

"Parties! You mean with old people like the one who let me in? She must have been about eighty."

"No, only seventy. Her mother died a few weeks ago. She was old, if you like. Ninety-two."

"How madly gay!" the girl murmured.

"Don't get me wrong, Miss Green. They really were gay. You've no idea what a wonderful old woman the mother was. Absolutely beautiful. She sat in her armchair by the fire, her hair piled up on her head with a jewelled comb, and a lace shawl, priceless, I should think, round her shoulders, and looked like a princess. Indeed, there is a story that there is French royal blood in the family."

"But they keep lodgers!"

"I know. They're not the only blue-blooded people to do that. And you haven't met the lodgers. There's Mr. Alexander, who is a Russian prince, or supposed to be. He escaped during the revolution."

"Another with two feet in the grave!"

"And Carl Schaffer is a very fine Austrian artist," Andrew continued doggedly. "He had to leave Vienna. And Miss Carstairs is a poet who tries to look like Edith Sitwell. And there are all the ex-lodgers, a bank manager, a judge, a woman who spent three years in a concentration camp—she's still beautiful—and ex-soldiers and airmen who fought in the Battle of Britain."

"And so they all come and curtsy to the princess," the girl said unbelievingly.

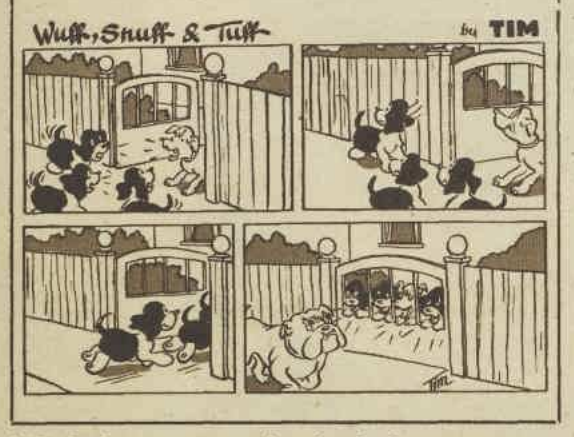
"They did. On her birthday. They brought gifts, flowers, bottles of vodka, and so on, and Mr. Alexander lit the little Grecian oil lamp supposed to have been the kind used in Troy, and—well, there it was. All the world in one room."

"And now it's all over because the old lady's dead?" The mockery had gone out of the girl's voice.

"Yes. I wish you could have

To page 78

FOR THE CHILDREN



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TANYA: TV's Smiling Girl

• *Tanya (left) as you see her on TV. Above: In color.*

• Tanya Halesworth, a pocket-sized female of 25, has notched up some remarkable achievements in her TV life. She is the first personality to enslave Sydney televiewers, the first to get to that remarkable state where she is identified by her Christian name alone; and is surely the first woman to be told by the A.B.C. how to do her hair.

TANYA'S hair is bright, shiny brown with reddish gold highlights.

According to her mood, she does her hair down in a softly curling long bob; up, in a modern beehive or one of its variations; sometimes in an Edwardian style that makes her look like an old-fashioned cameo.

Some nights she varies her hair style three times during the programme. Televiewers love it.

"I don't know why I do change it," she told me. "I just feel like it.

"But now I've been told to wear it up all the time, because viewers prefer it that way."

Off screen Tanya looks much younger than on, and looks much smaller — she is only 5ft. 3in. tall. She has blue-grey eyes and fair skin. She moves neatly, efficiently.

But the outstanding thing about her is her smile. When she smiles it is like turning on a light.

She likes being photographed and is a good subject. She doesn't fuss or mess about with her hair or clothes.

It is hard to define the particular quality that makes her the closest approach to a TV personality — idol type — Sydney has unearthed in four years of TV.

But her versatility is surprising. She is a trained schoolteacher. She is also a qualified speech-training teacher, an A.T.C.L., which is an Associate of Trinity College, London. She got her degree last year (is proud that she got 92 out of 100 "for practical"), studying in her TV-free mornings.

At present Tanya is doing her Arts degree at Sydney University, another "free-morning" job.

In between all this activity she's working away at realising her ambition —she wants to act.

(The A.B.C. has given her permission to appear in one of their live plays when one with a suitable part for her comes along.)

Tanya works most afternoons and evenings at the A.B.C.'s Gore Hill (N.S.W.) studios, studies most mornings, rarely has a weekend off. She shares a flat close to her work with two other girls, and does her share of the domestic chores.

So I really expected her reply when I asked her about her romantic life.

"I'm too busy to give it much thought," she said. "I'm completely unattached, and enjoying it."

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CORINNE:

Melbourne-type ma'am

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Sydney couldn't wait to meet Melbourne's Corinne Kerby, who swapped jobs for two weeks with Tanya Halesworth, the first Sydney TV personality to have televiewers eating out of her hand.

WHEN Corinne did appear on camera, she was immediately compared with Tanya. Many viewers preferred her, many liked Tanya better; the score seemed to be about 50-50.

From what I hear on a purely unofficial basis, the result in Melbourne was exactly the same.

Tanya arrived back in Sydney saying, "I had a marvellous time. Aren't Melbourne viewers wonderful?"

Corinne, back home in Melbourne and completely unrehearsed, made an identical statement about Sydney viewers.

It was all most satisfactory, both for the preening viewers and the girls.

But Corinne (she pronounces it ker-RIN, not COREEN) and Tanya are very different —as different as the cities they come from.

One of the A.B.C.'s weathermen acknowledged this. When he finished the weather news a night or so after she began, he smiled in her direction and said, "Thank you, Melbourne-type ma'am."

Corinne has lightish brown hair that curls prettily around her face. She goes for the pale look in make-up, the browny, espresso colors.

Her eyes are blue, and she wears silvery blue eye-shadow and sprays the front of her hair with grey.

Unlike Tanya, who is, so far, a straight presentation officer, Corinne does about half-time as a presentation officer, the rest of the time interviewing.

Both girls are excellent presentation officers. Neither of them uses idiot-boards, they ad lib., and do so most intelligently. Many obviously slap-happy, idiot-board male announcers could well copy them.

Tanya gives more hard facts; Corinne runs more to gentle patter.

The easy flow of unrehearsed conversation comes from a thorough and lengthy study of their subjects and programmes.

They are shining examples at their work.

TV has brought Corinne a great deal of happiness and work. She met and married her TV-producer husband, Oscar Whitbread, at ABV2.

Oscar is an Englishman who has been in Australia for 11 years. They have a baby boy, Adam, who is just over 12 months old.

Corinne says she has two wardrobes — "baby" clothes that she wears at home in the daytime coping with a very active baby, and TV clothes that she describes as "cocktailish."

"I enjoy TV," she told me. "Anything that is such direct contact and brings people together is important.

"I love being on TV, I like my success and the contact with people.

"I am not nervous. Sometimes I am a bit apprehensive, but when I get into the studio and the lights go on and the cameras start I'm right there.

"I suppose I'm like show-business people. I have their attitude—'Everything will be wonderful on the night.'"

THE WHITBREAD FAMILY, Oscar, a TV producer with ABC-TV, his wife, popular presentation officer Corinne Kerby, and their son, Adam Marcus, who is just over 12 months old.

SHOW BUSINESS

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CLARENCE THE CLOCKER (Arthur Davies) and his assistant, Pam Bunyan, discuss racing prospects in TCN 9's "Focus on Sport" session.

Clarence tips 'em—they win

● Ask any woman racegoer her favorite TV session and it would not surprise if the answer was: "Clarence the Clocker."

IT is certainly the programme that pays off best financially for the viewer.

Clarence, who conducts the racing section of TCN 9's "Focus on Sport" programme at 10.30 a.m. on Saturdays, has been having phenomenal success with his racing tips.

On three Saturdays recently, including the two Saturdays of the A.J.C. Spring Meeting, he tipped 13 winners out of 21 races.

Eight winners

His Spring Meeting winners included: Ra Ora (starting price 4/1), Young Brolga (10/9), Persian Lyric (10/9), Ma Cherie, the Epsom Handicap winner (10/1), No Match (10/9 on), Tulloch (2/1), Fine And Dandy (11/4), Count Rego (9/2).

Of all Sydney's racing experts, Clarence was one of the only two who thought champion Tulloch would turn the tables on his rivals, Valerius and the A.J.C. Derby winner, Persian Lyric, in the Craven Plate.

Because he stayed loyal to Tulloch, the champion's owner, Mr. E. A. Haley, presented Clarence with a set of his racing colors.

Clarence (real name Arthur Davies) gets many tributes like this from grateful viewers, and an enormous fan mail.

One woman viewer who had a winning run following Clarence's tips knitted him a pullover.

But, when Clarence has a losing run, the fan mail, he says, becomes "electric."

After a losing day recently one viewer sent his wife's butcher's bill to Clarence with the terse note: "Cop this."

Clarence has been a clocker (clockers are the men who time with stopwatches the early morning training gallops of racehorses) for 18 years.

Clarence is at the tracks early every morning except Sundays. His job means getting up at his Sans Souci home at 4.15 a.m., to be at Randwick when the track opens at 5.15 a.m.

On camera with his pretty, young assistant, Pam Bunyan (Pam gets the latest riding changes, and gives her own Ladies' Special Selection), Clarence looks and sounds like a character out of Damon Runyon.

For his programme, he affects casual clothes — a Texan-style hat with the brim turned up all round, tieless sports shirt, with a huge pair of binoculars slung around his neck.

"Come in youse girls, I've got a bird," says Clarence in his throaty, very Australian voice.

("A bird," for the uninitiated, is a long-price racing "dead cert.")

"I talk as I would talk to my mates," says Clarence.

N.B.—We asked Clarence to give our readers a special long-range Melbourne Cup tip.

His tip: ON LINE (each way.)

"I think it'll be a bird," he said.

Rock-'n-roll for parents, too

By NAN MUSGROVE

● There's going to be a big night at Sydney's Channel 9 on Tuesday, October 25, when Brian Henderson, teenage hero and compere of the national teenage rock-'n-roll show "Bandstand," introduces rock-'n-roll to teenagers' parents.

HE'LL do this in "The Golden Rock," a one-hour show presenting today's top rock-'n-roll stars.

It is on from 7 p.m. to 8 p.m., a prima donna hour on evening TV; is the first time rock-'n-roll has been presented for an adult audience, and is Brian Henderson's first night-time TV appearance as a rock-'n-roll compere.

"The Golden Rock" is certainly very big in importance. It knocks Keenan Wynne and his Troubleshooters and Colt .45 right off the TV screens of Australia for a week, which really is something.

Col Joye star

Big star of the night is Col Joye, making his first appearance since he parted with his tonsils. It may be Col's last appearance before he leaves for England.

Col heads the list of a galaxy of Australian rock-'n-roll stars.

"The purpose of the show is to let adults and parents see that rock-'n-roll is really good," Brian Henderson said. "It has become more melodious, and the dancing is not as undisciplined as it was.

"'The Golden Rock' is also presented as a tribute to, and to mark the arrival of, the Australian artist—because they really have arrived. Today 25 per cent. of the hit parade numbers are performed by Australian kids.

"They're not copies of the singing style or arrangements of famous overseas singers either.

"We also want to show the teenagers what their parents were like when they were teenagers.

BRIAN HENDERSON with Patsy Ann Noble, 16, one of the stars of "The Golden Rock."

"We're going to play some of the music they liked and give exhibitions of the black bottom, the big apple, the charleston, and Lindy hop, the dances they did.

"These dances and jitterbugging were really the forebears of today's rock-'n-roll.

"This show also marks the maturity of Australian rock-'n-rollers. It will give adults some idea of their contribution to the social life of their teenage children.

"We're in the middle of the golden age of rock. We want to show it to the adults. Adults, and particularly parents, have always been biased against rock-'n-roll. We hope this show will make them change their opinion."

Some of the people parents will meet, as well as Col Joye, are Johnny Rebb, known as the gentleman of rock-'n-roll, Johnny Devlin, Lucky Starr, Patsy Ann Noble (who Brian Henderson says has the greatest potential in show business of any artist he has discovered), Wilma Reading, Pam Liversidge, Noelene Batley, the Delltones, the Allan Brothers, and the Barry Sisters.

NOELENE BATLEY, left, with teenage composer Helen Grover, who wrote "Barefoot Boy," which Noelene sings so successfully.

COL JOYE, tops in rock-'n-roll, who will be making his first appearance on "The Golden Rock" since he parted with his tonsils.

Other things in "The Golden Rock" are the finals and the announcement of the winner of the "Miss Teenage" Quest, and the finals of the rock-'n-roll dancing championships.

It really does sound like a big night.

This business of bringing the good old days to life for parents, and showing teenagers that their parents have a dancing "past," might cause a minor home revolution.

The rock beat in the living-room will probably be stronger than ever, with the teenagers having to move over.

Whenever I see Brian Henderson, I am amazed at his manner, his poise, and his shyness which sounds very contrary.

We talked about "The Golden Rock" in a coffee shop, with people obviously looking and saying under their breath "that's Brian Henderson," and producing the inevitable autograph book.

And not once did that niceness of his slip. It's always the same.

Finally, with the licence that interviewing gives you, I asked him about it. Was it real? Or did he put it on for the public like a silicone covering.

He was quite astounded. He really likes teenagers, and he wants everyone to like them, and know them as the nice people he finds them.

"I'm proud that teenagers are well behaved when I'm with them," he said, "and that they like me. I think the best way to make them nice is by example rather than by preaching."

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hairspray that high, smooth styles must have. "Hold it!" fashion says . . . and that is precisely what Gossamer does — without stickiness, or lacquer. Now two Gossamer sprays incorporate the newest refinements. Now you can choose the one 'tailored' to the special needs of **your** hairstyle and **your** hair.

HAIR STYLE BY PETER HANLON

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Here's the kind of breakfast growing children need...

OVEN CRISP

Children thrive on crisp, crunchy Weet-Bix, and a three Weet-Bix breakfast is the quickest, most nourishing you can serve. Just 3 seconds from packet to plate, and every golden biscuit contains the whole of the wheat, including the precious wheat heart, with energising malt and extra Vitamin B_1 added. Weet-Bix is economical too! 48 biscuits in every giant-size packet, and a three Weet-Bix breakfast costs less than 2d.!

NEW BOOK ALBUM—CAVALCADE OF CARS!

Tells you all about 50 of today's most popular cars. Only 6d. at all grocers. FREE colour picture plates of cars to mount in your album now included in every packet of WEET-BIX and other grand Sanitarium cereals. Start collecting now!

WEET-BIX *are wonderful*

6269

W70a/ab

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By MARY COLES

PAT OSBORNE'S lovely dark-haired bride, formerly Sally McFarlane, followed the lead set by so many London brides this season—including Princess Margaret—in not wearing gloves at her wedding.

But she was a story-book bride in a simple medieval-like ankle-length gown of white satin, veiled in white organza, which was tailored to fit the satin foundation without a ripple.

Bridesmaids Julia and Tina McFarlane, Virginia Brown, and Joan Ashton wore elbow-length white gloves with their very short, very pretty ice-blue satin sleeveless dance dresses.

One of the few men guests at the wedding NOT in morning dress was English visitor David Hicks.

He was in a dark navy lounge suit worn with a pale pink shirt, almost the exact shade of pink as the silk theatre coat and petal-massed toque worn by his wife, Lady Pamela.

★ ★ ★

JUST back from abroad, Mrs. John Spence says she hardly saw a thing on stage when she went to see "The Flower Drum Song" in London. She just couldn't take her eyes off Princess Margaret and Antony Armstrong-Jones, also in the audience, sitting almost opposite her across an aisle. "Margaret was radiant and kept on giving Tony gentle 'I-like-you' looks," Mrs. Spence told me. Theatre-going in Dublin, she met Brendan Behan and his wife at a performance of his "Quare Fellow" at the Abbey Theatre. "He was on his very best behaviour and followed every line of the performance. "Mrs. Behan — very pretty, tall, slim, and blond — looks as if she takes everything Brendan does in her stride without getting rattled, even when he is not on his best behaviour."

★ ★ ★

I LIKE the tiny gold typewriter—with a seed pearl-studded keyboard—worn as a charm bracelet trinket by Margot Wiesener, of Killara.

★ ★ ★

SIR BERNARD CROFT, Bt., and Lady Croft will entertain at their home, "Salisbury Court," Uralla, after the wedding of their daughter Margaret to David Wright, of "Wallamumbie," Armidale, at St. John's Church, Uralla, on December 3. They're hoping for good weather so that the reception can be held in the garden. Margaret will be attended by her sister-in-law, Mrs. Owen Croft, Frances White of "Bald Blair, Guyra, Mary Thompson, of Neutral Bay, and youthful maids, her sister, Camilla Croft, and six-year-old Anne Weaver, of "Prospect," Spring Ridge.

★ ★ ★

CHIC, jewel-embroidered, gaily colored little felt stockings, for use as mantelshelf decor at Christmas-time, will be among the sophisticated "Christmassy" novelties at a boutique the Carousel Committee are having at their dinner-dance at Chevron Hilton Hotel on October 28 for the Kuring-gai Mobile Clinic. They're the brainwave of Canadian committee member Mrs. Jack McFetridge, of Killara, who thought them up filling in time during the long winter days in Canada when she couldn't get out to potter in the garden. The thing I like about the stockings is the invitation they will offer to rich uncles to tuck a cheque in them!

★ ★ ★

THE beautiful Honiton lace bridal veil—worn by generations of Dangar family kinswomen at their weddings since the time of Mrs. H. C. Dangar—one of Sydney's most noted Victorian era hostesses, is coming out of storage for her great-granddaughter, fair-haired June Osborne, who will wed David Beale in December.

CELEBRATING their engagement, David MacIntyre, of "Kayuga," Muswellbrook, and his fiancee, Susan Scales, of "Inveraray," Cassilis, lunched together at Romano's. They are planning to be married in the autumn. Susan has a lovely ruby engagement ring set in diamonds.

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LEAVING St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, Pat Osborne, of "Currandooley," Bungendore, and his bride, formerly Sally McFarlane, of "Milly Milly," Young, were pictured with their attendants. From left are Tony Wilkinson, Bill Davy, Brian Osborne, Michael Osborne, the bridal couple, Julia McFarlane, Virginia Brown, Joan Ashton, and Christina McFarlane. A reception at the Royal Sydney Golf Club followed.

BELOW: The bride's mother, Mrs. Hector McFarlane, with her schoolboy son, Donald, who wore a white carnation in his lapel at the wedding of his sister, Sally, to Pat Osborne. Mrs. McFarlane chose a jade satin theatre coat with her green-and-white flowered silk frock.

HERE AND ABROAD

NEW YORK wedding of Sydney ballerina Brenda Bolton to Jeremy Biggs took place at St. Bartholomew's Episcopal Cathedral, Fifth Avenue. Jeremy is the son of the vice-president of the Bank of New York, Mr. W. R. Biggs, and Mrs. Biggs, of New York and Washington. Brenda, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Bolton, of Rose Bay, wore a white faille frock veiled in lace.

IN LONDON. Denis Parry-Okeden, of Darling Point, and Suzanne Beggs, of Mosman, were married at the Queen's Chapel of the Savoy. Suzanne was given away by Mr. John Leslie (right), and Chris Young (at left) was best man.

GOLDEN osprey feather plumes set off the small matching satin hat worn by Mrs. Philip Parbury, of Wollongong, arriving at St. Mark's Church with her husband for the wedding of Sally McFarlane and Pat Osborne last week.

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This is it!

Stripe

the toothpaste with germ-fighting red stripes

NEVER BEFORE!
Stripe toothpaste contains an active concentration of Hexachlorophene freshly added as you squeeze the tube.
It's in the stripes.

NEVER BEFORE a toothpaste that keeps your whole mouth and breath HYGIENICALLY CLEAN

Stripe really brightens your teeth. It keeps your mouth and breath fresh all day—tastes good, too! The active Hexachlorophene in Stripe attacks and destroys decay germs, helps preserve your teeth years longer.

WHY THE RED STRIPES? They give you an *active* concentration of germ-fighting Hexachlorophene. It is added freshly as you squeeze the tube. It rids your mouth and teeth of millions of odour and decay-causing germs other toothpastes leave behind. Use Stripe and your teeth will be brighter, whiter, better protected against decay. Your breath will stay sweet and fresh all day.

Science proves STRIPE best for you. Stripe toothpaste not only destroys decay germs. Its antiseptic action lasts for hours, leaves the whole mouth hygienically clean. Extensive scientific tests have proved Stripe's anti-bacterial action even better than ordinary toothpaste and mouthwash combined.

Children love STRIPE too. They remind you it's time to clean their teeth. Get your Stripe toothpaste today. At all chemists and stores.

You know you're right – it's in the stripe!

Giant size 3/6. Economy size 4/8.

A fine Rexona Product

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Ron's back in Hollywood

SECOND BID FOR STARDOM

● Australia's Ron Randell has, after four years' absence, returned to his jinx-town, Hollywood, by the back door.

AT present on location in Spain, the 40-year-old actor is playing Lucius in Samuel Bronson's "King of Kings," MGM's successor to spectacular "Ben-Hur."

Randell was imported to Hollywood by Columbia in 1947, after starring in an Australian epic released in the United States as "Pacific Adventure."

But he was unlucky. Typed as the dull Englishman who invariably lost the heroine to the hero, Randell was in a rut.

Feeling he was destined to play an Englishman for ever, Randell decided to go to England, where his chances of getting the girl—and the fans—might improve.

He was an overnight success when he took over as the summer replacement for the host of the British TV series "What's My Line?"

Critics raved about Randell's folksy American accent. In fact he was considered so Yankee that he played an American tough in the TV series "O.S.S."

Although the actor has featured in many screen, stage, and TV shows, he was still waiting for his big-time break when Bronson's offer came.

In his "King of Kings" role, Randell believes he will at last receive international recognition as a serious dramatic star.

★ ★ ★

SIR JOHN GIELGUD returns to the screen after a long absence as the menace of Deborah Kerr and Gary Cooper in "The Naked Edge"—formerly titled "First Train to Babylon."

★ ★ ★

ALTHOUGH everyone in the movie colony expects Marilyn Monroe to fly to Paris to see Yves Montand as soon as her latest film, "The Misfits," is completed, husband-writer Arthur Miller is trying to shrug off the whole romance by saying: "It must have been started just to get publicity for their picture 'Let's Make Love.'"

★ ★ ★

SIDNEY POITIER and Harry Belafonte are heading a negro syndicate which plans to build a non-segregated luxury hotel-gambling casino in Las Vegas. At present, negroes aren't allowed in the Las Vegas luxury hotels as guests, except for a handful of famous entertainers such as Lena Horne and Sammy Davis Jnr. Seven years ago ex-boxing champ Joe Louis headed a similar syndicate which built a non-segregated hotel, The Moulin Rouge, but it went broke.

ACTRESS Dorothy Malone is suing Kirk Douglas' Bryna Productions and Universal-International for not getting equal billing with Douglas and Rock Hudson in "Day of the Gun." Miss Malone claims she had a verbal agreement with Douglas to get the same billing in the ads for the film, but her name in the printed ads is only three-fourths the size of the other stars, and appears under the film's title, not above it as theirs do. Her suit is for an unspecified sum for "the grievous harm caused to her feelings and reputation as a star."

★ ★ ★

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX plan to drop Millie Perkins and Suzy Parker from their contract roster in the new year. The studio feels the actresses have given them too much trouble — turning down roles, etc. — for whatever popularity they may possibly have at the box office. Another contract actor, Sal Mineo, was dropped when he refused to star in a forthcoming picture.

★ ★ ★

MERLE OBERON is doing her best to bring back the giddy old days in Hollywood. To wit: she now attends dinner parties in reconverted negligees, and dares others to think of something as original.

★ ★ ★

JOHN WAYNE recently bought a portable 1200-dollar swimming-pool to float round in his regular swimming-pool for his three-year-old daughter, Aissa, and his grandchildren. Because it has high walls, Wayne claims there's absolutely no danger of a child falling out of the pool.

★ ★ ★

THE marriage of Debbie Power - Loew, Tyrone Power's widow, and movie magnate Arthur Loew apparently has hit the rocks. Loew moved out of their New York penthouse, but insists it's just a trial separation. Debbie hopes they can reconcile, but adds that if Loew wants a divorce he'll be the one who will have to get it.

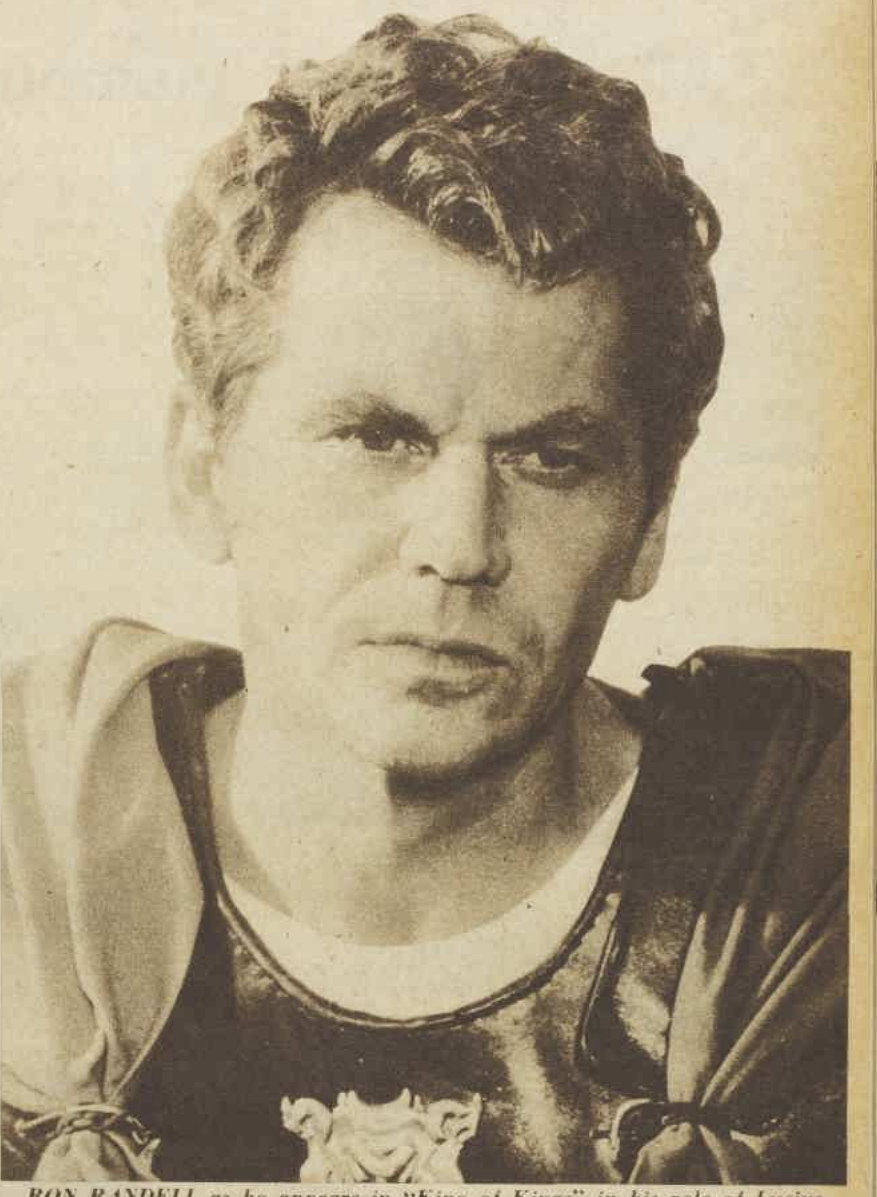
★ ★ ★

HAVING once worked as a shoe salesman during his lean and hungry days as a struggling Broadway actor, Kirk Douglas recently bought an interest in a shoe factory with singer Gordon MacRae and Marty Melcher, Doris Day's husband. The factory produces a newly patented invention — strapless shoes which are magnetised to keep them from slipping off the foot.

★ ★ ★

IT'S rumored that Audrey Hepburn and her husband, Mel Ferrer, now back in Hollywood and keeping mum on the subject, have been approached by producer David O. Selznick to star on Broadway in the musical version of his classic "Gone With The Wind" as Scarlett and Ashley. If Audrey and Mel accept, they'll receive a reported 75,000 dollars (about £A32,500) a week—plus a percentage of the gross—the highest sum in the history of the stage. "Gone With The Wind" will be the most costly stage musical ever produced, with tentative assignments put at one million dollars.

SHOW BUSINESS



RON RANDELL as he appears in "King of Kings" in his role of Lucius —an intelligent Roman who did his duty although deeply affected by the teachings of the Man from Nazareth. At the Crucifixion, Lucius becomes the first Christian convert.

ENJOYING a relaxed day away from cameras, directors, and movie sets are actress Audrey Hepburn and her husband, Mel Ferrer.

New Films

With Miriam Fowler

★★★ Excellent ★★ Above average
★ Average No star—poor

★ S.O.S. PACIFIC

It's that ever-greenie again—assorted characters undergoing moral regeneration in a crisis.

Director Guy Green picks a Daddy-O of a crisis peg for the plot—nothing less than the test explosion of an H-bomb on a lonely Pacific atoll on which the characters are stranded. Of course it doesn't explode. Eddie "Ugly Mug" Constantine comes good just before zero by outswimming sharks and hacking vital cables to pieces.

Eva Bartok plays a subdued Sadie Thompson, convention-kicking gal, Pier Angeli a madonna-like air hostess, Jean Anderson the stiff-upper-lip Englishwoman unrattled in any crisis—flower-show or H-bomb. — **Capitol, Sydney.** — V.A.

In a word . . . FIZZLES.

★ SURPRISE PACKAGE

The only surprise in this modern-crime satire is its heavy-handed treatment. The froth just doesn't rise. A Greek-born American racket-king, Yul Brynner, is deported to a small island off Greece, where he awaits his ill-gotten dough. But his payoff is in Mitzi Gaynor, his ever-lovin' moll.

As a comedy twosome, this pair don't click. Mitzi works too hard for her heroine and the line-punching Brynner is no funnyman. Exiled king Noel Coward, the island's only sophisticate, with the script's only wit, raises the film's only laughs. — **State, Sydney.**

In a word . . . DISAPPOINTING.

DEADLINE MIDNIGHT

This is a teenage conception of one night in a "city" newsroom. Hammy Brenda Starrs and Larry Kents wrap every remark in a not-so-wisecrack. Whipped by their phone-banging editor Jack Webb, the noosmen melodramatically MAKE the deadline: Copy boy!—**Palace, Sydney.**

In a word . . . WET.

LOUIS HAYWARD, the dashing Count of Monte Cristo in a score of post-war films, who quit Hollywood for real estate and business interests, is back in front of the cameras. This time it is for a British TV series, "Whitehall, S.W.I.," in which Hayward plays a Scotland Yard detective.

★ ★ ★

NOEL COWARD and dancer Juliet Prowse will co-star in a satirical comedy, "A Matter Of Who," scheduled to go before the cameras soon. No one connected with the film will say what is is about—not even the usually articulate Coward.

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LOOK WHAT GAS IS DOING NOW!

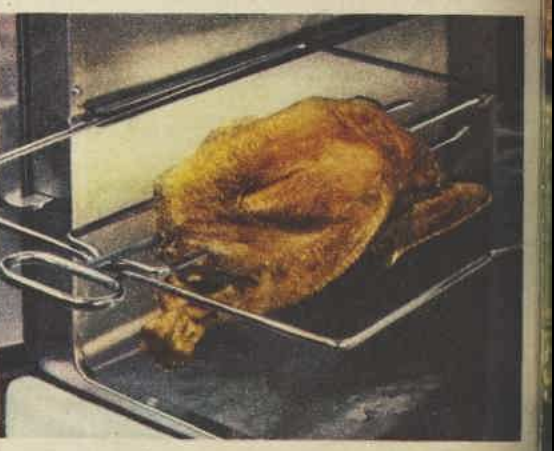
All the latest glamour features are on the

"TOUCH-LITE" LIGHTING does away with matches. Just press the button, turn on the gas for hot plates, griller or oven and the burners light up, wherever you wish — immediately.

METTERS 60 DE LUXE GAS RANGE

✳ *"TOUCH-LITE" LIGHTING*
✳ *AUTOMATIC "THERMAL EYE"*
✳ *NEW ROTO-GRILL*
✳ *BIG AMERICAN GRIDDLE*

Metters "60" Deluxe automatic gas console has everything you've dreamed of, glamorous future-look styling and every latest American feature. Streamlined control panel, a big griddle grill (it can be covered to give extra working space when not in use), windowed Roto-Grill and big oven and a large, roll-out storage drawer. All this plus automatic lighting, automatic oven and grill and range-top cooking . . . and a handy minute-minder to take over your pot-watching chores.



ROTO-GRILL: Automatic! Big glass observation window and self-turning spit that cooks chicken and roasts meats to perfection.

THERMAL EYE: Automatic! Range-top cooking that won't let even milk boil over! The "Thermal Eye" controls the flame automatically to the exact pre-set cooking temperature.

The National Gas Association of Australia

Only GAS gives you the wonderful combination of instant high heat, perfect control and clean, smokeless flame cooking. GAS does the job without waiting, without waste. See this modern Gas range at your Gas Showroom. Every day, more and more people are cooking with GAS.

If you live beyond the gas main use LP (Bottled) Gas and appliances

GAS'S WARRANTY APPROVED NATIONAL GAS ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA

The N.G.A. Badge of Approval on any appliance is your guarantee of quality

The flame is the reason why GAS cooks best!

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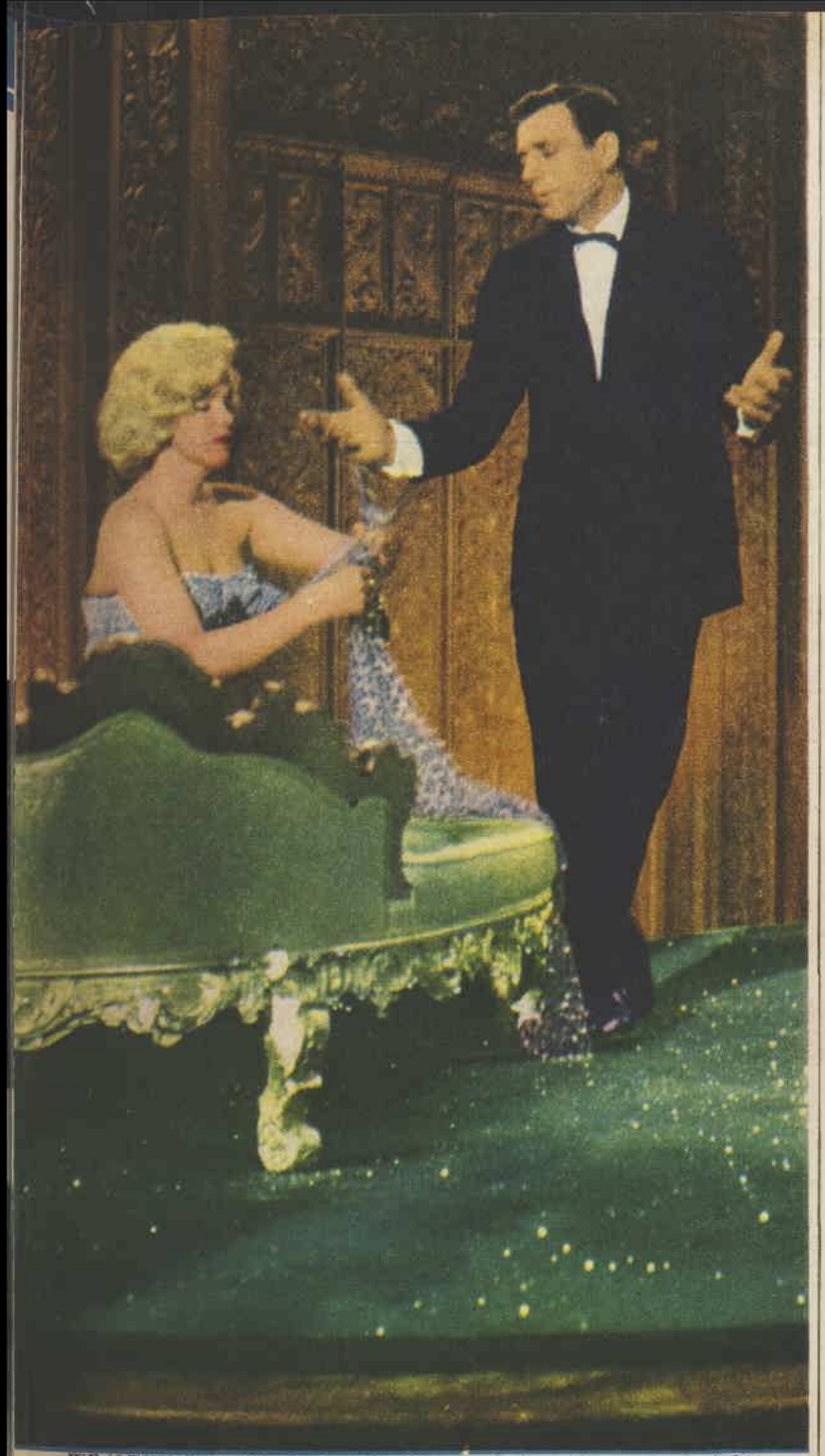

WEALTHY Yves Montand puts his case before the woman of his choice, Marilyn Monroe. Hailed as the possible successor to fellow-countryman Maurice Chevalier, Montand makes his American screen debut in this lavish musical romp. The presence of Britain's singing idol, Frankie Vaughan, gives added international flavor.

Monroe's new leading man

● In "Let's Make Love," 20th Century-Fox's sparkling comedy, a billionaire and a showgirl — Yves Montand and Marilyn Monroe — pair in an off-Broadway stage romance which features musical numbers by Cole Porter, Sammy Cahn, and James Van Heusen and guest-star appearances by Bing Crosby, Gene Kelly, and comedian Milton Berle.

SHOW BUSINESS

Feel that TACT GLOW from top to toe

FEEL REALLY CLEAN

Tact soap gives your skin fresh glowing beauty

GENTLE TACT LATHER leaves you feeling glowing clean, exhilarated. . . and you keep that wonderful feeling all day long! Only Tact contains miracle deodorant G11 which destroys up to 95% of the germs that cause perspiration odour . . . keeps you feeling shower-fresh all over. Mild Tact lather protects all day, even under make-up. Ideal for teenage skin blemishes, it cleans deep down into the pores, leaves your skin radiantly clean. Begin now to enjoy that refreshing, exhilarating Tact feeling.

*Proved by laboratory tests to wash away 95% of germs which cause perspiration odour.

Tact soap keeps perspiration Odour-Free*

H085

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seen her. The color of ivory. Sparkling black eyes. Goya would have given his soul to paint her."

"Her daughter doesn't seem to take after her?" Susan said.

"Miss Isabella? Well—she has been in her mother's shadow for seventy years. But she's the soul of kindness. Last winter when I had flu badly she sat up half the night with me."

"Yes, I suppose she is sweet. It is a pity about those parties. They do sound rather wonderful."

"Always on the old lady's birthday."

She herself was seventy-one today, Miss Isabella thought sadly. But no one knew. She might possibly live to be Mamma's age, ninety-two. But the birthdays would pass unmarked, as they always had. In Mamma's shadow? Well, perhaps.

But what a privilege that had been. She had no regrets, except that now the personality had fled out of the house it was just an ordinary lodging-house, and she was just an ordinary plain little woman unable to make it more.

She waited until the two had gone to their rooms, then she tapped on the door of the back basement room, and when Susan opened it she said in her sedate voice, as if she had that moment come down the stairs and heard nothing.

"I thought you might like a geranium for your window, Miss Green. Oh, and have you any shillings for your gas?"

"How kind, Miss—"

"Miss Isabella, of course, dear. All my lodgers call me that. Why, Andrew, there you are," she exclaimed as he appeared in the doorway.

"We've been meeting," Andrew explained, blushing. He blushed easily. He was a pleasant, honest young man with a sense of humor. And Miss Green looked a little more friendly, too, as if she were beginning to feel at home.

At the first hint of a spot...

There's no need to let distressing spots and blemishes spoil your looks ... and your enjoyment! Yardley have the answer in Clearskin. Simply wash the affected area at night, dry, then smooth on this wonderful new greaseless cream. Whilst you sleep, its purifying ingredients go gently to work to clear your skin. Sponge off in the morning and behold the magical improvement.

In an economical pink and gold stand-up tube, 12/6

Clearskin by YARDLEY

For further information on Yardley beauty preparations, write Susan Foster, G.P.O. Box 3326, Sydney, Australia

Continuing . . . LONG LIVE THE PRINCESS

from page 67

"Then I'll leave you to chat. Jacqueline has already seen you in her cards, Miss Green. Isn't that interesting?"

She turned to go upstairs, but a little reluctantly. The basement was neither overwarm nor over-luxurious, but at the moment it was infinitely preferable to the parlor, with Mamma's empty chair beside the unlit fire.

She was not shunning the room, of course. She lit the fire each night and invited Mr. Alexander or Mrs. Schaffer or even Jacqueline to join her. She did not have to be alone. But no one sat in the chair where, it seemed, that Mamma's little erect figure, wrapped cosily in shawls, rose-pink wool in winter, and the Alencon lace on special occasions, still lingered.

This evening, however, it seemed that everyone was busy. Mr. Schaffer in the big cluttered room facing north was finishing a painting, and his wife sat knitting with almost hysterical fury.

"I must finish this tonight, Miss Isabella. You see how Carl is in rags."

"My dear, I like to wear my oldest clothes for working," her husband protested.

"But it isn't decent. You can be practical without being in rags. You had better leave us, Miss Isabella. We are fighting, as usual."

Mr. Alexander was writing letters. He was using his special crested notepaper, Miss Isabella noticed, so the letters must be important. To the newspapers, no doubt, once more deploring Russian delays in the repatriation of Europeans still behind the Iron Curtain.

He lifted his grey head and gave Miss Isabella his usual courteous smile.

"A phrase eludes me," he said. "In Russian or Hungarian I have it exactly. Yes, Miss Isabella? You want something?"

"Nothing at all," said Miss Isabella. (Only your company, because it is my birthday, but this you do not know, so I cannot worry you.)

One was sure to find Miss Carstairs in and unoccupied with anything but daydreams. It was her habit to sit by the gas fire, wearing her Chinese robes of somewhat tarnished brocade and a band of black velvet round her forehead.

She imagined she looked distinguished and mysterious, but really she only looked eccentric, poor old thing.

Tonight it seemed that inspiration had visited her. She was actually engaged in writing a poem.

Miss Isabella tried to be enthusiastic.

"Why, how wonderful, Miss Carstairs. It must be quite a year since you last had an inspiration."

"I constantly get inspirations, but not in so many words, if you understand what I mean. Now just leave me, dear. I must be alone."

Miss Isabella remembered how the last time Miss Carstairs had been writing a poem she had hurried down to tell Mamma. It had made something to talk about for several days, for Miss Carstairs went through all a creator's torment.

There was now only Jacqueline left, but she had taken it into her head to clean out the china and glass cupboard in the kitchen, and was surrounded with glassware, as if she were preparing for a party. She told Miss Isabella peremptorily to leave her unbothered.

"Sorry, ducks. I can't work when you natter. Go and sit down. And see you light the fire."

So there was this house full of people, and not one available to sit with Miss Isabella on the evening of her birthday. She had never felt so lonely or neglected or of use to nobody.

She did light the fire, as Jacqueline had told her to, and switched on all the lights so that she could not see any regal little ghosts sitting silently in the shadows.

The street door banged and footsteps went down the pavement. That was Andrew. She knew his firm tread. He was going out to get his evening meal. So he hadn't taken the new young lady with him.

But perhaps Susan hadn't cared to go. It was her first night here. Probably she wanted to unpack and get straight. Though what would she be having to eat? One needed food when one was lonely and depressed, and something told Miss Isabella that this girl was both.

Then perhaps she would come up and sit by the fire. Later they could have a cup of tea.

At least, Miss Isabella told herself, there was no harm in asking. One more rebuff couldn't matter too much.

Her face alight with fresh hope, she shuffled down the stairs on her spread and swollen feet and tapped on the door.

"Miss Green, I'm so sorry to bother you again—" The door didn't open for a moment or so, and when it did Miss Isabella, for all her seventy-one years, was observant enough to see at once that the girl had been crying.

She finished her sentence equably, "But I just wondered if you'd care to come up and share my fire. We could get acquainted. The first night in new lodgings is so horrid, isn't it? And I'd adore to show you Mamma's things."

She waited, then, her anxiety plain on her homely face.

"Why — thank you, Miss Isabella. I'd like to."

"How nice!" Miss Isabella beamed. "Then come. Do you know, I was a little lonely tonight, too, because it's my birthday and nobody knows. I suppose I think of it more because on Mamma's birthday we used to have such fun, such parties.

"Dozens of people coming, and telegrams and flowers. It's silly of me to mind today. We've never celebrated my birthday. But I suppose it's just that I realise there aren't going to be any more celebrations in this house."

She was talking quickly to give the girl a chance to compose herself. By the time they were in the brightly lit parlor Susan was still flushed but her tears were dry, and she was able to look round the very Victorian room with interest.

"Now, where will you sit, dear?"

"May I sit on the hearth rug? And please will you sit there?" Susan indicated the armchair placed cosily at the side of the fire.

Miss Isabella drew back slightly.

"That's Mamma's chair."

"Then she'd want you to use it now, wouldn't she?"

"Why, perhaps she would."

Miss Isabella sat down, not uneasy now, because the room was no longer empty.

"You loved her, didn't you, Miss Isabella?"

"Very much."

"You never resented giving up your life to her? So many years?"

Miss Isabella smiled with serenity.

"No, because she was such a good woman. First she was my mother, then she was my friend, and lately she was my child. My father died more than forty years ago, and since then we've always had lodgers. They were our family. Life was always so interesting. But don't let me talk about myself like this. I want to hear about you. You're going to get a job, of course."

The lively interest had gone out of Susan's face. It had that closed, wary look again.

"Yes, I must start looking tomorrow. There are various things I can do. I'll be all right."

"You haven't been in London before? You have a family somewhere?"

"Yes, in the country. I—I—" All at once her difficult self-control broke, and the tears slipped down her cheeks. "Forgive me, Miss Isabella. I'm being silly—"

"You're unhappy, dear. Tell me."

"Oh, it's just the usual sordid story. I happened to care for—someone who couldn't marry me."

"He is married already?"

"Yes. We—we hadn't done anything wrong. Had we?"

Her tear-wet eyes sought Miss Isabella's. She was very young and guilty.

"Not just by loving, no. Everyone has to have someone or something to light up life for them. But you were wise to come away. That was brave."

"It hurt us both so much!"

"I know, I know," said Miss Isabella soothingly. "If Mamma were here she would say her prayers for you. Perhaps I can try, instead. What's that? I believe someone's ringing the doorbell. Didn't I take that 'To Let' notice out of the window?"

"Stay there, Miss Isabella," called Jacqueline in her strident voice. "I'll get it."

She hurried down the stairs. Miss Isabella could hear her slippers flapping. Strangely enough, at the same time, everyone upstairs seemed to decide to move about. Doors banged and the house was full of the sound of footsteps.

Miss Isabella sat forward in the big armchair. "Whatever's going on? Have a look, will you, Susan? It sounds as if the house is full of people!"

Susan sprang up, mystified. At the same moment voices began to sing:

Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you.
Happy birthday, dear Miss Isabella, happy birthday to you.

Then the door burst open, and in they all came. Mr. Alexander headed them. He came towards Miss Isabella, pressed an enormous bunch of violets into her lap, then knelt on one knee and bent his aristocratic grey head over her hand.

Mr. and Mrs. Schaffer were directly behind. They had roses, and a bottle of red wine. And after them came Miss Carstairs in her shabby brocade robe, looking quite eccentric.

To page 79

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• *NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on page 83. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

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Continuing . . .

LONG LIVE THE PRINCESS

from page 78

and gabbling something that one could only take to be her new poem.

Next there was Andrew, pink and beaming, with a be-ribboned box of chocolates, and Jacqueline, her leathery face split from ear to ear with a Cheshire cat grin.

And then, to Miss Isabella's bewilderment, the room was full of people. All the old friends, the ex-lodgers, the judge, the Battle of Britain pilots, a little grey at the temples now, the eminent doctor, the solicitor with the artificial leg, the woman, with her haunted beautiful face, who had spent three nightmare years in a concentration camp . . .

"But—but Mamma isn't here!" Miss Isabella stammered. "Isn't there a mistake?"

Andrew was in front of her, blushing and definite. "It was you, Miss Isabella, who sat up with me when I was ill."

"It was Miss Isabella who always admired my work, always. Even when it stank!" said Mr. Schaffer vigorously.

"She has been my sister and my mother for forty years," said Mr. Alexander in an unsteady voice. "Forty years, since my own mother and sisters died in the revolution."

"She has never laughed at me," declared Miss Carstairs, pushing the velvet band round her forehead awry.

"And never a cross word," finished Jacqueline, "even when the stairs killed us both. Well, ducks, don't you think we might have a drink? I've put the glasses out."

MISS ISABELLA gasped: "You prepared this!"

"Saw it in the cards," Jacqueline replied laconically, giving her impudent wink.

And then they were all smiling at her, and they were so beautiful and kind, and the room was overflowing with life.

"We paid homage to your mother, who was unique and unforgettable," said Mr. Alexander, the Russian prince, gently. "But it was you we loved."

Out of them all, Miss Isabella saw Susan's face, shining with some strange new hope.

"Let me say my piece, too," she cried. "I came here today, a complete stranger, and already Miss Isabella has given me courage."

Someone was putting something round her shoulders. It was, she realised, Mamma's priceless Alencon lace shawl. Instinctively, she straightened her shoulders, sitting very upright, her head proud and high. She was just a little, plain, dumpy lodging-house keeper, but for a moment something touched her, she felt—

"Vive la Princesse!" cried Mr. Alexander. And the cry was taken up with vigor that shook all Mamma's Victorian ornaments on the mantelpiece, *"Vive la Princesse!"*

—royal, thought Miss Isabella wonderingly.

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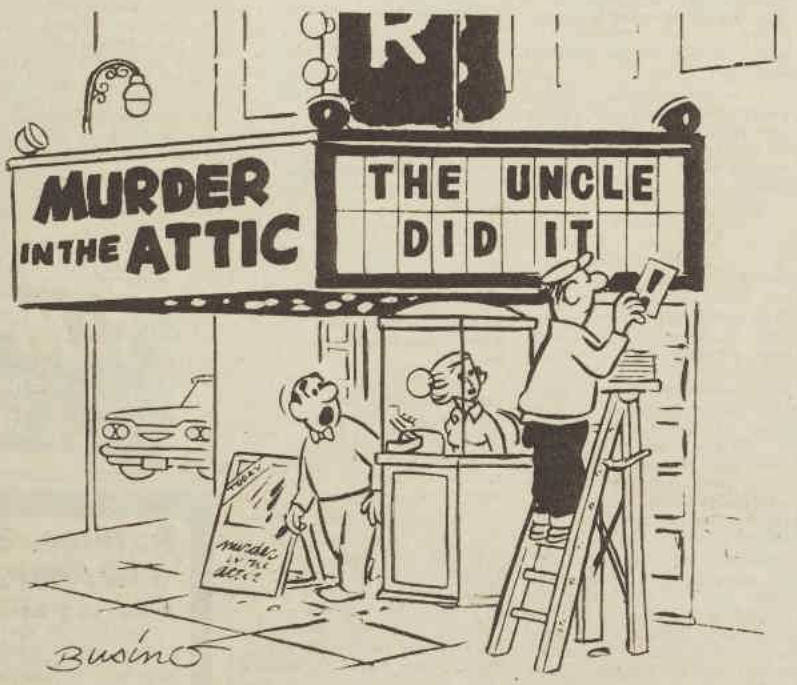

"Parker! I thought I fired you!"

YOUR BOOKSHELF *with Joyce Halstead*

"Casanova's Chinese Restaurant"

Anthony Powell (Heinemann).

IN prose of studied elegance, Mr. Powell, in this novel, the fifth volume of his series titled "The Music of Time," once again assembles members of the Tolland family, with Erridge, the eldest son, going off to the Spanish War — action of the story takes place in 1936-37. The restaurant of the title plays little part, but is used to suggest the bohemian life in which Nicholas, the narrator, dabbles, while firmly entrenched, by marriage to Isobel Tolland, in the aristocracy. His friends include the composer Moreland and his actress wife, Matilda, and music critic Maclintock, whose marriage is shown as a screaming, nag-ridden nightmare, ending in tragedy. There is precious actor Norman Chandler enjoying the loving protection of rich, exquisite Mrs. Foxe, at whose party, after the performance of Moreland's symphony, many complicated personal problems are resolved. There is excellent talk and intricate character studies in this extremely well-written story of pre-war London life.

"Mischief in August"

Jane Gillespie (Peter Davies).

A DEEPLY penetrating novel which deals with adolescent problems intensified by mixing teenage children from vastly different backgrounds. Peter and Ruth Webster run a highly individual school in a country house, the owner of which, Tom Savage, his glamorous wife, Margaret Mary, and two handsome children now live in the chauffeur's cottage. In the holidays the Websters' own son and a few pupils left behind are joined by four boys from a reform school. This is an experiment of Peter's which results, not unsurprisingly, in manifestations of delinquency. More surprising are the depths of character and intelligence which the final crisis reveals in the seemingly brittle and sophisticated Margaret Mary Savage. A well-resolved, shrewd novel tinged with gentle understanding for human failings.

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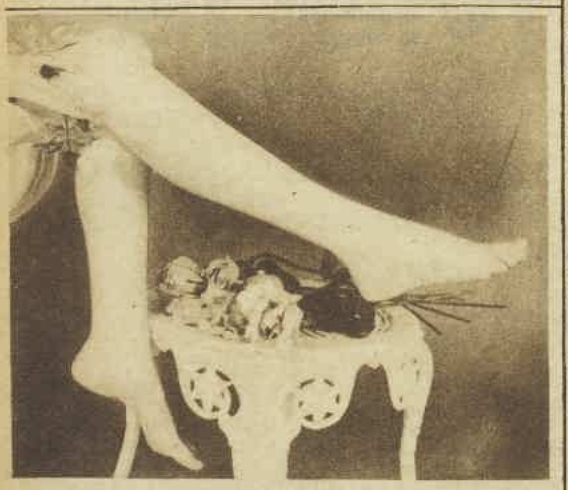

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Continuing . . .

THE SNOWFLAKE AND THE STARFISH

from page 33

she said to her brother, Little Thomas, "What do you want most in all the world?"

Little Thomas bounced up and down in his bed once or twice before settling down for the night. "I guess I got everything I want," he said, "or almost. What I want is a private snake."

Vicky lay back with a sigh and looked up at the ceiling. Her brother's answer was no help to her. Little boys always seemed satisfied with something ordinary, whereas little girls always had to look for something curious and rare. A secret treasure that nobody else knew about, a strangeness, a difference — a little moon to wear in her hair, a star of her own, a personal snowflake.

They were such lovely dreams. That was what a hope chest was for: to hold dreams. That was why boys didn't have them.

Outside in the dim blue night the sea witch lay on the sand near the Doyle house and sang a sad sea song and wept a little. Neither of the children heard her.

A secret treasure, thought Vicky drowsily. A star of my own, a snowflake for my cheek.

"Empty is the sea;" sang the sea witch, "and the shore empty —"

THE children slept and the sea witch stirred a little and began to weave her spell. "Sea porcupine," she whispered, "sea anemone; crab, oyster, kelp, plankton, barnacle, clam, abalone — like a snail, quiet, blind, creep into a girl's mind. Find among her little pleasures what she treasures here below.

"Herring, sturgeon, pompano, little octopus, and squid, creep along, safely hid; where a child lies asleep, creep, creep. Halibut and sea trout, what do children dream about?"

But the spell missed Vicky, for whom it was intended, and crept like a little grey fog around Little Thomas' bed instead. And the sea witch drew back in surprise. "A private snake?" she exclaimed. "How odd."

She thought for a moment. "Something has gone wrong," she declared. "There has been some mistake. Abalone! Pompano! Try again."

This time the spell worked properly, and then the sea witch knew what she wanted to know.

Next morning when the children woke up there was a tiny, silvery starfish lying at the foot of Vicky's bed, and on Little Thomas' counterpane a small stuffed eel.

"I declare," said Mrs. Doyle, sweeping them out-of-doors, "how a person is to keep her house in order, I don't know."

Vicky and Little Thomas looked at each other. "But, mother," said Vicky, "it wasn't us."

"I suppose they walked in by themselves," said Mrs. Doyle.

"Leptocephalus conger," said Michael Doyle, the professor, "minor; and Asterias Rubens. They couldn't have walked in by themselves, my dear. Besides, they were quite dead."

"See," said Little Thomas. "I told you."

"Woman's work is never done," said Mrs. Doyle with a sigh.

Because it was a lovely warm day the two children went down to play on the beach, and as they were playing there in the bright sunny foam, the sea witch looked out of a wave and saw them.

Her feelings had been hurt at seeing her gifts swept out with scraps of paper, old bottle caps, bits of string and a stocking with a hole in it; and it was some time before she could bring herself to speak to them.

At last, however, when it was almost time for lunch, she took a deep breath and came out of the water on to the sand, dressed in striped bombazine like somebody's nurse.

"Well," she said, "hello, there."

Vicky looked at her in surprise. What a strange thing for somebody's nurse to say, she thought: "Hello, there." They usually said things like, "How do you do, little children?" or "Har-rum." Come to think of it, she didn't look very much like a nurse, either—with her sad face and her sea-colored eyes and her long hair with seaweed in it.

As a matter of fact, the sea witch didn't know how to talk to children at all. "I know a secret," she said. "Do you?"

"No," said Little Thomas. "And if I did," he added, "I wouldn't tell you."

The sea witch drew back with a hurt look. "Sticks and stones can break my bones," she said, "but words can never hurt me."

"That isn't true," she said a moment later, because she was honest; "words are full of power to harm and to heal. Like 'hateful,' which is like a stick for beating; and 'lovely,' which melts in your mouth like oysters."

"Oysters don't melt in your mouth," said Vicky. "They just sit there till you swallow them."

"What I really meant," said the sea witch in a faraway voice, "was marzipan."

"Marzipan is what witches eat," said Vicky and, rising to her feet, she said to Little Thomas, "I think I hear our mother calling us. She wants us to come home for lunch."

Little Thomas obediently rose and the two children went back to their house, not looking over their shoulders, holding their breath and being very careful to walk carefully around the piles of seaweed lying on the sand.

Nevertheless, Little Thomas had forgotten his pail and shovel; and these, with a sly smile, the sea witch took back with her to her cave in the rocks. It was very important for her to have something belonging to one of the children if she ever hoped to gain power over them.

And besides, the pail smelled of little boys playing in the sand in the sun, and that was a comfort to her.

That afternoon Vicky and Little Thomas stayed home and played quietly in their room. It puzzled Mrs. Doyle that they didn't seem to want to go out. "It's such a lovely day," she said. "Don't you want to go down and play on the beach some more?"

"No," said Vicky.

When their mother had left the room, Vicky said to Little Thomas, "Do you think she was a witch?"

"Who?" asked Little Thomas.

"The lady on the beach."

"Yes," said Little Thomas. "On account of the marzipan."

"Well," said Vicky, "we must be very careful."

To page 81

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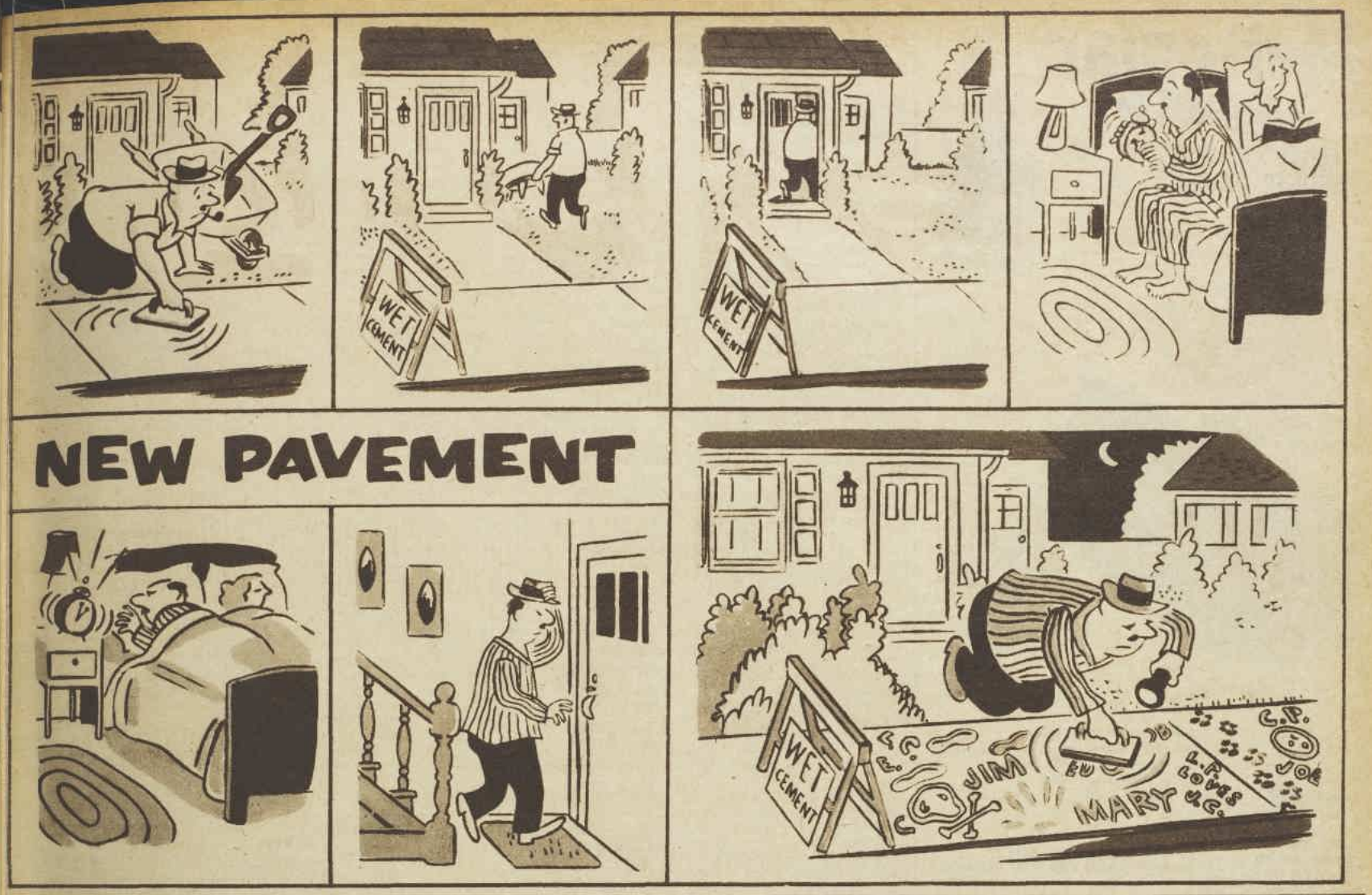

Continuing . . .

THE SNOWFLAKE AND THE STARFISH

They decided not to tell anybody, but they thought it would be all right to ask questions. That night at supper, with her mouth full of peanut butter, Vicky asked her father, "Did you ever see a witch?"

Michael Doyle gave his wife a twinkling, shining sort of look. "I suppose," he said, "you don't mean your mother?"

"No," said Vicky.

"In that case," said her father, "I have nothing further to say."

Even Little Thomas could see that his father wasn't much help to them. And that night when the children were in bed the sea witch came to the house again, clutching the pail and the shovel, and sang a song and wove a spell.

Pompano and grampus,
Sea horse (Hippocampus),
Barracuda, sea trout,
Bring Tom and Vicky out.

And she added as an afterthought:

Sea mice (Aphrodites) —
In their nighties!

This time Little Thomas heard her. "Vicky!" he cried, shaking his sister by the shoulder. "Wake up! She's after us"

"What?" mumbled Vicky sleepily. "Who? What's the matter?" And she tried to snuggle down and go back to sleep again.

"Vicky Wake up! The witch is after us!"

Vicky sat up very suddenly, the sleep all gone from her head. "How do you know?" she demanded.

"I heard her singing," said Little Thomas. "I heard her ordering them to bring us out in our nighties." And he added in a trembling voice, "I haven't got my nightie on. Only my shirt."

"Well," said Vicky, "what we've got to do is hide."

"It's no use," said Little Thomas. "She knows we're here." And he added half-heartedly, "We could tell mother."

"She'd only say, 'Go back to sleep,'" said Vicky. "What we've got to do is to get out of here." She thought for a moment. "We'll go somewhere up the hill," she said, "where she won't find us."

"There's snakes on the hill in summer," said Little Thomas. "Public snakes."

"That's right," said Vicky. "I forgot. Well then," she said after a while, "we'll go way down on the beach somewhere, and she'll have to look for us so long she'll get tired. Put your space suit on; and I'll take my hope chest in case we need it."

THE two children silently put on their warm wrappers and Little Thomas put on his space-suit over it because he was shivering; and Vicky took her hope chest, which already had forty-seven cents in it.

They tiptoed out of the room, making sure that the door didn't squeak behind them. They shuffled in the dark down the hall to the french windows, which opened on to the porch, and peeked out. "You go first," said Vicky.

"You go," said Little Thomas. "You're the oldest."

"But you're a boy," said Vicky.

"Well," said Little Thomas, "you're a bold girl and unafraid of mice."

So Vicky slipped out of doors into the grey, misty night, followed by Little Thomas. Right away they

from page 80

began to run as hard as they could, which was a great mistake, because the minute they started to run the piggy bank began to jingle, and the witch heard them and was up and after them like a shot; whereas if they had gone very quietly she might never have known they were there.

They ran faster than they had ever run before in their lives, taking great leaps and hops, while their throats grew dry with fear and their breath came in gasps and their legs hurt.

They fled like shadows through the dark, and the cold, wet sticky fingers of the fog brushed their faces and clutched at them and let them go; and all the time the witch followed them like a black wind, like the night itself, sniffing the air for their scent.

"Vicky," she cried, and her voice was like the edge of a breaking wave. "Little Thomas! Wait!"

"Oh, never!" sobbed Vicky, feeling the strength ooze out of her; and collapsed at last behind a pile of seaweed that made a deep black shadow all around her.

A moment later Little Thomas sank to the ground beside her; and the two children crouched there together, shivering, holding their breath, listening like hunted rabbits to the sounds of the sea witch, rustling and snuffing in the sand.

Clutched to Vicky's soft little stomach, the hope chest made no noise; and the sea witch, momentarily baffled, stopped and peered through the darkness with her sad, nearsighted eyes, listening for the sound of heartbeats, her thin, beautiful nostrils flaring this way and that to catch the little-boy-and-girl smell, the bread-and-butter fragrance of children, among the iodine odors of kelp.

When at last she realised that she had lost them, she sat down in the sand and began to weep.

● What a desolate place the world would be without a flower! It would be a face without a smile, a feast without a welcome.

— Mrs. Balfour

Back of their dark shadowy pile of seaweed Little Thomas and his sister looked at each other in consternation. "She's crying," said Little Thomas. "She is sad."

"It isn't like what I expected," said Vicky.

"Do you think," asked Little Thomas, "that maybe we ought to go out and pat her on the head?"

"I don't know," said Vicky. "I never heard a witch cry before." And she added uncertainly, "Maybe she's lonesome."

"Maybe she only wanted to play with us or something," said Little Thomas.

"Why don't you go and ask her," said Vicky, clutching her hope chest firmly to her.

"I would," said Little Thomas doubtfully, "only—maybe she's crying because she's hungry."

"Hush," said Vicky; "she'll hear you."

Nevertheless, when the sea witch's sobbing had died down after a while to a mere foamy sniffle, the two children crept out of their hiding place, and with Vicky in the lead went slowly and with some misgivings toward where the sea witch lay like a shadow on the sand.

"Don't cry," said Vicky in a small, scared voice; and Little Thomas said, "There, there," and gave her a timid pat on the head.

The sea witch started up in surprise. "Why," she cried, "How nice of you! I thought I had lost you, and I did so want to take you home with me."

"To eat?" asked Little Thomas, backing away and dropping his space helmet in the sand, so that he had to bend down to look for it. But the sea witch gave a silvery laugh that sounded the way a school of minnows looks when it flashes by this way and that in the clear water. "Whatever gave you that idea?" she cried. "I only want to play with you."

"Oh," said Little Thomas, "in that case —"

"We'd like that very much," said Vicky politely.

The sea witch jumped to her feet and at once began calling in her spells from up and down the beach. "Pompano," she called. "Amber jack! Come back! Sea bass, Sea rover — give over! And all you currents, tides, and courses — the lost are found! Trumpet fish, sound! Hitch up my twelve sea horses! . . .

"We're going to have so much fun," she told the children. "Wait till you see the Grand Banks and Fujiyama. Wait till you see Capri! And think of all the treasures: pearls and corals, grottoes and caves, the banquet halls of lobsters — necklaces of amethyst, minuets of angel fish —"

"Haven't you got any pirate ships?" asked Little Thomas.

"Dozens of them," said the sea witch happily, "all sunk in fathoms five and full of skeletons."

SHE put her arms around the children and led them gently down to the water. It was a curiously light feeling, they thought, almost as though they were being held up by water wings.

Little Thomas kept thinking of the skeletons he was going to see, maybe with their heads chopped off or an arm or a leg missing; and Vicky felt a little afraid, as though what she was doing was very dangerous, and if she took a wrong step, who could tell — she might never come back.

"And so," said the sea witch under her breath to a barracuda that was swimming past, "she won't if I have anything to do with it!"

Not that she was really wicked — as she explained to Little Thomas later on, somewhere off Tierra del Fuego: she never ate meat, only vegetables, and fish on Fridays. The thing was, she was lonely and tired of swimming about with only anchovies for company.

"If I can coax her into letting me have the hope chest," she thought; "if I can tempt

To page 82

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Continuing . . . THE SNOWFLAKE AND THE STARFISH

from page 81

her to spend her red real copper pennies for dreams, she'll never get away from me — never! I shall have her forever."

She felt happy because she didn't think that any little girl would be able to resist the marvellous treasures she meant to show her.

Drawn by twelve magnificent sea horses, shaking the foam from their shoulders, and preceded by a band of trumpet fish scattering notes like drops of water, the sea witch and her two little companions swept through the clear, luminous sea, up and down the great green currents which ran like roads across the ocean floor.

Past lost galleons they galloped, across mountains of coral glowing like sunsets, over the meadows of the sea, down into caves as blue as moonlight, past schools of sheepshead, croakers, minnows, mackerel, bass, zebra fish, goldfish—fish of every size, color and shape; past squid and octopuses waving their weedlike arms, whales going by like battleships, tiny shrimps bobbing about in country dances.

And every once in a while the sea witch would point to a great heap of pearls or a big lump of amethyst, or to piles and piles of golden doubloons, and ask hopefully, "Is this what you want? Will you buy it?" And every time, with a little gasp, Vicky would say, "No, thank you," and clutch her hope chest tighter.

They galloped up under the North Pole and Vicky had a snowflake on her cheek, but when they got as far south as Oregon it melted. And in the coral seas there were a million golden stars reflected in the water, but when she reached for them they rippled away into nothing. "Will you buy? Will you buy?" cried the sea witch, but Vicky still said, "No."

She saw mermaids with little moons in their hair; they looked rare and curious, but they looked lonely, too, without any fathers and mothers. "Stay here with us," they cried and held out their arms to her; but Vicky only said, "Thank you, but I don't think I want to."

She saw many things that were curious and rare — secret treasures that nobody knew about. They looked like her dreams — except that there was something the matter with them.

They should have made her feel happy and beautiful, but they didn't; on the contrary, they made her feel sad and they gave her a lost, lonesome feeling. Was it because she was really seeing them at last? She didn't know.

All she knew was that there wasn't anything she wanted to give up her hope chest for. And the strange part of it was that the more she saw of these wonderful things that didn't belong to her, the more she longed for the little, unwonderful things of her own; her father and mother around the breakfast table, her own cup of milk, the warm, cozy supper of bread and butter and rice pudding and Brussels sprouts, and her mother's good-night kiss.

> **I can see how it might be possible for a man to look down upon the earth and be an atheist, but I cannot conceive how a man could look up into the heavens and say there is no God.**
>
> *— Abraham Lincoln*

"I do think," she said to herself in surprise, as they were rounding the Cape of Good Hope, "I do think that what I really want is just to be me — without any difference!"

When the sea witch saw that Vicky wouldn't part with her hope chest for any of the things she'd shown her, she grew very sad and silent and a little older, and drove them home by way of Catalina, Santa Monica and Malibu. "Good-bye, Vicky," she said gently. "I thought I could get you to exchange the things you really need for things that are no use to you, but you were too wise for me.

"I don't hold it against you, because that's the way you are. You will grow up to be a lovely young woman, and marry and have little children of your own; and maybe someday I'll come back again when they are as old as you are now and see if they are all as wise as you."

She leaned down to Vicky and touched her hair. "I should like to give you a kiss," she said. "Just one, if you don't mind. May I?"

"Of course," said Vicky politely, holding up her face. The sea witch stooped to kiss it, and dropped a single tear on Vicky's cheek.

As for Little Thomas, the sea witch shook him heartily by the hand. After that she gave a little cry and went into the sea in a long, beautiful arc and swam out on the tide, with her hair floating out behind her like seaweed.

Vicky and Little Thomas went home to bed. The morning star was in the sky, but it was still far from dawn.

Next morning, with the sun shining so bright, and a mocking bird singing outside the window, and the breakfast smell of coffee for the professor and cocoa for the children and bacon for everybody in the air, it was hard to believe that it had all happened.

Except that Little Thomas' hand was stained with a greenish color, like kelp, for several days, and on Vicky's cheek there was a little pattern like a snowflake. "You probably slept on it," said Mrs. Doyle, "and got a crease."

But that didn't explain why, ever afterward, whenever Vicky kissed anyone, she was told it was like being kissed by a breath from the sea.

Or why, when the hope chest was opened at last to buy a silver spoon and two linen pillowcases for Vicky's wedding, a little piece of dried seaweed fell out.

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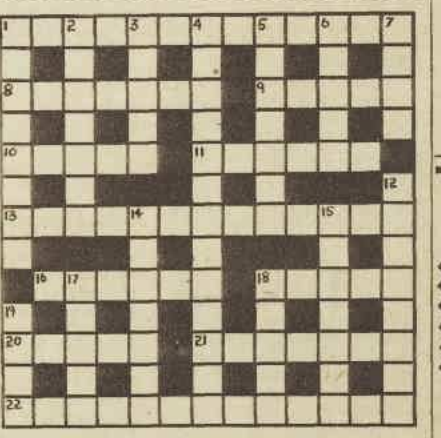
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Are they disdainful? Yes. Are they Roman? Definitely not (6-2, 5).
8. Stingy person (7).
9. The lowest point (5).
10. Had in mind me before an insect (5).
11. Decomposed rubbish and half a score (6).
13. Learns in a post (Anagr., 8, 5).
16. Silence surrounds the broken gambling cube as an instrument of exchange (6).
18. Reduce a tanning lye (5).
20. Eight needed to make this band (5).
21. They are fools (7).
22. Allurements (13).

DOWN

1. Apartment for men held by a dogma (8).
2. Predominant nag which went to pieces in periodic payment (7).
3. Decree by a screen actor (5).
4. Strange rum den (Anagr., 13).
5. Never comes to rest (3-4).
6. Coarse grass-like plant with edges (5).
7. Touchy buck of the fourth year (4).
12. Defames per asses (8).
14. Tom, I, and Ted left out (7).
15. I save no excuse (7).
17. Additional in a text ratiocination (5).
18. Asian country in which a man turns (5).
19. Toothed instrument used in automatic ombrometer (4).

Solution will be published next week.

Solution of last week's crossword.

To think I waited so long!

What in the world was holding me back, I'll never know! But I was *forever* putting off my decision to change to Tampax—never quite ready to try it, yet secretly envying anyone who *did!*

It was one of the *very* girls I envied who helped me decide! She told me all about Tampax, how wonderful it is, how *simple* and *easy* it is to use. (Tampax takes only seconds to insert and change.) She told me, too, how Tampax *frees* you from odour worries, from problems of disposal and carrying "spares".

NO BELTS NO PINS NO PADS NO ODOUR

But what really *convinced* me that I should try it was this. She pointed out that Tampax was invented by a *doctor*—for the benefit of *all* women, married or single.

And now, I'm a Tampax-user, a Tampax-*enthuser* — recommending Tampax benefits to any woman I know who has yet to try it!

Let me help you make up *your* mind. Let me assure you—changing to Tampax will mean new *comfort*, new *freedom*, new *poise!* Why wait? Do it now. You can buy Tampax at any chemists or store. In two absorbencies—Regular and Super—to meet personal needs.

Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

the classic fabric for year-round wear

Ingola

protects all the family from sudden weather changes. Won't shrink, tubs like a dream. In cream and colours, from finest stores throughout Australia.

Ingola

look for the label on ready-made blouses, shirts and frocks.

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Fashion PATTERNS

• *Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, Hobart. New Zealand orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F4914. — Easy-to-make shortie pyjamas for a little girl have lace edging and novelty pocket. Sizes 2 to 12 years. Requires 2 to 3yds. 36in. material and 6 to 8yds. lace edging. Price 3/-.

F5955.—Figure-flattering design has three-quarter sleeves with waistline bow trim. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F5414.—Princess-line frock has a bow bodice trim and lace inset. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and 1yd. ⅞in. lace edging. Price 3/9.

F5954. — Slim - line jacket with matching skirt has smart cropped look. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3¾yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F5399.—Pretty scoop-neckline frock has matching short jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.

F5393.—Youthful frock and jacket ensemble has double-breasted button trim and matching cummerbund. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 7yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 355—HOUSEGOWN
Attractive short-length housegown is available cut out ready to sew in floral cotton. The material features flower-motifs in blue, coffee, pink, and green, all with grey. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £2/7/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £2/9/6. Postage 4/- extra.

No. 356—TENNIS FROCK
Princess-style button-through tennis frock is available cut out ready to sew. Material is white poplin and white pique. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £1/19/11; 36 and 38in. bust, £2/1/6. Postage 3/6 extra.

No. 358—FROCK
Dainty sunfrock has full skirt, and is available cut out ready to make. Material is satin-finish cotton, featuring a floral motif with rose design in rust and green, blue and pink, and lilac and turquoise, all on a white ground. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £2/19/11; 36 and 38in. bust, £3/2/6. Postage 4/- extra.

No. 357—MATERNITY SMOCK
Cool summer maternity smock is available cut out ready to sew in rose-design printed cotton. Colors include rose-pink, pale orange, and aqua, all with green on a white ground. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £1/9/11; 36 and 38in. bust, £1/10/6. Postage 3/- extra.

• ***Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.***

AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning October 24

ARIES
The Ram
MARCH 21 - APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck through past effort.

★ You may have believed nobody has appreciated faithful work which you've been doing, but you now find that the powers that be realise what you have accomplished. Rewards come in different forms—a fatter pay envelope, appointment to a position of greater influence or prestige, or possibly a presentation.

TAURUS
The Bull
APRIL 21 - MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, rose. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in love.

★ For the young and single, a budding love affair could gild your every thought. For some an offer of marriage may be in prospect. If married, an addition to the family could bring happiness to parents. Older people may rejoice in the engagement of a son or daughter. In some way your loved ones bring you good fortune.

GEMINI
The Twins
MAY 21 - JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, black. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in getting things done.

★ Whether there happens to be something in your surroundings you want changed, or whether there are a number of half-finished jobs hanging fire, this is where you go into action. You'll clean up the lot in record time, then tackle two or three other projects which have been simmering at the back of your mind.

CANCER
The Crab
JUNE 22 - JULY 23

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in taking a chance.

★ Those who refuse to venture cannot win the prize. Scrap that timid attitude and dash in, with confidence in the final result. Whether you are cutting into expensive material, cooking a dinner for V.I.Ps, or trying to straighten out a tangle in human relationships, action is needed. Keep your eye on the goal, move fast, concentrate.

LEO
The Lion
JULY 23 - AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck on the threshold.

★ Don't roam far afield in search of your objective. Happiness is likely to be close at hand. If you stay home more than usual, a knock at the door, a telephone call might bring a welcome visitor or a pleasant invitation. You could discover an active group working for the welfare of your neighborhood.

VIRGO
The Virgin
AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, white. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in the printed word.

★ An article or an advertisement could send your thoughts into new channels. If quite young, soon to leave school, it could interest you in a career. If older, it might suggest a self-help plan to save money. Original ideas might start a revolution in your surroundings. Whatever your enterprise, follow instructions.

LIBRA
The Balance
SEPTEMBER 24 - OCTOBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, orange. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in finances.

★ Money can help you towards at least some of your ambitions. If you can't increase your income, you might find ways to make it stretch to cover a few long-desired items. Don't buy second-bests if you're going to be unhappy over them. Make do until you can buy what you want. Take care of present possessions, watch for additions.

SCORPIO
The Scorpion
OCTOBER 24 - NOVEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, lt. blue. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck within yourself.

★ Most of the time you live in a world of your own. You have the power and the imagination to make your world fascinating and worth while. Explore new activities. Attract new personalities in the hope of finding a new friend. You are now starting a new cycle, with changes in the offing. Face it gladly and have confidence in yourself.

SAGITTARIUS
The Archer
NOVEMBER 23 - DECEMBER 20

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, gold. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in a private venture.

★ Keep your affairs to yourself until you are quite ready to make an announcement, or you run the risk of good ideas going up in talk. If you have a plan to put through, an important interview to face, or a decision to make, stay on your own. Clear thinking, unswayed by emotion, prejudice, or sidetracks, can win a notable victory.

CAPRICORN
The Goat
DECEMBER 21 - JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, lt. blue, rose. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sat. Luck in group activities.

★ A tendency to go off by yourself, to stick close to home, should not be encouraged. Friends will feel you are neglecting them. Make it a point to accept office or responsibilities, meet members, belong to the team, gain ideas from contact with different types of people. You won't have leisure to worry over minor personal affairs.

AQUARIUS
The Waterbearer
JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in your career.

★ Some of you are about to enter on a new career chapter involving changes in connection with your occupation. You may resign from one job to take another, you could be shifted to a different department or another district. A new workmate proves to be congenial, or a likeable member of the opposite sex is added to the staff.

PISCES
The Fish
FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, red. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in travel.

★ Plan for that holiday cruise or that summer vacation now. Interest friends in going along. A small group can have fun talking over a shared project. There may be news from a distance for older people, while others greet a returning traveller or say goodbye to a departing friend. There may be a present in the mail.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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